

THE
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1875.

- ART. I.—1. *Dramas of Calderon, Tragic, Comic, and Legendary*. Translated from the Spanish, principally in the Metre of the Original, by DENIS FLORENCE MAC-CARTHY, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Author of "Ballads, Poems, and Lyrics," &c. In Two Volumes. London: Charles Dolman, 61, New Bond-street, and 22, Paternoster-row. 1853.
2. *Love the Greatest Enchantment: The Sorceries of Sin: The Devotion of the Cross*. From the Spanish of CALDERON. Attempted strictly in English Asonante, and other Imitative Verse, by DENIS FLORENCE MAC-CARTHY, M.R.I.A. With an Introduction to each Drama and Notes by the Translator, and the Spanish Text from the Editions of Hartzenbusch, Keil, and Apontes. London: Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts. 1861.
3. *Mysteries of Corpus Christi*. From the Spanish of CALDERON. With a Commentary and an Introductory Discourse upon the Signification and Value of these Poems, from the German of Dr. Franz Lorinser; and an Essay on the same Subject, from the Spanish of Don Eduardo Gonzalez Pedroso. By DENIS FLORENCE MAC-CARTHY, M.R.I.A., Barrister-at-Law, Honorary Professor of Poetry in the Catholic University of Ireland. Dublin: James Duffy, 15, Wellington-quay; and 22, Paternoster-row, London. 1867.
4. *The Two Lovers of Heaven, Chrysanthus and Daria. A Drama of Early Christian Rome*. From the Spanish of CALDERON, with Dedicatory Sonnets to Longfellow, &c. By DENIS FLORENCE MAC-CARTHY, M.R.I.A. Dublin: John F. Fowler, 3, Crow-street. London: John Camden Hotten, 74 and 75, Piccadilly. 1870.

5. *Calderon's Dramas: The Wonder-working Magician; Life is a Dream; The Purgatory of Saint Patrick.* Now first Translated fully from the Spanish in the Metre of the Original. By DENIS FLORENCE MAC-CARTHY. London: Henry S. King and Co., 65, Cornhill, and 12, Paternoster-row. 1873.
6. *History of Spanish Literature.* By GEORGE TICKNOR. In Three Volumes. Corrected and Enlarged Edition. London: Trübner and Co., 60, Paternoster-row. 1863.

IN considering the works of Calderon and their position in the literature of the world, it is more necessary than in the case of any other great dramatic genius to discard those realistic standards whereby we English, justly proud of our own magnificent realistic drama, are too prone to judge any candidate for dramatic honours who may come before our critical tribunal. Dramatic in the highest sense, even when most unmistakably didactic, Calderon certainly was; but realistic, never,—even when he was engaged in the creation of what might be termed the realistic division of his dramas; for even those that are truest to the homelier facts of human external existence, are too full of those “flowery and starry” impulses which ruled over the birth of his vast sacramental Autos and of his most highly imaginative Comedias, to come anywhere near the borders of realism, as we understand it in connection with our own noblest dramatic era.

“Flowery and starry!” How discouraging to the mere analytic and descriptive spirit of criticism are those few words in which the immortal lyrist Shelley made allusion to one main division of the work of his great predecessor in the realms of pure poesy,—“the light and odour of the flowery and starry autos.” In those few words, Shelley, who had been revelling in that odour and light, and had come back to the fields of his own not less flowery and starry work, has left an epigraph better calculated than pages of description and analysis to impress at once on the intelligence and the feelings what manner of poet Calderon was. And yet one must not be discouraged from the task of indicating in what way those who are unable to follow the English poet, in his experiences of the Spanish poet, may best become acquainted with Calderon in the leading aspects of his work, without departing from the not narrow ground of English literature.

Of Calderon, as of every other great foreign poet the ancient and modern world have produced, it were not difficult to find plenty of bad and mediocre translations into our language. But it is scarcely by means of translation either mediocre or bad that we should be guilty of recommending our readers to form the acquaintance of a foreign poet. No adequate transfusion of real poetic blood, from the veins of one literature into those of another, was ever accomplished by a mere translator, however learned. John Hookham Frere, whose Comedies of Aristophanes are among the noblest masterpieces of our exotic literature, was himself a consummate master of the technics of English song; and it was only his want of the higher creative imagination that prevented his contributing some memorable epic or dramatic work to our native literature. Bayard Taylor, who has produced the finest poetic translation of *Faust* ever yet issued, has also published much original verse of a decidedly poetic stamp, if not of the highest class. Mr. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, whose exquisite Anthology of Early Italian Poetry we had the pleasure of noticing with praise some little time since, is, at the lowest possible computation, a genuine and strongly imaginative original poet. And Mr. Denis Florence MacCarthy, through whose series of translations we propose to look at the work of Calderon, has appeared before the public with considerable credit as a poet on his own account on more than one occasion. The same remark applies also to Archbishop Trench, of whose admirable little book, *Life's a Dream*,—*the Great Theatre of the World*, we do not avail ourselves, simply because the same Comedia of Calderon dealt with by His Grace, *La Vida es Sueño*, also comes into Mr. MacCarthy's series: moreover, of that series, it is one of the finest pieces of poetic transplantation, while the Archbishop's version is not, and does not profess to be, a complete rendering of the great original.

Leaving aside, then, the two volumes of "free translations," by Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, published some twenty years ago, and the numerous single pieces and fragments issued in various forms before and since, we shall illustrate such remarks as we have to make, from the seven volumes of Mr. MacCarthy, issued at intervals during the last twenty-one years, and whereof we have given the titles and particulars at the head of the present article. But, first, it will be well to recall to our readers the leading facts of

Calderon's life; and for this purpose we cannot do better than follow Mr. Ticknor, whose admirable and profoundly interesting *History of Spanish Literature* is a work to be consulted by every one who is studying any of the poets of Spain.

Born on the 17th of January, 1600, Calderon came of a good family; and the most curious circumstance connected with his origin is to be found in the fact that, while the two masters of the Spanish drama, Lope de Vega and Calderon, were both born in Madrid, the families of both are to be sought for, at an earlier period, in the same little rich and beautiful valley of Carriedo, where each possessed an ancestral fief. When nine years old Calderon was placed under the Jesuits, and from them received instructions, which, like those Corneille was receiving at the same moment, in the same way, on the other side of the Pyrenees, imparted their colouring to the whole of his life, and especially to its latter years. After leaving the Jesuits, he went to Salamanca, where he studied with distinction the scholastic theology and philosophy then in fashion, and the civil and canon law. But when he was graduated from that university, in 1619, he was already known as a writer for the theatre; and on his arrival at Madrid he seems to have been at once noticed by some of those persons about the Court who could best promote his advancement and success.

In 1620 he entered, with the leading spirits of his time, into the first poetical contest opened by the city of Madrid in honour of San Isidro, and was complimented by Lope de Vega. In 1622 he appeared at the second and greater contest proposed by the capital, on the canonisation of the same saint; and gained all that could be gained by one individual—a single prize, with still further and more emphatic praise from Lope. In the same year, too, when Lope published an account of all these ceremonies and rejoicings, the youthful Calderon approached him as a friend, with a few not ungraceful lines, which Lope, to show that he admitted the claim, prefixed to his book. But from that time the historian loses sight of Calderon as an author, or obtains only uncertain hints of him, for ten years, except that in 1630 he figures, in Lope's *Laurel of Apollo*, among the crowd of poets born in Madrid.

A part of this interval was filled with service in the armies of his country. He was in the Milanese in 1625,

and afterwards, as we are told, went to Flanders, where a disastrous war was still carried on. But he soon appears in the more appropriate career of letters. Montalvan tells us that, in 1632, Calderon was already the author of many dramas, which had been acted with applause; that he had gained many public prizes; that he had written a great deal of lyrical verse; and that he had begun a poem on the Deluge. A dramatic author of such promise could not be overlooked in the reign of Philip IV., especially when the death of Lope, in 1635, had left the theatre without a master. In 1636, therefore, Calderon was formally attached to the Court, for the purpose of furnishing dramas to be represented in the royal theatres; and in 1637 he was made a Knight of the Order of Santiago. When, however, he had just well entered on his brilliant career as a poet, the rebellion in Catalonia burst forth with great violence; and all the members of the four great military orders of the kingdom were required, in 1640, to appear in the field and sustain the royal authority. Calderon presented himself at once to fulfil his duty. But the king, anxious for his services in the palace, was willing to excuse him from the field, and asked him to write another drama. In great haste the poet finished his *Contest of Love and Jealousy*, and then joined the army, serving loyally through the campaign.

After his return, the king gave him a pension of thirty gold crowns a month, and employed him in the arrangements for the festivities of the Court, when, in 1649, the new queen, Anna Maria of Austria, made her entrance into Madrid. From this period until the death of Philip IV., he had a controlling influence over whatever related to the drama, writing secular and religious plays for the theatres, and autos for the Church, with uninterrupted applause.

In 1651 he entered a religious brotherhood; and the king two years afterwards gave him the place of chaplain in a chapel consecrated to the new kings at Toledo. But his duties there kept him too much from the Court; and in 1663 he was created chaplain of honour to the king, who thus secured his regular presence at Madrid, though at the same time he was permitted to retain his former place, and even had a second added to it. In the same year he became a Priest of the Congregation of Saint Peter, and soon rose to be its head, an office of some importance,

which he held during the last fifteen years of his life, and exercised with great gentleness and dignity.

His fame was now so great, that the cathedrals of Toledo, Granada, and Seville, constantly solicited from him religious plays to be performed on the day of the Corpus Christi,—that great festival for which, during nearly thirty-seven years, he furnished similar entertainments regularly. For these services, as well as for his services at Court, he was richly rewarded, so that he accumulated an ample fortune.

After the death of Philip IV., in 1665, he enjoyed less of the royal patronage. Charles II. had a temper very different from that of his predecessor; and Solis, the historian, speaking of Calderon, with reference to these circumstances, says pointedly, "He died without a *Mæcenas*." But still he continued to write as before, for the Court, and for the churches; and he retained, through his whole life, the extraordinary general popularity of his best years. He died in 1681, on the 25th of May,—the Feast of the Pentecost,—while all Spain was ringing with the performance of his autos, in the composition of one more of which he was himself occupied almost to the last moment of his life.

The next day he was borne, as his will required, without any show, to his grave in the church of San Salvador, by the priests of the congregation over which he had so long presided, and to which he now left the whole of his fortune. But a gorgeous funeral ceremony followed a few days later, to satisfy the claims of the popular admiration; and even at Valencia, Naples, Lisbon, Milan, and Rome, public notice was taken of his death by his countrymen as of a national calamity. A monument to his memory was soon erected in the church where he was buried; but in 1840 his remains were removed to the more splendid church of the Atocha, where they now rest.

Calderon was remarkable for his personal beauty, which he long preserved by the serenity and cheerfulness of his spirit. His character throughout was benevolent and kindly. In his old age he used to collect his friends round him on his birthdays, and tell them amusing stories of his childhood; and during the whole of the active part of his life he enjoyed the regard of many distinguished persons, attracted to him quite as much by the gentleness of his nature as by his genius and fame. The poet published

hardly anything of what he wrote; and yet, besides several longer works, he prepared for the academies of which he was a member, and for the poetical festivals and joustings then so common in Spain, a great number of odes, songs, ballads, and other poems, which gave him not a little of his fame with his contemporaries. His brother, indeed, printed some of his full-length dramas in 1635 and 1637; but we are expressly told, although the fact is doubtful, that Calderon himself never sent any of them to the press; and even in the case of the autos, where he deviated from his established custom, he says he did it unwillingly, and only lest their sacred character should be impaired by imperfect and surreptitious publication.

For forty-eight years of his life, however, the press teemed with dramatic works bearing his name on their titles. As early as 1633, they began to appear in the popular collections: but many of them were not his; and the rest were so disfigured by the imperfect manner in which they had been written down during their representation, that he says he could often hardly recognise them himself. His editor and friend, Vera Tassis, gives several lists of plays, amounting in all to a hundred and fifteen, printed by the cupidity of the booksellers as Calderon's without having any claim whatsoever to that honour; and he adds that many others, which Calderon had never seen, were sent from Seville to the Spanish possessions in America. Thus the confusion became at last so great that the Duke of Veraguas wrote a letter to Calderon in 1680, asking for a list of his dramas, by which, as a friend and admirer, he might venture to make a collection of them for himself. The reply of the poet is accompanied by a list of one hundred and eleven full-length dramas and seventy sacramental autos, which he claims as his own. This catalogue constitutes the proper basis for a knowledge of Calderon's dramatic works down to the present day. All the plays mentioned in it have not, indeed, been found. Nine are not in the editions of Vera Tassis in 1682, of Apontes in 1760, or of Hartzenbusch in 1850, but, on the other hand, a few not in Calderon's list have been added to theirs upon what has seemed sufficient authority; so that we have now seventy-three sacramental autos, with their introductory loas, and one hundred and eight comedies, or—including plays partly his—one hundred and twenty-

two on which his reputation as a dramatic poet is at present to rest.*

Of the vast array of something like two hundred comedias and autos mentioned by Mr. Ticknor, Mr. Mac-Carthy has translated, in all, fourteen, of which eleven are comedias and three are autos. But if we let the reader suppose that Calderon's dramatic works consisted of comedies and sacramental acts, we should be conveying an entirely false and depreciatory impression. "Comedia," with Calderon and his congeners, meant simply a secular drama, in contradistinction to "Auto," which meant a religious drama in one act; and in the *Teatro escogido de Don Pedro Calderon de la Basca*, a magnificent publication of the Royal Academy of Madrid, the editor divides the comedias into no less than eight distinct classes. Some of the divisions may perhaps be considered needlessly minute; but at all events the widest range of subjects is found in these dramas; and they vary from profound tragedy to light and spiritual comedy, with every imaginable intermediate grade.

The secular plays rendered by Mr. Mac-Carthy have been selected with an eye to variety; and they certainly represent very fairly, within their limits, the wide range of fancy and imagination wherewith the great Spaniard was endowed. Always thoughtful, even when at his lightest, the mode of Calderon's thought varied almost infinitely; and, apart from the entirely religious order of thought which is fundamental in the whole series of the autos, there is a large section of the professedly secular dramas wherein the basis is of a highly religious character. Some of these, again, are philosophic in basis, rather than religious; some are mystic and allegoric; and others, again, deal with Pagan myths in such a manner as to dye them through and through with the colour of modern European thought, and with the profoundly moral and reflective tone of the poet's mind.

It is the opinion of some critics that the division of secular drama in which Calderon was most successful is

* For a complete and detailed account of Calderon's life, and a valuable discussion on his works, accompanied by translations, see Vol. II. of Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature*. It is from the London edition of 1863 of that highly valuable and interesting work that the foregoing biographical account has been condensed; and we have not pretended to the task (unnecessary as it seems to us) of going beyond Mr. Ticknor's work for any verification of the facts as he states them.

that of comedy, properly so called,—not comedy as we understand it in thinking of such rollicking pieces as *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, but comedy of a light, brilliant, intellectual, and marvellously ingenious character. To this preference for his comedies we can give no adherence. Delightful they are, it is true; and nothing could be more exquisitely fairy-like than the tripping, elastic step with which the figures move through intricate plots, framed and carried out with the most consummate skill, and yet never for a moment becoming trivial. For, however light the touch of Calderon in these sprightlier emanations of his genius, there, ever and anon, is the impress of a burning finger, filled with the keen lightning of that blood which pulses from the profound depths of the truly poetic heart. There before our eyes, as heretofore before his, are the passions of the human soul, delineated in the sharpest lines, and rendered typical in many a finely-chiselled figure; and ever present, regulating the sinuous course of the most complicated plot, is the wide knowledge of a vast and luminous intellect to which the secrets of the spiritual universe were as it were laid bare; while the whole fabric is warmed into glowing life at the noble fire of a heart to which the facts of the material universe were as living things, lingered over and beloved.

But, delightful as these veritable comedies are, it is not in them that the poet reaches his highest flights; and, while the best of them may be justly preferred to some of his tragic dramas worse than the best, such works as *Life's a Dream*, *The Wonder-Working Magician*, *The Devotion of the Cross*, and *The Constant Prince*, soar into a higher latitude of the poetic ether than even so delicate a work as *The Secret in Words*. Mr. Mac-Carthy's version of this charming drama appeared in the first collection he issued, that of 1853; and so fine an example is it of the spiritual social comedy of the poet, that we should have been truly pleased had the translator seen fit to do that afresh for his last collection, instead of making a second version of *The Purgatory of St. Patrick*: of that mystic drama, already done in the collection of 1853, he issued a second and infinitely better version in 1873, together with his beautiful rendering of *Life's a Dream* and *The Wonder-Working Magician*. One can readily understand how, to an Irishman and a Catholic, *The Purgatory of St. Patrick* should be of far greater importance than *The Secret in Words*;

but from a purely literary point of view we prefer the latter, though not as Mr. Mac-Carthy has rendered the two works.

Let us not be understood as complaining of the quality of these earliest translations: they are excellent, and full of life and spirit and poetic impulse; while, in grappling with some of the technical difficulties, Mr. Mac-Carthy showed the greatest taste and ingenuity, in this very *Secret in Words*. But the progress of years has added strength to his hand, increased his knowledge of the poet to whom he is so loyally devoted, and taught him how to meet certain difficulties which he did not, at starting, recognise sufficiently to attempt the encounter. Intending, from the first, to reproduce the form of Calderon's poetry as well as the spirit,—reproduce it, that is to say, as nearly as the divergent character of the English and Spanish tongues would admit,—Mr. Mac-Carthy had not in 1853 recognised the practicability of giving in the metre of the original those long scenes in trochaic assonant so characteristic of the Calderonic drama. Indeed, in his preface he explicitly disclaimed any wish to do so, and in effect pronounced the feat impracticable,—the game not worth the candle.* How

* "As I have endeavoured to be faithful to the spirit of my original, so have I been scrupulous in adhering to its form. Of every species of versification used by Calderon, that seemed capable of being reproduced in English with a sensible harmonious effect, I have thought it my duty to attempt the imitation, and I have, therefore, copied all of them but one, namely, the assonant or vowel rhyme. If this truly Castilian measure, which even in the original Spanish is scarcely perceptible to our northern ears, had any higher value in English than as a mere proof of verbal or literal dexterity, only to be detected by the eye, I would have been induced to try and carry out my idea of the closeness which should exist between the translation and the original to that extent also. The attempt (within certain limits, to be sure) has been found to be practicable, but the continuance of the same assonance through an entire scene, or even act, as is sometimes the case in the original, while greatly increasing the difficulties and labours of the translator, would, in most cases, be scarcely perceived by the reader; except, indeed, by an awkward stiffness in the versification, and an accumulation of ungrammatical inversions, the cause of which even would not be clearly understood. The rigid and inflexible assonance, therefore, I conceive to be nearly impracticable in English. At the same time, I feel convinced that an ear tolerably familiar with harmonious rhythmical combinations, and accustomed to preserve the recurring melody of versification, will unconsciously and unexpectedly produce this very effect, at irregular intervals no doubt, but with a frequency that appears to have its origin in something beyond mere accident. Thus, if I may be allowed to refer to my own imperfect attempts, I have not unfrequently been surprised to discover, on re-perusing some long passage of this work, that I had written assonant rhymes without intending to do so; and that, in more than one instance, the vowels a e, for instance, are found to recur in the terminating syllables of about twenty-five lines out of a hundred. This proves

differently he thinks and feels now on this subject, may be judged from the fact that, of nine translations which he has since issued, the whole adhere to the assonant measure wherever it is used by Calderon, and render it with a grace and ease that were not to be expected. Among these nine plays, is the second version of *The Purgatory of St. Patrick*, already alluded to, and of which the first version was published in that collection wherein the trochaic assonant, or vowel-rhymed metre, was pronounced impracticable. And this brings us back to the comedy of *The Secret in Words*, of which we would fain see a version preserving every feature of the form of the original.

In this drama, Florida, Duchess of Parma, is enamoured of her secretary, Frederick, who, at the same time, loves and is beloved by Laura, one of the ladies of the Duchess. The plot turns on the complications which arise from Frederick's and Laura's need to conceal their attachment from Florida; and another series of difficulties arises from Frederick having harboured in his house the Duke of Mantua, who loves Florida, and has come, disguised as his own emissary, to urge his suit. The dexterity with which one difficulty and trying situation is evolved from another, throughout the three acts, is only surpassed, if surpassed at all, by the flower-like delicacy of the pencilling; and the metrical skill displayed in the secret conversations, carried on *aloud*, between Laura and Frederick in the presence of the jealous Duchess,—jealous, but of whom she knows not,—is only surpassed, if at all, by the lovely lyric impulse

how naturally and almost unavoidably the graceful effect of the assonance is produced in a language so flexible and rich in polysyllabic terminating words as the Spanish. In fact, it is this very artlessness and apparent impossibility of avoidance that constitutes its charm in the original, and which would totally destroy its effects in English if forced beyond those unpremeditated occurrences to which I have alluded. For this metre I have, in some instances, substituted the unrhymed trochaic of eight syllables, usually preserving it strictly, but often varying it with alternate monosyllabic terminating lines, and occasionally increasing the number of syllables when the measure became too monotonous, changing its beat and flow to a quicker time. In one play, *The Constant Prince*, I have alternated the unrhymed trochaics with rhymed lines; and in one scene of *The Purgatory of St. Patrick*, and for a brief dialogue in *The Secret in Words*, I have introduced blank verse. A noble measure truly, but, generally speaking, quite unsuited to the lyrical form and spirit of Calderon's poetry."—*Dramas of Calderon* (1853), Vol. I. pp. v. and vi. In the next volume of plays from Calderon issued by Mr. MacCarthy (*Love the Greatest Enchantment*, &c., 1861), the translator had conceived how to conquer the difficulty of the *asonante*, and had nearly mastered it, but not quite.

of some of those passages which do not tax, or need not have taxed, the ingenuity of the poet so closely as the secret conversations. Whether, indeed, anything ever *taxed* the ingenuity of Calderon at all, may be fairly questioned; for so vast was the sum of his work, and so imperious the apparent command over his materials, that no stress or strain is anywhere apparent; and it might well be assumed that all came to him as naturally as the wondrous singing of the lark. The little gush of lyrical music wherewith the piece opens, was caught by Mr. MacCarthy in one of his happiest early moods: indeed, but for the slight constraint of the participial rhyming terminals, "complaining," "paining," and "disdaining," this lovely little chorus and song could hardly find a better rendering than the following:—

"*Chorus of Musicians.*—Ah! my heart, in love's sweet season,
Thou hast reason for thy pain,
Reason for thy gentle treason
That has lured thee to love's chain;
But of what availeth reason,
Which for love itself is vain?

"*Flora sings.*—After all thy various trials,
Doubtings, dangers, and denials,
Rest at length, poor weary heart;
Or if thou, for thy confusion,
Must indulge some new illusion,—
Hopeful dreamer that thou art,—
Think not, with thy fond complaining,
Thou canst cure thy bosom's paining,
Change a bright eye's cold disdaining,
Calm thy heart and cool thy brain;
It were treason unto reason,
If love came but in love's season—

"*Chorus.*—Ah! but what availeth reason,
Which for love itself is vain?"—

Dramas of Calderon (1853), Vol. I. pp. 115, 116.

The way in which Laura and Frederick arrange to converse in the presence of the Duchess is thus described by the inventor, Frederick:—

"When you ever wish, Señora,
By your voice of aught to warn me,
You will make at the beginning
With your handkerchief a sign,

That I thus may be attentive ;—
 Then upon whatever matter
 You would speak, the words that open
 Lines that pauses follow quickly,
 Will be meant for me alone,
 And the rest for those about us ;—
 Then by joining in succession
 All these first words, one by one,
 I can know what you would tell me,
 And the same course you will follow
 When I make the sign in turn."—*Ibid.* p. 182.

As an example of the manner in which this plan is carried out, metrically, we cannot do better than give the following :—

- " *Laura (aside)*.—I see he makes the signal,
 I must now observe his words.
- " *Frederick*.—My bliss—hath almost wholly faded ;
 My soul—is but the seat of pain ;
 My life—is but death's dreary prelude,
 Señora—since love's cruel reign.
- " *Laura (aside)*.—' My bliss, my soul, my life, Señora '—
 These are the words that he has said.
- " *Frederick*.—This—tyrant love usurps each feeling,—
 Cruel—thus to pierce my heart,
 Enemy—of all my dreamings,
 Of mine—hopes and all my joys.
- " *Laura (aside)*.—What he further says is plainly—
 ' This cruel enemy of mine.'
- " *Frederick*.—To-day—the anguish of my spirit
 Prevents—the tranquil flow of thought,
 My speaking—is with fear embarrass'd
 With thee—lest I failed in aught.
- " *Laura (aside)*.—' To-day prevents my speaking with thee.'
- " *Frederick*.—Do not—blame me, do not leave me,
 To the—thought that thou'rt displeased ;
 Garden—that wilt be my grave-yard !
 Go—not, lady, angry forth.
- " *Flerida*.—Good—sufficient.
- " *Laura (aside)*.— All he uttered
 Must I, if I can, repeat ;—
 ' My bliss, my soul, my life, Señora,
 This cruel enemy of mine,
 To-day prevents my speaking with thee ;
 Do not to the garden go.'"—*Ibid.* pp. 206, 207.

Extracts from a work such as *The Secret in Words* can

give but a faint notion of its general character, and cannot serve to indicate, for example, its superiority over a tragedy like *The Physician of his Own Honour*. Nevertheless, to that work we should unhesitatingly pronounce it greatly superior, while ranking it below the tragedy of *The Constant Prince*, which Mr. Mac-Carthy gives in the same volume. There is not, in *The Physician of his Own Honour*, as much talent displayed in the management of the plot, simply because it was not so difficult a plot to manage as that of *The Secret in Words*; and the *Othello*-like motive of the tragedy is not rendered grand by any depth of passion. The "physician" who cures his own wounded honour is a Spanish nobleman, whose wife loves a Spanish prince; and the "cure" is effected by getting the lady killed in a somewhat dastardly fashion, namely, by suborning a surgeon to bleed her to death. Being discovered, this blue-blooded don, who has got his murder done craftily, and with every arrangement for secrecy and future life,—not in a life-consuming torment of tragic passion,—is punished by the king in a somewhat over-lenient fashion: he is made to marry a charming señora to whom he has been false in marrying the murdered wife. We cannot but deem this conception a serious flaw in a work so full of fine passages and replete with admirably arranged situations.

Of *The Constant Prince*, no such depreciatory remarks could be fairly made: it is at the same time thoroughly poetic, thoroughly Spanish, and nobly tragic, and must be reckoned among the finest of the great poet's secular dramas. The characters are all far finer in conception than those of the last-named tragedy; and the best of them are of the heroic mould of the best in *Life's a Dream*, which last, on the whole, we should take to be Calderon's secular masterpiece. The constant, or inflexible prince, who gives the tragedy its name, is the Portuguese Infante, Don Ferdinand, a fifteenth-century hero of some note. The leading incidents of the plot appear to have been found by Calderon in the pages of an old Chronicle, according to which Don Ferdinand led an expedition against the Moors in 1438, was defeated before Tangiers, and, being taken captive, died in bondage and in misery in 1443,—even his bones being left for thirty years among the Moors, ere they were carried to Lisbon and buried as those of a saint and martyr. How much of the incentive to this expedition

was political, and how much religious, it is not now very easy, nor for our present purpose at all necessary, to determine: but Calderon not only makes it a genuine crusade against Paganism in the interests of the faith of Christ; he further makes the Infante the perfect type of a Christian patriot, by depicting him with the most unbending determination to die in misery and squalor among the heathen, rather than be a party to the cession of one inch of soil gained by the Christians in former victories over the Pagans. Grouped around this inflexible Fernando, are numerous excellently imagined personages,—the most delightful being the Moorish general, Muley, and the Princess Phenix. Muley owes his life to Fernando in the first engagement between the Portuguese and Moorish troops; and this incident supplies Calderon with one of those graceful motives so beautifully blended throughout many of his plays,—the motive of gratitude contending with a strict and honourable sense of duty. Another motive that lends an exquisite lyric grace to this play is the love of Muley and Phenix,—almost hopeless on both sides, as neither the General nor the Princess dare avow it to the king of Fez, who designs his daughter's hand for Tarudante, king of Morocco: this situation, throughout the piece, gives a sad delicacy to the speeches and soliloquies of Phenix, and a colour and passion to those of Muley, which stand in fine contrast with the stern religious devotion and inflexible patriotism of Don Fernando. The work, from a metrical point of view, is particularly melodious, and forms an unusually happy example of Calderon's way of fitting into a dramatic outline every available lyric form. In this play occur two sonnets, the one spoken by Fernando, the other by Phenix, both beautiful examples of the poet's almost mystic glow of imagery, and both beautifully rendered by the translator. Fernando's sonnet runs thus:—

"These flowers awoke in beauty and delight,
At early dawn, when stars began to set—
At eve they leave us but a fond regret—
Locked in the cold embraces of the night.
These shades that shame the rainbow's arch of light,
Where gold and snow in purple pomp are met,
All give a warning man should not forget,
When one brief day can darken things so bright;
'Tis but to wither that the roses bloom—"

'Tis to grow old they bear their beauteous flowers,
 One crimson bud their cradle and their tomb.
 Such are man's fortunes in this world of ours ;
 They live, they die, one day doth end their doom ;
 For ages past but seem to us like hours !"—*Ibid.* p. 68.

After a brief dialogue in five-lined stanzas, Phenix utters this sonnet in reply :—

"These points of light, these sparkles of pure fire,
 Their twinkling splendours boldly torn away
 From the reluctant sun's departing ray,
 Live when the beams in mournful gloom retire.
 These are the flowers of night that glad Heaven's choir,
 And o'er the vault their transient odours play.
 For if the life of flowers is but a day,
 In one short night the brightest stars expire.
 But still we ask the fortunes of our lives
 Even from the flattering spring-tide of the skies,
 'Tis good or ill, as sun or stars survives.
 Oh ! what duration is there ? who relies
 Upon a star ? or hope from it derives,
 That every night is born again and dies ?"—*Ibid.* pp. 6 0.

* The Spanish is as follows :—

"Estas, que fueron pompa y alegría,
 Despertando al amor de la mañana,
 A la tarde serán lastima vana,
 Damiendo en brazos de la noche fria.
 Este matiz que al cielo desafia,
 Iris listado de oro, nieve y grana,
 Será escarmento de la vida humana :
 Tanto se emprende en termino de un dia !
 A florecer las rosas madrugaron,
 Y para envejecerse florecieron :
 Cuna y sepulcro en un boton hallaron.
 Tales los hombres sus fortunas vieron :
 En un dia nacieron y espiraron ;
 Que pasados los siglos, horas fueron."

† The original runs thus :—

"Esos rasgos de luz, esas centellas
 Que cobran con amagos superiores
 Alimentos del sol en resplandores,
 Aquello viven que se duelen dellas.
 Flores nocturnas son ; aunque tan bellas,
 Efimeras padecen sus ardores ;
 Pues si un dia es el siglo de las flores
 Una noche es la edad de las estrellas.
 Da esa pues primavera fugitiva
 Ya nuestro mal, ya nuestro bien se inflere :
 Registro es nuestro, ó muera el sol ó viva.
 Que duracion habrá, que el hombre espere ?
 O qué mudanza habrá que no reciba
 De astro, que cada noche nace y muere ?"

Analogous, in some respects, with *The Constant Prince* is the magnificent tragedy of *The Devotion of the Cross*, in the rendering of which, published eight years later than the other, Mr. Mac-Carthy showed a great advance in power. The analogy between the two works consists chiefly in their both being at once tragic and romantic, mainly possible and naturalistic, yet with closing incidents in each of a supernatural character, but such as would not, to Calderon, seem impossible. The fact that the "constant prince" appears upon the stage and takes part in the action after his death, does not remove that play from the category of realistic works (as far as Calderon was realistic at all); nor is *The Devotion of the Cross* removed from that category by the fact that a dead man rises up to be shriven, and a woman who clings to the Cross for protection is borne away through the air miraculously by the said Cross. The air of quasi-supernatural sentiment that overhangs the very realistic actions of the leading character is also quite natural to the time and genius of Calderon; and on the whole the play is more naturalistic in feeling and treatment than some wherein there are no marvels. Eusebio, the leading character in this great work, has been described by Sismondi as "an incestuous brigand," an epithet founded on a blunder which has been perpetuated by Mr. G. H. Lewes in his *Spanish Drama*; and it is more than ordinarily necessary that some fair account should be given of the story of this play.

Eusebio, then, is a young Italian of good fortune and unknown origin, having been found as an infant at the foot of a Cross in a desert place: he is enamoured of Julia, the daughter of Curcio; but his suit, acceptable to Julia, is opposed by her father and by her brother Lisardo. On this subject, Eusebio and Lisardo quarrel and fight, and Lisardo is slain; but Eusebio carries him dying in his arms to get shriven; and for this grace the dying man promises to intercede with the Almighty to the end that Eusebio also may not die unshriven. Curcio, being a powerful enemy, gets Eusebio outlawed and deprived of all his property; and Eusebio is almost forced into the life of a bandit. And here comes in one of those weird semi-religious conceptions of which Calderon was so fond. The baby found at the foot of the Cross had a curious mark in the form of a cross on its breast; and Eusebio, growing up with this mark, holds the symbol of his faith in a profound

reverence: this he carries into the very precincts of his lawless life after he is driven to brigandage; and every man killed by him or his followers he causes to be buried, and has a cross erected over the grave,—also, whenever he sees a cross he bows himself before it. At the same time he prosecutes his suit to Julia with unflagging energy and passion,—so far as to scale the walls of the convent, to which her father consigns her as a nun. There he finds her cell, goes into it at twilight, and is shut up with her until the next morning; and the next we hear of him, he is rushing headlong from the convent, pursued by Julia, who, after protracted resistance, has consented to yield herself up to him, and is now upbraiding him for suddenly abandoning his love-quest.

In the meantime the story of Julia's origin has been delicately allowed to leak out little by little. It transpires that Curcio, as a young man, had doubted his wife's fidelity, and had, when she was near her first parturition, taken her into a desert place, and abandoned her at the foot of a Cross: from that place she and an infant daughter to whom she had given birth were mysteriously conveyed home in safety. Curcio had taken this as a proof of her innocence; but the wife had ever maintained that she had been delivered of twins. On Julia's breast is the same mystic symbol as on Eusebio's; and from this and other circumstances the reader is soon led to suspect that the two are brother and sister. Meantime, Curcio carries about his own punishment in the pang of regret for a lost son.

Now the principal grandeur of the conception is dependent on the one fact, made most abundantly evident in the play, that Eusebio, though a brigand, is *not* "an incestuous brigand." So powerful is his awe for the mystic symbol of his faith (the faith of Calderon), that, where moral motive is lacking, this sufficed to keep him, as it were intuitively, from a deadly crime. He has sworn to respect the Cross; and, though in some respects a most desperate character, he keeps that oath under circumstances of extreme temptation. For when Julia has yielded to his passionate entreaties, he suddenly becomes aware that on her breast is the same mysterious signature as on his: he does not say formally, or, it should seem, even think, "This is my sister;" but something tells him that he is about to violate, as it

were, God's sanctuary, and he tears himself away in profound horror. His passion for Julia is unchanged; but he abandons his suit once for all,—a broken and almost reckless man. In the end, he is hunted down by Curcio, and is hurled, wounded to the death, down a precipice, falling to die at the foot of the same Cross where he was originally found, and where Curcio had abandoned his wife; and it then comes out that Curcio has hunted his own son to death. To make up the frightful tale of the old man's griefs, Julia, who has fled from her convent and disguised herself as a man, rallies the scattered banditti with the fury of a fiend, and leads them against her father, who is about to kill her when she throws herself at the foot of the Cross, and is miraculously rescued as already stated. It is right to add that her horror is as great as her father's when she learns the frightful character of the abyss of sin into which her headlong passion has almost hurled her.

This terrible tragedy is pitched throughout in the highest key, although there are fewer passages that tempt us to detach them than in some other works of Calderon's. One brief speech of Curcio, who has at last a feeling towards Eusebio that leads him to try to save the young man's life, we cannot resist quoting: when pressed by one of his followers to have the dead man buried in the desert, he says:—

"O vengeance of a vulgar breast!
Has thy rude anger then no bounds, no rest?
Must thy coarse appetite insatiate crave
For food beyond the threshold of the grave?"*
Love the Greatest Enchantment, &c., p. 310.

Among the plays of Calderon rendered by Mr. Mac-Carthy, there are yet three that come into the same wide division of realistic,—*Love after Death, The Scarf and the Flower, and Life's a Dream*. Of these the last only is, in our opinion, comparable to *The Devotion of the Cross*, as a work of art; and, on the whole, *Life's a Dream* must be regarded as the finer of the two, because, quite equal to it artistically, it is more universal in motive, and more pro-

* Here we have a capital rendering of the original:—

"¡O villana venganza!
¿Tanto poder en tí la ofensa alcanza,
Que pasas desta suerte
Los últimos umbrales de la Muerte?"

found. It is, in fact, a grand philosophic poem, while the other, though it almost passes into universality by virtue of its breadth of treatment, is still, formally, Romanistic in its central conception. *Life's a Dream* is so widely known throughout Europe, both as a stage piece and as a chamber piece, and so much has been written about it in England by Archbishop Trench and others, that we shall not devote much space to it. In it, a large and profound conception is magnificently wrought out; and, strange to say, looking at the character of the work, this conception is similar in basis to that of the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*. Instead, however, of the drunken tinker incident, which "Ross Neil" has so admirably worked out in his play, *Duke for a Day; or, the Tailor of Bruges*, we have here a prince born under evil stellar prognostications, kept by his father, fearfully, in a lonely tower, and brought out on trial when grown to manhood. His conduct (like that of a chained dog suddenly let loose) seems to justify the prognostics, and he is taken back to his prison, from all the grand surroundings of the Court seen by him transiently, to be told on awakening that he has merely dreamed of being a prince. But the populace, learning of the existence of such a prince, revolt, set him at their head, and, under his generalship, rout the king's forces. Schooled by his strange conviction (most exquisitely developed in the drama), that life is but a dream, from which any violence or evil doing may at a moment arouse us, he has in the meantime conquered the savage instincts developed in him by his imprisonment; and the drama closes with evidences of his clemency. The following soliloquy of the prince is given both as a beautiful example of Calderon in his higher moods, and as a choice piece of translation:—

"That is true: then let's restrain
 This wild rage, this fierce condition
 Of the mind, this proud ambition,
 Should we ever dream again:
 And we'll do so since 'tis plain,
 In this world's uncertain gleam,
 That to live is but to dream:
 Man dreams what he is, and wakes
 Only when upon him breaks
 Death's mysterious morning beam.
 The king dreams he is a king,

And in this delusive way
Lives and rules with sovereign sway ;
All the cheers that round him ring,
Born of air, on air take wing.
And in ashes (mournful fate !)
Death dissolves his pride and state :
Who would wish a crown to take,
Seeing that he must awake,
In the dream beyond death's gate ?
And the rich man dreams of gold,
Gilding cares it scarce conceals,
And the poor man dreams he feels
Want and misery and cold.
Dreams he too who rank would hold,
Dreams who bears toil's rough-ribbed hands,
Dreams who wrong for wrong demands,
And in fine, throughout the earth,
All men dream, whate'er their birth,
And yet no one understands.
'Tis a dream that I in sadness
Here am bound, the scorn of fate ;
'Twas a dream that once a state
I enjoyed of light and gladness.
What is life ? 'Tis but a madness.
What is life ? A thing that seems,
A mirage that falsely gleams,
Phantom joy, delusive rest,
Since is life a dream at best,
And even dreams themselves are dreams."

Calderon's Dramas (1873), pp. 78, 79.

Of *Love after Death* we entertain by no means the high opinion that has been expressed by some writers ; and of Mr. Mac-Carthy's version of that tragedy we can but say that it is the worst Calderonic translation he has published,—the rough jolting metre in which a great deal of the serious dialogue is written being essentially undignified. The story on which the tragedy is founded is beautiful and pathetic : it is that of a Moor whose betrothed is killed wantonly by a soldier at the siege of the Alpujarra, and who thenceforward gives up his existence to finding the murderer, and executing judgment upon him. This incident, or chain of incidents, is told with charming simplicity by Gines Perez de Hyta in his *History of the Civil Wars of Granada* ; but Calderon, in dramatising the story, lowered the key by introducing an

element of gallantry into it. With all due respect to so great a genius as Calderon, we must say that the tone of the following speech, in which the Moorish heroine rejects the suit of her Moorish lover on the ground that her father has had a disgrace put upon him, is not in keeping with what is, in essence, a profoundly tragic action, however much it may be in keeping with Spanish blue-blooded traditions :—

“ Don Alvaro, neither shall I
 Recall how long has been, and true
 My firm devotion unto you—
 How I loved you faithfully ;
 Nor attempt to say I die
 Stricken to-day by a double knife,
 Nor, how duty and love, at strife,
 Seek in this fleeting calm to control
 My heart : for thou art the life of my soul,
 Thou, indeed, art the soul of my life ;—
 This alone I wish to say,
 In all this trouble, that she who would crave
 But yesterday to be thy slave,
 Will not become thy wife to-day ;
 For if through diffidence yesterday
 You asked me not, and to-day you do,
 I to-day but owe it to you
 To refuse thee, lest the malign
 Breath of time could say, to be thine
 I needed some attraction new.
 Rich and honoured, once I thought
 I was unworthy of thy love,
 Happily as the event doth prove
 That unhappy feeling was nought
 But a suspicion. Think now, ought
 I to-day to give to thee
 Instead of happiness, misery,
 Punishment instead of reward ?
 As if I should be disgraced, my lord,
 Ere you would think to wed with me.”

Dramas of Calderon (1853), Vol. II. pp. 16, 17.

It is also to be remarked that the anapaestic element in the measure has not been wrought by the translator so as to make the metre either dignified or artistic.

The Scarf and the Flower, a comedy of the same class as *The Secret in Words*, is a better piece of translation than

Love after Death, and it is a charmingly fresh and graceful work, in the region of Court life. The heroine gives the hero a *flower*, and, subsequently, finding him adorned with a *scarf* belonging to her rival, upbraids him as one who loves her rival rather than herself. He defends himself in a dialogue which Mr. Ticknor well describes as "extremely characteristic of the gallant style of the Spanish drama, especially in that ingenious turn and repetition of the same idea in different figures of speech which grows more and more condensed as it approaches its conclusion." We take occasion to quote from this play another beautiful sonnet, beautifully rendered :—

"A frozen mountain on my bosom lay,
Round which time twined a coronal of snow,
While the warm heart fed fondly far below
The ashes of a fire that burned away.
A beauteous beam—the wonder of the day—
Down to that mine with kindling torch did go,
The snow encircled by the fire did glow,
The fire by snow congealed to ice straightway.
Etna at once of love and anguish deep—
The ashes of my heart ascending higher,—
Burning my heart, compelled my eyes to weep.
O living mountain ! blind volcanic pyre !
If thou art flame—how canst thou water keep ?
Alas ! the tears of love themselves are fire."

Ibid. pp. 280—1.

Of the four remaining comedias (or secular dramas as distinguished from autos or sacramental acts) rendered by Mr. Mac-Carthy,—the four which we separate as not realistic from those already discussed,—one is an example of the poet's treatment of Pagan mythology, and the other three are founded on legends of the Catholic Church.

Love the Greatest Enchantment is the one specimen of the Pagan division which Mr. Mac-Carthy has given us ; and of course the treatment of the subject—that of Circe and Ulysses—is not by any means Pagan. This drama, in which Calderon was associated with an incomparable machinist, Cosmo Lotti, appears to have been one of the grandest spectacular entertainments ever devised for the amusement of a "monarch and his minions, and his dames." The written plan of Cosmo Lotti, on which Calderon wrote the drama, is fortunately preserved ; and it has been translated by Mr. Mac-Carthy in his introduction

to the play, where it forms a most interesting document. We should imagine that this spectacle must have exceeded in magnificence any of those masques produced in the palmy days of our own drama, and set on under the direction of Inigo Jones (such as *The Masque of the Middle Temple*, by Chapman); and if we had the space we would gladly give the entire description, instead of merely referring the reader to it; but we must confine ourselves strictly to Calderon. He, in the construction of this fine work, founded upon Books X. and XII. of the *Odyssey*, taking hints also from Tasso and Ariosto, and thus producing a very different Circe from the enchantress of the Pagan myth. Indeed, his Ulysses, Circe, Florida, Lysidas, and the rest, are a trifle too Spanish; and, on the whole, there is too much of the grotesque in the treatment of the men transformed to beasts, to admit of the work being ranked as one of Calderon's finest dramas.

No such thing, however, is to be said of *The Wonder-Working Magician*, which is certainly a noble work. Instead of being full of the supernatural as conceived in Pagan mythology, this play, like *The Purgatory of St. Patrick* and *The Two Lovers of Heaven*, deals with supernatural conceptions of the Middle Ages. Notwithstanding the fact that Cyprian and Justina, in the *Magico Prodigioso*, are both personages drawn from the long roll of Christian martyrs, the framework of the play is essentially like that of Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus* and Goethe's *Faust*,—not, indeed, that there is much resemblance in treatment between any of these three works; but looking at the absurd pretensions sometimes advanced in favour of Goethe, it is just as well to mark, whenever observed, his sources of inspiration. Certainly he was considerably indebted to Calderon, not merely on the score of the Demon and Cyprian in the *Magico Prodigioso*, but also on the score of the first scene in *Los dos Amantes del Cielo* (*The Two Lovers of Heaven*). In that scene we are introduced to Chrysanthus reading a volume of the New Testament, and trying to understand it. He argues the question raised in his mind in a long speech, of which the following is the opening:—

“ Ah ! how shallow is my mind !
 How confined ! and how restricted !
 Ah ! how driftless are my words !
 And my thoughts themselves how driftless !

Since I cannot comprehend,
 Cannot pierce the secrets hidden
 In this little book that I
 Found by chance with others mingled ;
 I its meaning cannot reach,
 Howsoe'er my mind I rivet,
 Though to this, and this alone,
 Many a day has now been given.
 But I cannot therefore yield,
 Must not own myself outwitted.—
 No ; a studious toil so great
 Should not end in aught so little ;
 O'er this book my whole life long
 Shall I brood until the riddle
 Is made plain, or till some sage
 Simplifies what here is written,
 For which end I'll read once more
 Its beginning. How my instinct
 Uses the same word with which
 Even the book itself beginneth !—
 ' In the beginning was the Word.'
 If in language plain and simple
 Word means speech, how then was it
 In the beginning ? Since a whisper
 Presupposes power to breathe it,
 Proves an earlier existence,
 And to that anterior Power
 Here the book doth not bear witness.
 Then this follows : ' And the Word
 Was with God '—nay more, 'tis written,
 ' And the Word was God, was with Him
 In the beginning, and by Him then
 All created things were made,
 And without Him nought was finished.'
 Oh what mysteries, what wonders,
 In this tangled labyrinthine
 Maze lie hid !"

The Two Lovers of Heaven, pp. 11, 12.

This line of thought, very elaborately worked out from the point at which we leave it, is not followed closely by Goethe ; but there is, as Mr. Mac-Carthy points out, considerable resemblance between this and the brief speech made by Faust in his study, while the situation is identical : Faust also is studying the New Testament, and trying to unriddle the very same passage that Chrysanthus is engaged on. The passage in *Faust* (Mr. Bayard Taylor's

version, which we consider better than any other) runs thus:—

“Tis written : ‘In the Beginning was the WORD.’
 Here am I balked ; who, now, can help afford ?
 The *Word* ?—impossible so high to rate it ;
 And otherwise must I translate it,
 If by the Spirit I am truly taught.
 Then thus : In the Beginning was the *Thought*.’
 This first line let me weigh completely,
 Lest my impatient pen proceed too fleetly.
 Is it the *Thought* which works, creates, indeed ?
 ‘In the Beginning was the *Power*,’ I read ;
 Yet as I write, a warning is suggested,
 That I the sense may not have fairly tested.
 The Spirit aids me : now I see the light !
 ‘In the Beginning was the *Act*,’ I write.”

The conversion of Chrysanthus to Christianity and his martyrdom with Daria, they two being “the two lovers of heaven,” are dramatised with exquisite grace and tenderness, and the wood-scene in which the influences adverse to the Christian interest are introduced is full of Pagan beauty, subdued under the profoundly religious light of Calderon’s mind. *The Wonder-Working Magician* is, however, to our thinking, a far higher flight of genius ; and the vigorous passionate character of the magician himself yields a higher triumph of good over evil than the character of Chrysanthus. Justina, through whose agency the tragic triumph is brought about, recalls Massinger’s *Virgin-Martyr*, but is a far finer character ; and it is not surprising that Shelley should have been so irresistibly attracted by this play as to leave behind him those priceless scenes which are the despair, almost, of all intending translators of the work.

The Purgatory of St. Patrick has no fascination for us, except in isolated passages ; but we must admit that the second of Mr. Mac-Carthy’s two versions, already alluded to, is as good an example of his art of transplantation as any to be found in the several volumes under notice. Mr. Ticknor ranks this play above *The Devotion of the Cross*, a critical verdict to which we can give in no adherence : it is far wilder, and less regulated by human impulse than *The Devotion of the Cross* ; the incidents derived from Montalvan’s *Life and Purgatory of St. Patrick* are of an interest

almost restricted to the Catholic world; and the characters are not so greatly imagined and drawn as those of the other plays, the arch-villain of the piece, Luis Enius, being unnaturally wanton, which Eusebio is not.

We now come to the three autos which Mr. Mac-Carthy has put before the public,—as far as we are aware the only attempt to give the English reader an opportunity of judging fairly of a vast class of works, perhaps more characteristic of the era in Spanish history which they represent than aught else that has come down to us. These autos are also of high importance in the general history of art; for they form the principal connecting link between the great Greek drama and that national and humanistic musical drama which Richard Wagner is endeavouring, with an almost Titanic hand, to establish in Germany, and of the magnitude of which it is not yet possible to form an adequate judgment. The sacramental autos are at the same time far more ambitious and important artistically, and far more closely knit-up with national thought and feeling, than anything analogous to them in modern art. The mysteries and moralities of our own early stage are child's play compared with them; and it was not until the drama had become thoroughly secularised in England that it brought forth any fruit comparable to the autos of Calderon, Lope de Vega, or even some lesser poets,—the fact being that the drama remained religious in Spain late enough to benefit by the example of the full-fledged secular drama in England and elsewhere, and (more notably still) by the advance of intellectual culture that had taken place in Europe in the meantime.

At the time when the great autos were produced, Spain was as fully in earnest about her religion as ever: it was thoroughly a part of her national life; and that national life being of the luxurious, holiday-making South, dyed of a deeper and more gorgeous colour by the eastern Moorish blood, the popular taste made common cause with the spectacular system of the Romish Church to produce a religious drama that should at the same time please the senses and celebrate the central mystery of the faith. Thus crowds of earnest people, untroubled by any doubt in the affairs of the soul,—crowds consisting of little less than the whole nation,—came trooping to every city and large town at Corpus Christi festival time, to witness the dramatic pageants designed by the greatest poets of the

land, to celebrate the mystery of the Eucharist. The Spanish nature has in it so little of the austerity of our own puritans that it was no stretch of tolerance in the people of Calderon's age to see the most gorgeous theatrical machinery intermingled with the most profoundly religious ceremony; and so wide was the field embraced in the Corpus Christi drama, that not only were all the fine arts brought to bear on the spectacle, but the intellectual and religious efforts of all antecedent time were recognised as fair and proper material for the warp and woof of the complex web. And while the crowds who came to witness a profoundly religious spectacle expected to be regaled with the choicest efforts of music and mimetics, and all those eye-pleasing details wherein the stage-manager draws upon the resources of painting, sculpture, and architecture, they were also prepared to find the supreme poetic intelligence, which shaped all for the glory of the Church, dealing with the characters of Pagan mythology, and setting them on the stage side by side with the holiest characters of Holy Writ. Indeed it was the highest duty and privilege of the poets of the autos to take up any product of human intellect, however unclean, and, by the flaming touch of pure genius, regulated by beauty of soul, render it clean and white enough to enter, so to speak, within the holy of holies.

"To the pure all things are pure;" and so absolutely pure was the great religious mind of Calderon, that nothing tainted ever passed through his hand without leaving every trace of taint behind; and just as, in his secular drama, he could tread right up to the very borders of the hideous crime of incest, and still produce so spotless and beautiful a work as *The Devotion of the Cross*,* so in his autos he can go into the den of lewd loves and strange crimes occupied by the gods and goddesses, heroes and enchantresses, of Greek mythology, seize what personage best suits his purpose, and strip him bare of every rag of uncleanness, leaving him fit to act upon the same stage with the holiest personages, and with

* It is to be noted, in passing, that this absolute cleanness is not among the qualities of a work in our own dramatic literature analogous in subject and even greater in power than *The Devotion of the Cross*: we refer to Ford's wonderful and awful tragedy *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*, wherein the incestuous motive is shameless and avowed, however horrible the final retribution. But there is a brutality in some of our most powerful dramas quite foreign to the genius of Calderon.

those strange beings of his own creation who bear the names of high qualities of the soul, and act the parts of such qualities in an embodied and personal form. It is the most noteworthy characteristic of the autos that they ignore in their action not only time and space, but the relations between the abstract and the concrete, and the walls that separate the animate from the inanimate. On the subject of those works of religious art generally, and in particular of those of Calderon, Mr. Mac-Carthy has given us an invaluable contribution in his *Mysteries of Corpus Christi*,—in which he has translated a most instructive essay by Dr. Lorinser (somewhat too narrowly Romanistic, by the bye), and a still better essay by Don E. G. Pedroso. Lorinser quotes several fine passages from Schack, a German Protestant author, who writes a good deal more intelligently than even Lorinser himself, on the same subject; and from Schack we quote the following passage, as giving a good idea of the poetic enthusiasm that was brought to bear upon the autos:—

“He who first treads within the magic circle of these poems, feels himself blown upon by a strange spirit, and beholds another heaven outspread over another earth; it is as if, through demoniac power, we were whirled away in a darksome tempest; depths of thought, the contemplation of which makes the mind dizzy, spread out before us, wonderful enigmatical figures rise up from the abyss, and the dark red flames of mysticism shine into the mysterious fountain from which all things flow. But the clouds disappear, and we see ourselves above the limits of the terrestrial, beyond the bounds of space and time, lifted up into the kingdom of the immeasurable and the eternal. Here every dissonance ceases; up here the voices from the world of men rise only like festal hymns, upborne by the swelling peal of the organ. A gigantic dome of spiritual architecture receives us, in whose awe-inspiring halls no profane sound is permitted to be heard, and on the altar, surrounded by magic light, the mystery of the Trinity is enthroned; a dazzling splendour of rays, which human sense can scarcely endure, spreads out and illuminates the mighty pillar-hall with unspeakable glory; here all beings are lost in the contemplation of the Eternal, and look with astonished eyes on the unfathomable depths of Divine love. The whole creation joins together in one joyful chorus to the glorification of the source of all life; even that which has no being speaks and feels; even that which is dead is given a language and a living expression of thought; stars and elements, stones and plants, exhibit a self-consciousness and a soul; the most hidden thoughts and

feelings of men spring into light, and heaven and earth radiate in symbolic transfiguration."—*Mysteries of Corpus Christi*, pp. 23, 24.

Although this passage might be regarded by some purists as a little high-flown, we should not ourselves lay any such charge against it; and its imagery well expresses the plain facts of that man's case who really takes up the works in the spirit of large-hearted acceptance with which men of culture and feeling receive other great foreign poems. These autos are in fact quite another world from the ordinary world even of poetry. As poems they have more in common with Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* than with anything else in English literature; for the phrases with which the foregoing passage from Schack ends express an actual fact. Shelley, however, only takes into the category of his ideal *dramatis personæ* symbolic personages of the vastest character; while Calderon does the like in much greater detail. In the auto of *The Sorceries of Sin*, the first which Mr. Mac-Carthy translated, and indeed the first that ever appeared in English, we have the senses playing the twofold part of abstract qualities and the companions of Ulysses. Mr. Mac-Carthy selected that particular auto for his first venture in this wide field, because it was particularly suitable for companionship with *Love the Greatest Enchantment*. In that, the Circe legend received a secular and highly concrete treatment: in the auto, as if to show the unlimited scope of the poet's genius, the same legend is dealt with as a great human allegory. Ulysses represents man struggling between good and evil; Circe is Sin; and while she is assisted by Voluptuousness and Flattery, the other side is represented by the Understanding and Penance (who is also the Pagan Iris). The Smell, the Taste, the Hearing, the Touch, and the Sight, as the companions of Ulysses, go through the regular transformation and release, when Ulysses ("the Man"), having submitted to the slavery of Circe ("Sin"), is finally succoured by Penance and the Understanding, and goes off safely in the boat of the Church, leaving the baffled enchantress in despair.

In *The Divine Philothea* the five senses and the understanding are likewise among the persons of the drama, which include also Paganism, Judaism, Heresy, Atheism, Faith, Hope, Charity, the Prince of Light and the Demon. This great auto, which was the last produced by Calderon, opens with the regular military

operations of the Demon in besieging Philothea, who is finally rescued by the Prince of Light, who is Christ. In *Belshazzar's Feast*, supposed to be Calderon's earliest auto, there is a much more limited list of characters. Belshazzar has his two wives, Idolatry and Vanity, and his court fool, the Thought (playing the threefold part of court fool, human thought in the abstract, and Belshazzar's intelligent being in particular); and besides these, there are but two leading characters, Daniel and Death. It would be unfair to these works to attempt to give any idea of them either by quotation or by description. They are wonderful examples of Calderon's dexterity in working the most complex and various materials to a given end; they teem with profound thoughts and noble sentiments in the highest poetic strain; and they are all framed to throw a thousand various lights upon the mysteries of transubstantiation. At the same time they breathe throughout the spirit of broad religious feeling, and are, before all things, instructive. But they must be read as they stand, with a full preliminary understanding of their history and meaning; and when so read, although there is not of course one of them but upholds a given dogma of the Romish Church entirely repugnant to us and the majority of English people, they are yet so buoyed up by the noble genius of the poet, that they have less of a local and more of a universal character than could be suspected by any one knowing them only by hearsay.

We have said a good deal in praise of Calderon as a poet, and Mr. Mac-Carthy as a translator; and of the latter we must say one thing more in commendation before we conclude with a few deductions,—namely, that he shows a great forbearance in the matter of his religion, not obtruding, as Lorinser does, the fact that he and his poet are both Catholic, and not assuming, as Lorinser also does, that one must be of that faith to appreciate Calderon. The chief deduction we should feel bound to make from the general terms in which we have spoken of Calderon, is on the score of his somewhat tedious *gracioso*. The *gracioso*, corresponding with the clown of our Elizabethan drama, plays his part in even the autos; and in some of the secular tragic dramas he is a real annoyance,—as real as the ordinary run of English clowndom,—while at other times he is as appropriate and amusing as some of Shakespeare's clowns. The chief faults we have to find

with the translator are (1) that he has left every one of his versions of Calderon disfigured by a provincial element, writing frequently Irish for English, (2) that he makes a great number of faults in concord, and (3) that he is utterly careless whether his characters address each other in the singular or in the plural. These are minor faults; and it is a matter for much congratulation that we have not to put to the translator's account the literary sin of misrepresenting or wantonly degrading his original. In the main, his metrical instincts and poetic perceptions are unusually high; he has a really profound sympathy with the great poet he has set himself to render; and it is an unfortunate but not irremediable flaw in his tribute to that poet's memory, that he writes in some hundreds of instances "would" and "will" for "should" and "shall," occasionally leaves a monosyllable to do duty for a dissyllable because it happens to have an "r" in it, has the utmost disregard for the right of the word "thou" to be followed by "canst," "wouldst," "didst," &c., instead of "can," "would," "did," &c., and does not seem to see any incongruity in a person passing from "you" to "thou" in the course of a couple of lines, and back again in the course of another couple. The whole of these faults are of a little less frequent occurrence in the volume of 1873 than in the two volumes of 1853; but they might be remedied easily with a very slight amount of care; and we trust that, if new editions of the books be called for, that care will not be withheld. We shall not attempt to specify the "woulds" and "wills;" they are of too constant occurrence; but we may note that even in the last and most careful of the volumes (that of 1873) Mr. Mac-Carthy found it possible to pass several phrases, such as "Thou, my heart, her charms adoreth" (p. 105), such an Irishism as "*on* to-morrow" (p. 33), and such a rapid transition from "you" to "thou" as "What do you wish I do for thee?" (p. 191.) In the beautiful volume of 1861, with the Spanish text, we note the erroneous use of "cared" instead of "cared for" in "To be rear'd and cared, and christen'd" (p. 225), and on the same page the regular "Irish bull," "I a *natural* cross had fashion'd,"—at page 271, "Honour would prefer the feign'd false Eusebio, *than* the true," and at page 303 the couplet—

"Were the blood not mine own, that voice so clear
Then had not power to call, nor I have power to hear,"—

in which both wording and metre are enlarged, and at the expense of grammar, the original being—

“Que sangre, que no fuera
Propia, ni me llamara, ni la oyera.”

We have not quoted here one-twentieth of the small faults of a similar character which we have marked in Mr. MacCarthy's volumes; nor do we feel called upon to note any further examples of the flaws in what is, after all deductions, an admirable series of translations, at once enjoyable and instructive.



ART. II.—*The Last Journals of David Livingstone in Central Africa, from 1865 to his Death; continued by a Narrative of his Last Moments and Sufferings, obtained from his Faithful Servants Chuma and Susi.* By HORACE WALLER, F.R.G.S. Two Vols. London: John Murray. 1874.

SCARCELY a year has elapsed since the doors of Westminster Abbey were opened to receive the remains of England's greatest traveller. For a time popular feeling had hoped the story of his death to be a fabrication, but at length the intelligence was so strongly confirmed, that the last ray of hope died, and no ground whatever was left for doubting the fact, that one of the noblest of Englishmen was no more. At once the propriety was recognised of paying the illustrious deceased national homage; and accordingly, at the expense of the Treasury, under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society, David Livingstone was carried to his last resting place; religious Associations and learned societies vieing with each other in their testimonies of respect and sorrow, and all agreeing with the utterance of Sir Bartle Frere: "It will be long ere we see received within those walls one of our time and race worthier to rest among the greatest men of these islands."

It was in 1849 that Livingstone began his explorations. These may be considered as forming three great journeys: the first when he crossed the Kalahari desert, discovered Lake Ngami, and twice traversed from east to west, along the line of the Zambesi, the whole African continent; the second, when, in company with Dr. Kirk and the Rev. Horace Wallace, he discovered the great lakes Nyassa and Shirwa; the third, of which we have an account in these *Journals*, and which was left incomplete, and yet how complete, by his death.

These volumes contain a record of seven years' continuous work and new discovery, no break whatever occurring. For the clear consecutive manner in which that record is presented to us we are indebted to the Editor, the Rev. Horace Waller, an old friend and, for a time, a fellow traveller of Livingstone. Nevertheless, he has shown considerable carelessness in the nomenclature of many of the places referred to; and in not supplying an index has un-

doubtedly failed in such a way as greatly to take from the value of the work. But we would not be too hard, for his task must have been a most laborious one, and, on the whole, he has done it well. The journalist used up his note-books to their utmost extent,—not a single inch of paper was left unwritten upon. In some cases lunar observations and notes concerning physical geography begin at one end; the course of the itinerary, with maps, drawings, and botanical notes, is carried on from the other; whilst in the middle are calculations, private memoranda, words intended for vocabularies, and extracts from books. Fortunately his careful insertion of the day of the month and year saves the journal from being a mass of entanglement. When his stock of note-books was exhausted, he cut up old newspapers, many of them yellow with African damp, and using the juice of a tree in place of ink, he wrote across the type. One of the most interesting illustrations in the published work is a fac-simile of a portion of the journal at the time when writing paper and ink had failed him. Fortunately, Livingstone's handwriting was always very clear, otherwise it would have been impossible to have deciphered this part of his diary.

In connection with the *Journals* there is a very superior map, compiled from Livingstone's drawings and notes, by Mr. John Bolton. As to this, however, it must be borne in mind that Livingstone specially desired it to be known that no positions gathered from his observations for latitude and longitude, nor for the levels of the lakes, should be considered correct until examined by Sir Thomas Maclear, and therefore the map is still open to correction. The difference between the spelling of the map and that adopted in the *Journals* is much to be regretted.

These volumes do not contain all the notes that Livingstone sent home. On this point the editor writes:—

"It has been thought advisable to retain all the strictly scientific matter found in Dr. Livingstone's Journals for future publication. When one sees that a register of the daily rainfall was kept throughout, that the temperature was continually recorded, and that barometrical and hypsometrical observations were made with unflagging thoroughness of purpose year in and year out, it is obvious that an accumulated mass of information remains for the meteorologist to deal with separately, which alone must engross many months of labour."—Vol. I. Intro. x.

At the same time, however, there is so much that is both new and interesting, and so concisely stated, that it is a matter of great difficulty, in the limited space at our command, to confine attention to that which is most important.

The course of travel may be briefly stated. He arrived at Zanzibar on the 28th January, 1866, in the *Shule*, which he had been commissioned to present to the Sultan from the Government of Bombay, at the same time bearing a commendatory letter from Sir Bartle Frere to Sejuel Majid. The Sultan was apparently delighted with the gift, and promised to do his utmost to assist the traveller in carrying out his purposes. Nor was this a vain promise, as the *Journals* frequently testify. On the 19th of March he started for the Rovuma river, in H.M.S. the *Penguin*. Thus starting, he writes:—

“I trust that the Most High may prosper me in this work, granting me influence in the eyes of the heathen, and helping me to make my intercourse beneficial to them.”—Vol. I. p. 9.

He took with him thirteen Sepoys, ten Johanna men, nine Nassick boys, two Shupunga men, and two Wayaus. The Sepoys were an unmitigated evil from the beginning. He had travelled but a little time before he was obliged to write: “Sepoys are a mistake.” They were intolerably lazy. They were filthy in their habits. They cruelly ill-treated the animals, and were the cause of the death of most of them. They were destitute of courage, and were disobedient to orders. At one time, when Livingstone was in advance, they sent to him, declaring they would go no further, and they tried to bargain with their guide to take them back to the coast. At length the traveller’s much enduring spirit would bear no more, and, after suffering them for four months, he sent them home. Three of the Johanna men had been associated with him on a former journey. They had no heart in their work, and many times played the doctor falsely. On the shores of the Nyassa, moved by fear of the predatory bands of the Mazitu which were about, they left their goods and walked away. This was the origin of the story of Livingstone’s death, which led to the Government Search Expedition, the conduct of which reflected such high credit upon its leader, Lieutenant Edward Young, R.N. The Nassick boys were formerly slaves; but having been rescued and educated by

the Governor of Bombay, had been sent back to their native land. Of these, one died almost at the commencement of the journey. The two Wayaus, Wekatani and Chuma, had been liberated from the slavers by Dr. Livingstone and Bishop Mackenzie in 1861, and had lived for three years with the mission party at Chibasa's. Reaching the Nyassa districts, Wekatani met his own relatives, and, being anxious to remain with them, he left the Doctor. Chuma was faithful to the last, and accompanied the traveller's remains to England. These were the men who started with Livingstone on his last great journey. Of them only five could answer to their names, after eight years' desperate service, when they handed over the dead body of their leader to his own countrymen. All honour to them. Their names were Chuma, the Wayau, and Susi, Amoda, Abram, and Mabruki, of the Indian Nassick school.

Landing at the Bay of Mikindany, the party cut its way through the dense coast jungle; and on the 18th April struck the Rovuma, near to the spot where the *Pioneer* turned back in 1861. Now skirting the spurs of hills, now climbing their steep sides, and always cutting the jungle, steady advance was made. Soon the hills on the north side disappeared, and a country was passed through comparatively free of wood. On the 19th of May, the Loendi was reached. This river, which flows from the south-west, the Doctor considers to be decidedly the parent stream of the Rovuma. After a weary trudge, and considerable suffering from scarcity of food, they came to Mataka's town, which consisted of more than a thousand houses, and was surrounded by populous villages. There they received a hearty welcome and plentiful supplies. Obtaining guides for Nyassa, they travelled through an elevated region, in many parts attaining a height of 3,400 feet. Villages were everywhere, and springs forming the sources of the Loendi and Rovuma were innumerable. From hence there was a gradual descent to the lake, which being reached, Livingstone wrote:—

"We came to the lake at the confluence of the Misinjé, and felt grateful to that Hand which had protected us thus far on our journey. It was as if I had come back to an old home I never expected to see again, and pleasant to bathe in the delicious waters again, hear the roar of the sea, and dash in the rollers. Temp. 71° at 8 a.m., while the air was 65°. I feel quite exhilarated."—Vol. I. pp. 90, 91.

Unable to cross, the Doctor resolved to round the southern end. Reaching the spot where first he saw the Shiré emerge, he seems to have been deeply moved.

"Many hopes have been disappointed here. Far down on the right bank of the Zambesi lies the dust of her whose death changed all my future prospects; and now, instead of a check being given to the slave trade by lawful commerce on the lake, slave-dhows prosper.

"It is impossible not to regret the loss of good Bishop Mackenzie, who sleeps far down the Shiré, and with him all hope of the Gospel being introduced into Central Africa. The silly abandonment of all the advantages of the Shiré route by the Bishop's successor, I shall ever bitterly deplore; but all will come right some day, though I may not live to participate in the joy, or even see the commencement of better times."—Vol. I. pp. 100, 101.

The editor, here, adds a grateful note to the effect that Bishop Steere is fully determined to re-occupy the district in which fell his predecessor, Bishop Mackenzie, and others attached to the Universities' Mission. In addition to this, we learn with satisfaction that the Free and Reformed Presbyterian Churches of Scotland have resolved, as a memorial of David Livingstone, to form an industrial mission settlement at the south end of Nyassa, under the charge of Mr. E. D. Young, who commanded the "Search Expedition."

In these parts are to be found "sponges" similar to those which are so abundant in Central Africa, and through which Livingstone had to wade, along the shores of Bangweolo, during those weary weeks immediately preceding his death. Duly to appreciate the way they obstruct travel, their nature must be understood. The Doctor thus described them :—

"The bogs or earthen sponges of this country occupy a most important part in its physical geography, and probably explain the annual inundations of most of the rivers. Wherever a plain sloping towards a narrow opening in hills or higher ground exists, there we have the conditions requisite for the formation of an African sponge. The vegetation not being of a heathy or peat-forming kind, falls down, rots, and then forms a rich black loam. In many cases a mass of this loam, two or three feet thick, rests on a bed of pure river sand, which is revealed by crabs and other aquatic animals bringing it to the service. At present, in the dry season, the black loam is cracked in all directions, and

the cracks are often as much as three inches wide, and very deep. The whole surface has now fallen down, and rests on the sand; but when the rains come, the first supply is nearly all absorbed in the sand. The black loam forms soft slush, and floats on the sand. The narrow opening prevents it from moving off in a landslip, but an oozing spring rises at that spot. All the pools in the lower portion of this spring course are filled by the first rains which happen south of the equator, when the sun goes vertically over any spot. The second or greater rains happen in his course north again, when all the bogs and river-courses being wet, the supply runs off and forms the inundation. This was certainly the case as observed on the Zambesi and Shiré, and taking the different times for the sun's passage north of the equator, it explains the inundation of the Nile."—Vol. I. pp. 113, 114.

Rounding the heel of Nyassa, Livingstone for a while pursued his way along the watershed between the Loangwa and the Nyassa. Then crossing the river he traversed the ridge forming the watershed between streams going to the Chambezé and those going to the northern rivers, and on the 1st April reached Liemba, which at first he thought a lake separate and distinct from Tanganyika, but afterwards found to be its southern extremity.

It was during this part of his journeyings that a disaster took place, the after ill effects of which cannot be exaggerated. Two free Wayau men had joined the party, and, having shown themselves very faithful and useful, they were trusted more than otherwise they would have been. Coming to a forest, they suddenly deserted, and a heavy rain falling obliterated their footmarks, so that they could not be traced. In itself such a desertion would not have been much thought of, but they took with them that which the little party could least spare—the medicine-box. In addition they took all the dishes, a large box of powder, the flour, which had been very dearly purchased and which was to keep the travellers as far as the Chambezé, the tools, two guns, and a cartridge pouch; but these were nothing compared to the medicine-chest. The discouraged traveller wrote:—

"I feel as if I had now received the sentence of death like poor Bishop Mackenzie.

"All the other goods I had divided, in case of loss or desertion, but had never dreamed of losing the precious quinine and other remedies; other losses and annoyances I felt as just parts of

that under-current of vexations which is not wanting in even the smoothest life, and certainly not worthy of being moaned over in the experience of an explorer anxious to benefit a country and people,—but this loss I feel most keenly.”—Vol. I. pp. 177, 178.

No doubt the severity of his subsequent illness resulted from this dire misfortune. Destitute of quinine, he was powerless to counteract the effects of the fever-poison, and from this sad time his constitution was gradually undermined.

It was not long before the ill effects of this disaster were experienced. On the shores of Liemba Livingstone was dangerously attacked. The power of the fever, unallayed by medicine, took a full hold of him. He thus describes one of his fits of insensibility.

“I found myself floundering outside my hut and unable to get in; I tried to lift myself from my back, by laying hold of two posts at the entrance, but when I got nearly upright, I let them go and fell back heavily, on my head, on a box. The boys had seen the wretched state I was in, and hung a blanket at the entrance of the hut, that no stranger might see my helplessness; some hours elapsed before I could recognise where I was.”—Vol. I. p. 205.

A day or two after he had another fit. The muscles of his back lost all their power, and there was a constant singing in the head. These are common symptoms connected with this African fever. Sometimes the whole of a man's lower extremities will become powerless, and he falls helpless to the ground.

After being detained three months and ten days by the disturbed state of the country, he continued his march along the northern slope of the watershed, finding undulating districts, with alternate forests and glades, and many watercourses, along the sides of which fine trees grew, until he came to a new stockade built by the chief Nsama. This Nsama had been hitherto looked upon as invincible. He was the Napoleon of the country. No one could stand before him; but he had been routed by a company of Arabs armed with twenty muskets. Matters having been arranged, Nsama gave one of his daughters to the chief of the Arabs for a wife, as a pledge of peace. She was brought to the encampment in grand state, riding “pickaback” on a man's shoulders, but, after staying two days, she decamped with her

attendants. In unwilling company the Doctor continued his journey with these Arabs; but depressing news coming from head-quarters, the Arabs resolved to alter their course. Accordingly Livingstone left them and made for Lake Moero, which he reached in two days. Crossing various rivers, he came to Casembe's Town where he had a grand reception. This town covered a mile square of cassava plantations, the huts being irregularly dotted over that space. The Casembe himself sat before his hut on a square seat placed on lion and leopard skins, attired in true barbaric splendour. The power of this king seems very much to have diminished since the time of Pereira's visit to the first Casembe, but very little credit can be attached to the Portuguese statements. Livingstone doubted whether a thousand stragglers could in his time be brought into the field, the monarch having conducted himself with such severity towards his subjects that they had gradually dispersed themselves in the neighbouring countries beyond his power.

The country between Moero and Tanganyika being impassable through floods, Livingstone resolved to visit the Lualaba; but a chief living on the banks of that river proving unfriendly, he turned towards Lake Bemba or Bangweolo. Dissuaded by the Arabs, his servants refused to accompany him, and he started with only five attendants, one of whom left him the next morning. The whole country was unpleasantly flooded. At times the water was half-chest and whole-chest deep, and all perishable articles had to be put upon the head. On the 18th July, 1868, he discovered Bangweolo, one of the largest of the Central African lakes. Here he was detained by disturbances and complications between the Arabs and the natives; but on the 16th of December he started, in company with an Arab party, for Ujiji. The flooded state of the country told severely on Livingstone. The year 1869 opened with the following entries:—

"1st January, 1869.—I have been wet times without number, but the wetting of yesterday was once too often: I felt very ill, but fearing the Lofuka might flood, I resolved to cross it. Cold up to the waist, which made me worse, but I went on for two and a half hours east.

"3rd January.—I marched one hour, but found I was too ill to go further. Moving is always good in fever; now I had a pain in my chest, and rust of iron sputa: my lungs, my strongest

part, were thus affected. We crossed a rill, and built sheds, but I lost count of the days of the week and month after this. Very ill all over.

"*About 7th January.*—Cannot walk : pneumonia of right lung, and I cough all day and all night : sputa rust of iron and bloody : distressing weakness. Ideas flow through the mind with great rapidity and vividness, in groups of twos and threes : if I look at any piece of wood, the bark seems covered over with figures and faces of men, and they remain, though I look away and turn to the same spot again. I saw myself lying dead in the way to Ujiji, and all the letters I expected there useless. When I think of my children and friends, the lines ring through my head perpetually :—

" I shall look into your faces,
And listen to what you say,
And be often very near you,
When you think I'm far away."

Mohamad Bogharib came up, and I have got a cupper, who cupped my chest."—Vol. II. pp. 1, 2.

Too ill to walk, the Doctor, for the first time in any illness, was carried to M'Parra, quite unable to raise himself from a sitting posture ; and evils appear to have been left behind from which he never recovered. Coasting along the Tanganyika, the great Arab settlement of Ujiji was reached on the 14th of February. This was his first visit to the place. He expected to have found a large supply of goods awaiting him, but to his great disappointment almost all that had been forwarded had been made away with by plunderers. He soon began to improve with rest and food, and as he improved, so his desire grew to continue his great work.

Reports of vast stores of ivory being obtainable in the Manyema country, which is situated to the west of Tanganyika, in the very heart of Africa, some of the Ujijian traders resolved to enter those parts. Livingstone determined to accompany the foremost of the hordes. Accordingly he started on the 11th July, 1869. Crossing the lake, though in a very weak state, he travelled on until a broad range of high mountains of light grey granite was reached. Here the face of the country essentially differed from all the other regions nearer the east coast. On the top were deep dells, filled with gigantic trees, and having running rills in their bottoms. On either side was a deep valley. The left one was filled with primeval forests, forming a dense mass without a bit of ground to be seen, excepting a patch

to the south-west; the bottom of it being fully 2,000 feet below where they stood; whilst beyond ranges of mountains, with valleys at their bases, rose as far as the eye could reach. The right valley was a deep but narrow gorge, and on the other side mountains rose much higher than the ridge on which they stood. Midst forests and hills the journey was pursued, the people, though inquisitive, nevertheless showing themselves friendly. Nearing the Lualaba, the friendliness changed into hostility, through the misconduct of the Arabs, and the traveller found his purposes continually thwarted. In addition to these disappointments, he suffered from severe choleraic symptoms, which greatly reduced him, brought on by incessant wettings through the heavy rains and the drippings of the overhanging grass, the country being absolutely covered with vegetation. At length he was obliged to go into winter quarters. On the 26th of June he commenced another effort to reach the Lualaba. His men failed to support him, but he started with three attendants. The country was exceedingly trying. Rivulets were innumerable. Fourteen were crossed in one day, some of them thigh deep, whilst their banks were a mass of mud. Soon his feet began to fail. Irritable eating ulcers fastened on both of them, and finally completely laid him aside. The following entry is under the 23rd July:—

“The sores on my feet now laid me up as irritable eating ulcers. If the foot were put to the ground, a discharge of bloody ichor flowed, and the same discharge happened every night, with considerable pain, that prevented sleep: the wailing of the slaves, tortured with these sores, is one of the night sounds of a slave camp: they eat through everything—muscle, tendon and bone, and often lame permanently, if they do not kill the poor things. Medicines have very little effect upon such wounds: their periodicity seems to say that they are allied to fever. The Arabs make a salve of beeswax and sulphate of copper, and this, applied hot, and held on by a bandage, affords support, but the necessity of letting the ichor escape renders it a painful remedy: I had three ulcers and no medicine. The native plan of support by means of a stiff leaf or bit of calabash was too irritating, and so they continued to eat in and enlarge, in spite of everything: the vicinity was hot, and the pain increased with the size of the wound.”—Vol. II. pp. 47, 48.

For eighty days was he thus compelled to desist from travel, at the end of which time he wrote: “it will be

long ere the lost substance will be replaced." At this time he received intelligence from friends. On the 4th February, 1871, ten men arrived from Ujiji, bringing the Doctor one letter out of forty which had been forwarded. They were all slaves of the Banians, and a thoroughly worthless set. Their two head men refused to advance beyond Ujiji, so they remained there and revelled on the Doctor's goods. Again he started for the Lualaba, and after traversing grassy plains and crossing innumerable streams, with tree-covered hills all around and villages thickly scattered in all directions, the longed-for river was at last reached. His disappointments, however, were far from over. In vain did he try to obtain a canoe. The traders thwarted him, and his servants opposed him, and he found himself quite at the mercy of the Banian slaves. They continually rebelled, and at length plotted against his life. Worried in his feelings, and baffled in his purposes, he was obliged to return, although it threw him out of the chance of discovering the fourth great lake in the Lualaba line of drainage. The return journey began on the 20th July, 1871. After several very narrow escapes, he reached Ujiji on the 23rd October, sorely knocked up. He wrote:—

"I was sorely knocked up by this march from Nyañgwé back to Ujiji. In the latter part of it I felt as if dying on my feet. Almost every step was in pain; the appetite failed, and a little bit of meat caused violent diarrhoea, whilst the mind, sorely depressed, acted on the body. All the traders were returning successful: I alone had failed, and experienced worry, thwarting, baffling, when almost in sight of the end towards which I strained."—Vol. II. pp. 153, 154.

To his great annoyance he found that all the goods which had been sent up for him had been sold, or made away with, by those to whose care they had been committed.

Four days after his arrival at Ujiji, Stanley reached the settlement. Right warmly did the old traveller welcome him, and in association with him received new life. Readily can we understand Livingstone's remark, that the news he had to tell to one who had been two full years without any tidings from Europe made his whole frame thrill. Appetite and strength rapidly returned. At the suggestion of Mr. Stanley, an exploration was made of the northern end of Tanganyika, to see whether there was any connection

between it and Baker's lake. This expedition settled the question, that there was no such connection, at any rate in that direction, all the rivers flowing into, and not out of the lake. Stanley having to return, Livingstone accompanied him as far as Unyanyembé. There they parted, after the young *Herald* correspondent had vainly tried to induce the old traveller to return home. He could not forego the carrying out of his plans.

"I propose to go from Unyanyembé to Fipa; then round the southern end of Tanganyika, Tambeté, or Mbeté; then across the Chambezé, and round south of Lake Bangweolo, and due west to the ancient fountains, leaving the underground excavations till after visiting Katanga. This route will serve to certify that no other sources of the Nile can come from the south, without being seen by me. No one will cut me out after this exploration is accomplished; and may the good Lord of all help me to show myself one of His stout-hearted servants, an honour to my children, and, perhaps, to my country and race."—Vol. II. p. 170.

So the old traveller remained, and the young one went on his way, bearing the precious notes of the great journeys already accomplished by the wearied, worn, but still courageous Livingstone.

Now came long, tiresome days of waiting, during which he calculated his distances, made arrangements for his journey, set his apparatus in order, copied out his astronomical observations, wrote a sketch of the geological conformation of Central Africa, and penned his thoughts on missions. At length reinforcements arrived. Amongst them we find the names of John and Jacob Wainwright. It was to the superior education of the latter that we were indebted for the earliest account of the eventful eighteen months during which he was attached to the party.

On the 25th of August a start was effected. It was resolved first to make for Tanganyika. On the 18th and 19th September, we find this significant entry:—

"18th September.—Remain at Méréra's to prepare food.

"19th September.—Ditto, ditto, because I am ill with bowels, having eaten nothing for eight days."—Vol. II. p. 234.

From this time, his men say, he had but few periods of even comparative health. On the 8th of October the lake was sighted. The route along the eastern shore was then taken, and found very rough and troublesome. Reaching the lower end, the traveller journeyed south by

west, until the neighbourhood of Bangweolo was reached. Here the whole region was found to be flooded. From this time his march seems to have been a continual series of plunging in and out of morass, and through rivers, only distinguishable from the surrounding waters by their deep currents, and the necessity of using canoes. The effect on the traveller's system, reduced in strength, and chronically affected by dysentery, may well be conceived. At length he found himself unable to manage the wading, and so he was generally carried; but this was no easy business.

Instead of improving, matters seem to get worse. Constantly do you come on the entry: "Rain, rain, rain, as if it never tired on this watershed." The land around the lake was very level, and the rivers spread out into broad friths or sponges, whilst the inhabitants were scattered in consequence of the wars. Through the unfriendliness in some cases, and fearfulness in others, of the natives, Livingstone became entangled in the Bangweolo marshes, and lost half a month in unfortunate wanderings. Meanwhile his sufferings were very severe, and he was subject to frequent and excessive hæmorrhagic discharges. At this time he wrote:—

"If the good Lord gives me favour, and permits me to finish my work, I shall thank and bless Him, though it has cost me untold toil, pain, and travel. This trip has made my hair all grey."—Vol. II. p. 276.

The water was prodigious. Plains extending further than the eye could reach were covered with it to the depth of four or five feet, and the lake and adjacent lands, for twenty or thirty miles, were level. In spite of every effort, he was unable to get a canoe with which to cross to the other side. At length, after fearful difficulties, the Chambezé was reached, and the head of the lake was rounded. Livingstone then punted as near to the edge of the lake as possible, keeping a land party marching parallel to him. The whole country to the south of the lake was also found covered with water, thickly dotted over with lotus leaves and rushes, so that it was quite impossible to tell where the land ended and where the lake began. The constant exertion required, together with the exposure and anxiety, brought on a severe attack. On the 10th of April, he wrote:—

"I am pale, bloodless, and weak from bleeding profusely ever since the 31st of March last. An artery gives off a copious stream, and takes away my strength. Oh, how I long to be permitted by the Over Power to finish my work."—Vol. II. p. 294.

Evidently the end was approaching. So weak did he become as to be quite unable to make observations. He could scarcely hold his pencil, and his stick was a burden. In order to carry him, his servants made a kitanda of wood, consisting of two side pieces of seven feet in length, crossed with rails of three feet long, placed about four inches apart. The framework they covered with grass, on which they laid a blanket. They then slung it from a pole, and, borne between two, it made a tolerable palanquin. Thus carrying their leader, the party advanced through the same expanse of flooded, treeless waste. On the 27th of April his diary closes. For some days he had entered scarcely anything, and that day he wrote for the last time. The entry runs:—

"Knocked up quite, and remain—recover—sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the Molilamo."—Vol. II. p. 303.

It is a most affecting thing to look at the autograph fac-simile of this last entry in Dr. Livingstone's note-book, which is inserted in Vol. II. of the *Journals*, pp. 298, 299. From this time we have to trust to the statements of Chuma and Susi. On the 29th, as they were about to start from Kalunganjovus town, the Doctor found himself quite unable to walk to the door of his hut to reach the kitanda. Accordingly, they were obliged to break down one side that it might be brought in, and gently placing him upon it, they bore him away. Coming to a river which had to be crossed, it was found that the canoes were not wide enough to allow the kitanda to be deposited in the bottom of either of them.

"Hitherto, no matter how weak, Livingstone had always been able to sit in the various canoes they had used on like occasions, but now he had no power to do so. Taking his bed off the kitanda, they placed it in the bottom of the strongest canoe and tried to lift him; but he could not bear the pain of a hand being passed under his back. Beckoning to Chuma, in a faint voice he asked him to stoop down over him as low as possible, so that he might clasp his hands together behind his head, directing him at the same time how to avoid putting any pressure on the lumbar region of the back. In this way he was

deposited in the bottom of the canoe, and quickly ferried across."
—Vol. II. pp. 304, 305.

An effort was now made to reach Chitambo's village.

"It would seem that his strength was here at its very lowest ebb. Chuma, one of his bearers, on these, the last weary miles the great traveller was destined to accomplish, says that they were every now and then implored to stop and place their burden on the ground. So great were the pangs of his disease during this day that he could make no attempt to stand, and if lifted for a few yards a drowsiness came over him, which alarmed them all excessively. This was specially the case at one spot where a tree stood in the path. Here one of his attendants was called to speak to him, and on stooping down he found him unable to speak from faintness. They replaced him in the kitanda, and made the best of their way on the journey. Some distance further on great thirst oppressed him; he asked them if they had any water, but, unfortunately, for once not a drop was to be procured."—Vol. II. p. 305.

Thus they went on. A hut having been built, he was placed in it, and the boy Majwara was told off to attend to his master's wants during the night. The next day Chitambo came to see the Doctor, but he was too weak to speak with him. The melancholy history will now best be told in the words of the editor:—

"About 11 p.m. Susi, whose hut was close by, was told to go to his master. At the time there were loud shouts in the distance, and on entering Dr. Livingstone said, 'Are our men making that noise?' 'No,' replied Susi; 'I can hear from the cries that the people are scaring away a buffalo from their dura fields.' A few minutes afterwards he said slowly, and evidently wandering, 'Is this the Luapula?' Susi told him that they were in Chitambo's village, near the Mulilamo, when he was silent for awhile. Again, speaking to Susi, in Suaheli this time, he said, 'Sikun'gapi kuenda Luapula?' (How many days is it to the Luapula?)

"'Na zani zikutatu Bwana' (I think it is three days, master), replied Susi.

"A few seconds after, as if in great pain, he half-sighed, half-said, 'O dear, dear!' and then dozed off again.

"It was about an hour later that Susi heard Majwara again outside the door, 'Bwana wants you, Susi.' On reaching the bed, the Doctor told him he wished him to boil some water, and for this purpose he went to the fire outside, and soon returned with the copper kettle full. Calling him close, he asked him to

bring his medicine chest, and to hold the candle near him, for the man noticed he could hardly see. With great difficulty Dr. Livingstone selected the calomel, which he told him to place by his side; then directing him to pour a little water into a cup, and to put another empty one by it, he said, in a low, feeble voice, 'All right; you can go out now.' These were the last words he was ever heard to speak.

"It must have been about 4 a.m. when Susi heard Majwara's step once more. 'Come to Bwana, I am afraid; I don't know if he is alive.' The lad's evident alarm made Susi run to arouse Chuma, Chowperé, Matthew, and Muanyaséré, and the six men went immediately to the hut.

"Passing inside, they looked towards the bed. Dr. Livingstone was not lying on it, but appeared to be engaged in prayer, and they instinctively drew backwards for the instant. Pointing to him; Majwara said, 'When I lay down he was just as he is now, and it is because I find that he does not move that I fear he is dead.' They asked the lad how long he had slept. Majwara said he could not tell, but he was sure it was some considerable time. The men drew nearer.

"A candle, stuck by its own wax to the top of the box, shed a light sufficient for them to see his form. Dr. Livingstone was kneeling by the side of his bed, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. For a minute they watched him: he did not stir, there was no sign of breathing; then one of them, Matthew, advanced softly to him, and placed his hands to his cheeks. It was sufficient; life had been extinct some time, and the body was almost cold. Livingstone was dead."—Vol. II. pp. 307, 308.

In the attitude of prayer he passed away. The end, expected and prepared for, had come at last. He had passed through deep suffering, and had been perfected by it. In the midst of an awful loneliness, on the very borders of that "land which is afar off," his last supplication arose, and then, like one of old, "having served his own generation according to the will of God, he fell on sleep." It was early on the 1st of May, 1873, that the great traveller passed to where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

His sad-hearted followers gathered together before daylight, and Jacob Wainwright made a rough inventory of the remaining goods, and then carefully put all the papers and instruments into his boxes. Susi and Chuma, who had accompanied the Doctor from the beginning, were appointed chiefs, and it was resolved that, come what

might, the body should be borne to Zanzibar. The chief, Chitambo, sympathised with them in their loss, but sought to dissuade them from taking the body to the coast. They, however, held to their resolution, and Chitambo helped them so far as he could. Then there came a special mourner, who wore anklets composed of rows of hollow reed vessels, filled with rattling pebbles, and in a low, monotonous chant sang, whilst he danced, as follows:—

“Lélo kwa Engérésé,
Muana sisi oa konda :
Tu kamb ‘tamb’ Engérésé.”

Which translated, is—

“To-day the Englishman is dead,
Who has different hair from ours :
Come round to see the Englishman.”—Vol. II. p. 316.

One of the men named Farijala, who had been a servant to a doctor at Zanzibar, and who had picked up some knowledge of the method in making *post-mortem* examinations, took the poor emaciated body, which, indeed, was little more than skin and bone, and carefully making an incision, removed the viscera, and placed a quantity of salt in the trunk. A clot of coagulated blood, as large as a man's hand, was found on the left side, and the lungs are described as dried up, and covered with black and white patches. From a footnote it would appear (Vol. II. p. 316) that one who professionally attended Dr. Livingstone in several dangerous illnesses in Africa, considers that the ultimate cause of his death was *acute splenitis*. The parts removed were placed in a tin box, and a hole four feet deep having been dug, they were reverently buried, and Jacob Wainwright, in the presence of them all, read the Burial Service. The body, after brandy had been placed in the mouth and on the hair, was fully exposed to the sun for fourteen days, by which time it was tolerably dried. It was then wrapped round in some calico, the legs being put inwards at the knees, to shorten the package. Enough bark was stripped from a Myonga tree, and in it, as in a cylinder, the body was laid. Over this a piece of sail-cloth was sewn, which afterwards was tarred, and the whole was lashed securely to a pole, so as to be carried by two men. On a Mvula tree, standing by the place where the body rested, Jacob Wainwright carved

an inscription, stating the name of Dr. Livingstone, and the date of his death. Besides which, there was erected close by two high thick posts, with an equally strong cross piece, which was painted all over with tar, as a further memorial of him who had been taken away from them.

Then began the homeward march. Skirting the southern shore of the lake, the mournful cortége pursued its way. Soon, however, the effects of their last terrible journey with their lamented master began to show themselves, and, for a month, almost all were laid aside, and one man and two women died. Fortunately, during this interval, the rain ceased, and the natives supplied them abundantly with food. At length the Luapula was reached. Its distance from where the Doctor died, in rough reckoning, was from 120 to 150 miles. Crossing this wonderful river, progress was made along the northern shore for more than half the length of the lake, until Chawendé's Town was reached. Here, unfortunately, the party came in serious collision with the natives, and a severe fight was the result, the natives being driven out of the place. Turning to the north, the old path was hit upon, and many of the places noted in Livingstone's diary were passed through. Rounding the southern end of Tanganyika, they resolved to strike right across the plain for Unyanyembé, remembering how difficult the way along the heights bordering on the lake, which they had travelled with the Doctor, was. This route was found incomparably better. They quickly reached the Arab settlement, where they found Lieutenant Cameron and his party. The Lieutenant had serious doubts as to the advisability of running the risk of taking the body through the Ugogo country, but the men steadily adhered to their purpose; so they were no more urged to bury the carried corpse. The English party at once examined all the Doctor's goods which had been brought up, and it is a source of regret that the chief part of his instruments were taken out and appropriated for personal use. The natives at Kasekéra being disinclined to allow the body to enter into their village, and threatening hostilities, the corpse was removed from its covering, and, packed like a bale of cloth, was deposited with the rest of the goods, the natives being led to suppose, by a clever stratagem, that it had been sent back to Unyanyembé. At last the coast was reached, and the brave servants handed over their dead master to his own countrymen. They had

performed a marvellous feat; and the more one knows of Africa, the more marvellous does it seem. It was a worthy sequel to the history of the great traveller, and is an evidence of the respect and affection with which he ever inspired those with whom he was brought into association.

After the foregoing detailed account of his journeyings, we may sum up his geographical discoveries in a brief space. Everything is subordinate to his demonstration that Lake Nyassa belongs to a totally distinct system of waters to that to which Lake Tanganyika belongs, and his making known to us the waterway of the Lualaba. He has shown, very conclusively, that between the parallels 11° and 8° S. and meridians 28° and 33° E. was an elevated region, from 4,000 to 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, generally covered with forest, well watered by numerous rivulets, and comparatively cold; and that this upland constituted the watershed between the Loangwa on the west, Nyassa on the east, and several rivers flowing towards the north, of which the most remarkable was the Chambezé.

Misled by the Portuguese statements and by a map made in England by Cooley,* he confounded the Chambezé with the Zambesi. The chief Casembe was the first to lead him to see his mistake. The error, however, cost him twenty-two months of journeying and toil. The Chambezé rose in a long, low range of hills called Mambwé, at about 10° N. and 32° E. Flowing south-west, it entered the great Lake Bangweolo. Livingstone crossed it on his last journey, near its mouth, and found it 400 yards wide and 18 feet deep, with a clear current of two knots. Leaving Bangweolo, Livingstone's servants found it, when they crossed it, nearly four miles broad. This mouth, however, must be regarded as an arm of the lake. Turning to the north, it ran into another lake called Moero. Issuing from this, it took a wide sweep, still bearing to the north, and entered, so Livingstone was told, a long lake, reported about 25 miles broad, in which were large inhabited islands. After another wide sweep, he came upon it in the Manyema country, and found it about 3,000 yards broad, and in the middle 20 feet deep, and running at about two miles an hour. He was told that, higher up, another river

* This must have been the first map made by Mr. Cooley in 1845, which afterwards he materially altered.

joined it called the Lomame, which also issued out of a lake, and that these two rivers, flowing together in a northerly direction, entered another vast lake.

Of the two great lakes which Livingstone visited he has left several descriptive notes.

Bangweolo, or Bemba, was discovered by him on the 18th July, 1868. He records the fact almost parenthetically. This is only a fair specimen of the freedom from bombast and self-exaltation manifest throughout his career. He found that Bemba was really a country on the borders of the lake, giving its name to only a small part of it; whilst the great mass of the water was called Bangweolo. The old traveller jocosely recorded his fear that English people would terribly boggle at the word, or else call it "Bungyhollow." Always afraid of exaggeration, after a most careful estimate, the Doctor thought himself considerably within the mark by setting it down at 150 miles long and 80 miles broad. Four large islands do not in any way seem to dwarf its enormous mass of water. From the colour, which was of a deep sea green, he judged it was not very deep, but, having lost his line, he was unable to sound. Fish were very abundant in it, and the bottom, apparently, consisted of fine white sand. Many rivers flowed into it from the north and the south. The country around the lake was all flat, and very much denuded of trees, and, as may be seen from the account of Livingstone's last journey, was fearfully flooded during the rainy season.

Moero was of a goodly size. Its banks were of a coarse sand, sloping gradually down to the water. Beyond was a thick bank of vegetation, in which fishermen built their huts. To the west was the Rua country, seen as a lofty range of dark mountains. To the east was another range, of less height, but more broken. The northern shore had a fine sweep, like an unbent bow. The south end he understood to be very marshy, so that oftentimes the mud was knee deep. The natives called Moero greater than Tanganyika, but that was readily explained. The latter lake lay in a comparatively narrow trough, with high land on each side, which was always visible; but Moero, looked at to the south of the mountains of Rua, presented nothing but an apparently boundless sea horizon. This lake Livingstone estimated at about 50 miles long, and from 40 to 60 miles broad, in its widest part. Its altitude was about

3,000 feet above the sea; but he found the level to alter, according to the season, as much as 20 feet.

He also makes many references to Tanganyika, which lake he crossed several times, and also traversed from end to end. He was the first to come upon Liemba, and took it to be absolutely separate from Tanganyika, but, in time, found it to be its southern heel. Into this deep basin four considerable streams flowed.

But though he was thus better acquainted with Tanganyika than any other of the great African travellers, and added much to our knowledge of its conformation, yet he failed to solve the problem, which for sixteen years so puzzled geographers, as to the river system to which this great lake belonged. Probably this was due to the fact of his prostration from fever when he reached Liemba in April, 1867, and his absolute physical helplessness when, in 1869, he passed along the west coast of the lake. True he suggested an ingenious and plausible solution to the much-vexed question (Vol. II. p. 145), but Lieutenant Cameron has since shown its fallacy. After devoting two months to the survey of the great inland sea, this patient explorer has found its outlet in the river Lukuga, which flows out of the lake, with a current of 1·2 knots an hour, about twenty-five miles to the south of the Kasenge islands, which both Speke and Livingstone visited.

Livingstone does not appear to have been a great student of the fauna and flora. His references to the "natural history" of the countries through which he passed are but few. His chief discovery in that domain was "the soko," a kind of gorilla, or rather chimpanzee, found in Manyuema land. It appears to have been very ungainly: with a light yellow face, ugly whiskers, a faint apology for a beard, a villanously low forehead, well in the background of a great dog mouth, high ears, and large teeth, slightly human, but with the canines specially developed. The hands were very much like those of the natives. It often walked erect, and was so cunning that it was quite impossible, at any time, to stalk it from the front. It was very strong; feared guns, but not spears. Its food consisted of wild fruits. The sokos lived in communities of about ten, and each male had his own female. The females brought forth at times twins. The natives were very fond of the flesh, and perhaps eating sokos was the first stage by which they arrived at being cannibals.

The ethnographical contributions of Livingstone are full of interest. He brings before us tribes of whose existence we had before no knowledge. Of these the most important are the inhabitants of the Manyema country. Up to the time of the great traveller's visit these had lived completely isolated from other races, and so, in many things, showed a wonderful simplicity and innocence. The population was exceedingly dense, but the great want was cohesion. Each village was separate from its neighbour village, having its own head man, who considered himself supreme. Consequently, the country was in a chronic state of warfare. Whilst excessively honest, Livingstone found them excessively untruthful, and the callousness and cruelty of their nature was continually manifesting itself, whilst evidences of cannibalism were unquestionable. No doubt, as Winwood Reade supposes, the typical negro is to be found in the ancient Egyptian, and certainly the Central African races more nearly approach it, than the ungainly form to be found on the West Coast. These races do not greatly vary, and, from careful observation, Livingstone came to the conclusion that those about the Tanganyika and the Nyassa and those on the Shiré and Zambesi are of one stock. His conclusion was, to a considerable extent, based on the similarity of the dialects. This, however, had been anticipated by the learned senior secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, who found out the euphonic concord existing among all the tribes south of the equator, and produced a grammar, which affords the key of intercourse to them all.

There was one subject to which Livingstone seems to have paid considerable attention, and that was the general religious notions entertained by the negroes in those parts untouched by European intercourse. On this subject we are glad to read the statements of so reliable an observer, and strikingly do they contrast with the hasty judgments which have been made by others. In 1866 Sir Samuel Baker read a paper before the Ethnological Society of London, in which he said: "The most northern tribes of the White Nile are the Dinkas, Shillooks, Nuehr, Kytch, Bohr, Aliab, and Shir. A general description will suffice for the whole, excepting the Kytch. Without any exception, they are without any belief in a Supreme Being, neither have they any form of worship or idolatry, nor is the darkness of their minds enlightened by even a ray of

superstition." This is, perhaps, the most striking negation of the religion of barbaric peoples which has been given in modern times, and it has been disproved again and again. It is refreshing to turn from such statements to Livingstone's careful observations. He found everywhere a general belief in a Supreme Being, and, in many cases, observed a deep reverence for Him. Nor were the people without notions of right and wrong. Although told by the Arabs that the negroes had no idea of prayer, his own observations led him to a different conclusion, and, in the Manyema country, he heard a man, after dark, make a long, loud prayer to "Mulungu" for rain. Idols, which are not worshipped at all on the East Coast, he found on the borders of Moero and in Manyema. Their notion of death, so far as hinted, was very interesting. In the Maganga country he was told concerning one that died, "God took him." In passing the sepulchral grove of Chisumpi, his guide remarked: "Chisumpi's forefathers sleep there." And everywhere he found traces of a belief in the continued existence of departed spirits. Of course all this is very general, nevertheless, it is indicative of a certain religious development; and in forming our conclusions, we must not forget the difficulty there is for a passing traveller to draw out from savage tribes their religious notions. Conscious of inferiority, they shrink from the white man, nor will they bring their gods into competition with his mightier Deity.

The great hindrance to Livingstone in his work, and the cause of his deepest sorrows, was the slave trade. Continually was he brought into contact with the slavers, and beheld their most horrible atrocities. No words can exaggerate their cruel, reckless conduct. Villages were destroyed by them, and whole countries depopulated. The Doctor has told us, in one part, of the manner in which one of the great Manyema markets was attacked by a slaving party:—

"When I went into the market I saw Adie and Manilla, and three of the men who had lately come with Dugumbé. I was surprised to see these three with their guns, and felt inclined to reprove them, as one of my men did, for bringing weapons into the market, but I attributed it to their ignorance, and, it being very hot, I was walking away to go out of the market, when I saw one of the fellows haggling about a fowl, and seizing hold of it. Before I had got thirty yards out, the discharge of two

guns in the middle of the crowd told me that slaughter had begun: crowds dashed off from the place, and threw down their wares in confusion and ran. At the same time that the three opened fire on the mass of people near the upper end of the market-place, volleys were discharged from a party down near the creek on the panic-stricken women, who dashed at the canoes. These, some fifty or more, were jammed in the creek, and the men forgot their paddles in the terror that seized all. The canoes were not to be got out, for the creek was too small for so many; men and women, wounded by the balls poured into them, leaped and scrambled into the water, shrieking. A long line of heads in the river showed that great numbers struck out for an island full a mile off. . . . Shot after shot continued to be fired on the helpless and perishing. Some of the long line of heads disappeared quietly, whilst other poor creatures threw their arms on high, as if appealing to the great Father above, and sank. . . . By-and-by all the heads disappeared; some had turned down stream towards the bank, and escaped. . . . The Arabs themselves estimated the loss of life at between 330 and 400 souls. . . .

"After the terrible affair in the water, the party of Tagamoio, who was the chief perpetrator, continued to fire on the people there and fire their villages. As I write I hear the loud wails, on the left bank, over those who are there slain, ignorant of their many friends now in the depths of the Lualaba. Oh, let Thy kingdom come! No one will ever know the exact loss on this bright sultry summer morning; it gave me the impression of being in hell.

* * * * *

"I counted twelve villages burning this morning."—Vol. II. pp. 133—135.

Nor were the sights which he beheld on the march less heart-rending. Each slave, for a considerable time, at any rate, marched in a heavy yoke, or "taming stick," weighing from thirty to forty pounds, and, in addition, was required to carry a load on the head. Often did he come across slaves tied by the neck to trees, and dead, having been thus left by their masters, because unable to keep up in the march; and, at other times, he found them dead in the path, having been killed for the same reason, whilst, when on the great slave routes, he was continually wearied with the sight of skulls and bones scattered about everywhere. Almost do tears unbidden flow when we read a statement like the following:—

"The strangest disease I have seen in this country seems really

to be broken-heartedness, and it attacks free men who have been captured and made slaves. My attention was drawn to it when the elder brother of Syde bin Habil was killed in Rua by a night attack, from a spear being pitched through his tent into his side. Syde then vowed vengeance for the blood of his brother, and assaulted all he could find, killing the elders, and making the young men captives. He had secured a very large number, and they endured the chains until they saw the broad River Lualaba flow between them and their free homes; they then lost heart. Twenty-one were now unchained as being safe; however, all ran away at once; but eight, with many others still in chains, died in three days after crossing. They ascribed their only pain to the heart, and placed the hand correctly on the spot, though many think that the organ stands high up under the breast-bone. Some slaves expressed surprise to me that they should die, seeing they had plenty to eat and no work. One fine boy, of about twelve years, was carried, and when about to expire was kindly laid down on the side of the path, and a hole dug to deposit the body in. He, too, said he had nothing the matter with him, except pain in his heart: as it attacks only the free (who are captured and never slaves), it seems to be really broken hearts of which they die."—Vol. II. p. 93.

Who can wonder that the survivors should cherish feelings of revenge against those who thus made their lives worse than death? There is a fearful, ghastly weirdness in the following incident:—

"Six men came singing, as if they did not feel the weight and degradation of the slave-sticks. I asked the cause of their mirth, and was told that they rejoiced at the idea 'of coming back after death and haunting and killing those who had sold them.' Some of the words I had to inquire about; for instance, the meaning of the words 'to haunt and kill by spirit power;' then it was, 'Oh, you sent me off to Manga (sea-coast), but the yoke is off when I die, and back I shall come to haunt and to kill you.' Then all joined in the chorus, which was the name of each vendor. It told not of fun, but of the bitterness and tears of such as were oppressed, and on the side of the oppressors there was a power: there be higher than they!"—Vol. I. pp. 306, 307.

The effect of all this upon the soul of the great philanthropist was depressing in the extreme. He sought to drive it from his memory, but in vain. The slaving scenes would come up unbidden, and in the dead of night he would start up, horrified by their vividness. His only

refuge was in God. "He that is higher than the highest regardeth." No wonder that, with deepest feeling, he wrote in a letter to the *New York Herald*—and the quotation has been inscribed on the tablet to his memory near his grave in Westminster Abbey:—"All I can add in my loneliness is, may Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one—American, English, or Turk—who will help to heal the open sore of the world."

The intense religiousness of Livingstone manifests itself throughout the whole of the "journals." He was not a mere scientific geographer. There was a noble spiritual purpose ever animating his soul, and leading him out to the great work of his life. Of course, as in the case of all men, there were subsidiary influences, but they were all subordinate to the highest. The Sabbath he carefully observed, and always conducted Divine worship with his party. On all special occasions he appears to have looked into his heart and life, and to have re-dedicated himself to God. Though one of the last of men to parade his feelings, he nevertheless made many indicative entries. The following are samples:—

"We now end 1866. It has not been so fruitful or useful as I intended. Will try to do better in 1867, and be better—more gentle and loving; and may the Almighty, to whom I commit my way, bring my desires to pass, and prosper me! Let all the sins of '66 be blotted out for Jesus' sake.

"1st January, 1867.—May He who was full of truth and grace impress His character on mine. Grace—eagerness to show favour; truth—truthfulness, sincerity, honour,—for His mercy's sake."—Vol. I. pp. 168, 169.

"1st January, 1868.—Almighty Father, forgive the sins of the past year, for Thy Son's sake. Help me to be more profitable during this year. If I am to die this year, prepare me for it."—Vol. I. p. 268.

"19th March, 1868. (His birthday.)—Grant, Lord, grace to love Thee more and serve Thee better."—Vol. I. p. 283.

"1st January, 1870.—May the Almighty help me to finish the work in hand, and retire through the Basango before the year is out. Thanks for all last year's loving kindness."—Vol. II. p. 38.

"1st January, 1871.—O Father, help me to finish this work to Thy honour!"—Vol. II. p. 95.

"19th March, 1872.—Birthday. My Jesus, my King, my life, my all; I again dedicate my whole self to Thee. Accept me, and grant, O gracious Father, that, ere this year is gone, I

may finish my task. In Jesus' name I ask it. Amen, so let it be. David Livingstone."—Vol. II. p. 174.

"25th December, 1872. (Christmas-day.)—I thank the good Lord for the good gift of His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord."—Vol. II. p. 258.

"19th March, 1873. (His last birthday.)—Thanks to the Almighty Preserver of men for sparing me thus far on the journey of life. Can I hope for ultimate success? So many obstacles have arisen. Let not Satan prevail over me, O my good Lord Jesus."—Vol. II. p. 287.

He appears to have cherished an unbroken confidence in God's providential over-ruling, and a submission to all the Divine appointments, though oftentimes he found himself sorely tried. One entry indicates the faith which he apparently cherished throughout the whole of his life.

"We have the protection of an all-embracing Providence, and trust that He, whose care of His people exceeds all that our utmost self-love can attain, will shield us and make our way prosperous."—Vol. I. p. 147.

Nor was the thankfulness of his heart less remarkable than this faith. Like Job of old, he could call God "blessed" even in the midst of direst sorrow and most pinching need. No doubt the secret of all this was a constant study of the Word of God. A brief statement that, when in the Manyema country, he read the Bible through four times, lets in a flood of light on the reality and strength of his religious life. It is a very delightful thing to come across these utterances, after having heard so many fears expressed lest Livingstone should have lost his "first love." No doubt these fears originated in his having exchanged, as many good people thought, the exalted position of a missionary for the far inferior one of a mere explorer. Such a notion is, however, based on a misconception. To use his own words, he resolved, from the very time of his conversion, to devote his life to the alleviation of human misery. This led him to offer himself as a regular missionary. But routine mission work was not that for which he was fitted. He saw he could do better things by opening up the country to Christianity and civilisation; so he resolved to do it. And quite right, too. With the intensest religious spirit, and with a specially religious object, did he serve the tribes of Africa. Making known the degraded children of Ham to the possessors of the Gospel,—advo-

cating the claims of the oppressed,—waging an unceasing war against the oppressor, he exhibited the true mission spirit, and nobly followed the Lord Christ. The deep reverence and affection shown for his memory by the people at large is a striking testimony. Never does the world reverence any man who is unworthy of such reverence. The instinct of the people is always just; and Livingstone, by his unshaken fortitude, his unwavering determination, his lofty purpose, and his deep religiousness, has gathered about his name a high honour and a true affection; and the results of his work are powerfully telling for the good of the sons of Africa, whom he loved so well. Through his efforts the slave trade has received a heavy blow, and right jealously will British people see to it that the treaties which have been entered into shall be kept. So shall the greatest barrier to missionary work be put down, and “the good news” of God shall be diffused throughout a continent blighted by the curse of ages.

ART. III.—*Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de mon Temps.*
Par M. GUIZOT. Paris. 1858—1867.

IN 1805, just seventy years ago, when Napoleon was in the height of his power, there came to Paris a law student of very slender means and modest expectations. He was still indeed but a youth, having been born (at Nîmes) on the 4th of October, 1787; and his hopes, for such is the privilege of boyhood, probably rose higher than his fortunes, and the possibilities of life too were all before him. But hopes and possibilities are not sterling coin, far from it; and an indifferent spectator, judging merely from antecedent circumstance and the average of chances, would have been justified in discounting them at a not very high rate. For the young man had no powerful connections. His family, though respectable, belonged essentially to the middle class. There was no paternal hand to guide and protect him in the outset of his career, as his father, an advocate of repute, had died on the scaffold in the Reign of Terror. He had been educated—excellently, it is true, owing in the main to his own industry,—away from his native country, in Geneva, under foreign influence. And, above all, he was a Protestant, a child of that Reformed Church which, after suffering many things for conscience' sake, had only recently obtained the rights of citizenship in France, and was still an object of dislike both with the sceptical sons of the eighteenth century and the advocates of the Roman Catholic revival. All these things were undoubtedly against him. And yet, notwithstanding every disadvantage, that same student fought his way in after life into the very first rank among his countrymen, both as a writer, an orator, and a statesman. For eighteen years, he, more than any other man, swayed the destinies of France. Even after his fall, his austere confidence in the ultimate triumph of the principles he had advocated remained a power and a standing protest. And when he died, on the 12th of last September, he had indeed "sounded all the depths and shoals of greatness." It is a career worth studying.

It is a career, we may add, of singular consistency. What M. Guizot was as a young man, that he remained, with but slight modification, as a middle-aged professor

and politician and an aged autobiographer engaged in retrospective vindication of the past. There was never any marked break in the continuity of his opinions; and though, in the strain of party polemics, his conduct may, on one or two occasions, have deviated from the strict line of what in calmer times he would have recognised as his principles, yet the principles themselves remained unchanged. Nor is there, or so it seems to us, any very great difficulty in tracing those principles to their source. The main influences by which his mind was moulded, and the general character of his opinions determined, are not far to seek. Of course there is in all men, and will probably continue to be until positivism has succeeded in deducing every individual from his surroundings and antecedents with the rigour of a syllogism,—there is, we say, a certain something, and often indeed many somethings, that defy critical analysis. The “jungle” of each human soul has unexplored and unexplorable recesses. Even in tracing social phenomena and developments to their causes—as we shall have to repeat when speaking of M. Guizot’s own historical works—it is necessary to take a large element of uncertainty into account: but still there are some men whose character, after every deduction has been made, seems specially referable to ascertainable influences. They may have followed the stream of their own time, or fought against it, but they bear its marks. Their training and the facts of their early life have left indelible traces,—traces sometimes in sculptural beauty, and sometimes, it may be, in scars,—but of a general shape and purport easily discernible. And such a man, as we take it, was M. Guizot.

He was born just before the outbreak of the great Revolution. One of his earliest recollections—he was then a lad of six—must have been his father’s death; another his widowed mother’s flight to Geneva. Of her he says incidentally, in one of those rare passages in his *Memoirs* that relate to any family matters, that “a combination of southern vivacity and of a gravity instinct with fervour and piety, constituted the charm as well as the power of her nature.” His education was austere and religious, as befitted his parentage and the genius of the city in which Calvin had lived and taught. Among his peaceful studies must often have re-echoed the murmurs of France against the anarchy of the Revolution, and later, the louder sounds

of Napoleon's cannon. When he began to take part in the intellectual life of Paris, that reaction of the 19th century against the 18th, which is characterised so well in Mr. Mill's autobiography, had already begun. The theories, philosophical, religious, and political, that had led to the immense disasters of the last few years were discredited. Under the powerful influence of Chateaubriand, one of those great writers who seem sometimes to appear on the world's stage with an opportuneness almost dramatic, people were learning to look back at the old historic past and the multiform beauties of Christianity, and to see that the age of reason was not alone worthy of regard and study. There was a growing distrust of doctrines evolved, like those of Rousseau, for instance, by logical process from a few postulates, and unverified by experience. One of the first literary societies into which the young man obtained a kindly welcome, when, after having tried student life for a short time, and then a private tutorship, he finally, as would appear, devoted himself entirely to writing for the press, was the *salon* of M. Suard. Here the old and the new were agreeably blended. The *salon* itself was a reminiscence of the century that had just expired, of those great *salons* which had played so important a part under the old *régime*; or perhaps it may be more accurately described as the same institution in a green old age, but fallen upon uncongenial days. M. Suard was an old man, a *littérateur* of the cultivated antique type, delicate and refined in taste, careless of fortune, and almost of fame, tolerant in his judgments, and kind in the courtly old fashion to young aspirants; an intellectual epicurean. And the older *habitues* were like him. The younger, of course, were younger. But why use our own words, when we can see the whole scene through the eyes of a contemporary witness, and so appreciate its humours, as it were, at first hand? The Duc de Broglie—father of the present duke who holds so prominent a place in the French Assembly—was a frequenter of the *salon* at about the same time as M. Guizot, and thus speaks of it:—

“I was introduced to the house of M. Suard, then perpetual secretary of the Academy, where I met the remnants of the society of the eighteenth century, the Abbé Morellet, M. de Boufflers, Garat, M. de Lally Tollendal. It was the time when the crusade against the philosophy of that century was beginning, and when M. de Chateaubriand, M. de Fontanes, M. Joubert, were

inaugurating the era of the literature of the nineteenth. Nothing, considered from this point of view, could be more curiously interesting than the salon of M. and Madame Suard. Influences of a somewhat contradictory nature prevailed, but without any very active explosion. There reigned simultaneously a certain spirit of hostility to the Revolution, and, as it were, the last reverberation of the philosophical spirit of which the Revolution had in certain respects been only the very sad result and fatal consequence. M. Suard was a very amiable old man, of a fine and delicate intellect, liberal and moderate in his views, and open to the new ideas which the reaction was unfolding; but his principal concern was to reproduce in his house one of those brilliant salons in which his own youth had been formed, and in which elegance and politeness went hand in hand with complete liberty of thought and speech."

Long afterwards, when more than thirty years had passed, and M. Guizot was a prominent and very active public man, he still looked back with pleasure to these gatherings of his youth, and spoke cordially and kindly of the pure intellectual spirit, the social amenity and charm that had reigned among the guests.

Of politics there was no very decided colour in the salon of M. Suard. Indeed, under the iron rule of Napoleon, that subject, when broached at all, was generally treated with bated breath, and little birds were much in the habit of carrying the matter. And though, as M. Suard was well known to be a pure dilettante in his interest in public affairs, and quite guiltless of any desire to influence them, he and his friends were allowed to retain something of that old liberty of speech which had tempered the *ancien régime* with epigrams, yet they exercised their freedom with perfect moderation and good taste. If the salon had a political character at all, it was that of constitutionalism; and the traditions of the party who in 1789 would have wished to reform the monarchy, and not to overthrow it, were most prevalent. It was here that M. Guizot made the acquaintance of a lady, Mademoiselle Pauline de Meulan, some fourteen years his senior, whose views were decidedly royalist, and who was an authoress of note. The story goes that once, while she was ill, an unknown benefactor penned the articles which she was incapable of writing,—sending them to her for signature as required,—and that when she recovered, and found out to whom she was indebted for this kindly help—it was of course M. Guizot—she rewarded him with her hand. They were

married in 1812, and though he nowhere in his *Memoirs* speaks of her with the same fervour of love as of her niece, his later wife, and though the venomous press of the Opposition did not in later years spare so goodly a theme as his relations with a wife so much older than himself, yet all evidence shows that the union was one of affection and respect, and blessed with happiness.*

In the same year he was appointed by M. de Fontanes, then Grand Master of the University, to the Assistant Professorship of History in the Academy of Paris, and shortly afterwards to the Professorship of Modern History, a post created expressly for him. To this honour—and considering his years, and comparative political independence, it was a great honour—he was indebted to his literary labours of the last four or five years, comprising a good deal of journalism, some art criticism, a dictionary of synonyms, and, above all, his critical notes on Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, notes which are still republished with English editions of that work, and some papers on education. His first lecture, delivered on the 11th of December, 1812, is curious as containing the germ of the historical method which he afterwards cultivated to the bringing forth of such good fruit. In it he endeavours to show that there is one branch of historical research which is quite sterile; that, as regards individual facts, actions, and characters, it is almost impossible to arrive at the truth, and that, even if we could arrive at any degree of certainty, the result might at best satisfy our curiosity, but would be useless for any other purpose. What therefore he proposes to consider is not this "dead past," as he calls it, but the history "in every age, and at every stage of civilisation, of the leading ideas and of the principles generally accepted, ideas and principles which influenced the generations submitted to their sway either for weal or woe, and then further affected the fate of the generations that came afterwards." If to "ideas" and "principles" be added institutions, we may see in these words the rough sketch, or perhaps, rather, to speak more accurately, the embryo of the *History of Civilisation in Europe and in France*.

Two circumstances deserve to be noticed in connection with M. Guizot's appointment to the chair of history.

* This lady died on the 1st of August, 1827; and in the following year M. Guizot married Mademoiselle Elisa Dillon, who died suddenly in 1833.

The first, which, to use his own distinction, as just indicated, is curious merely, and does no more than illustrate his character at the time, was his refusal to comply with M. de Fontanes' suggestion that he should insert a eulogy of the Emperor in his first discourse, a refusal of which M. de Fontanes, be it said to his honour, accepted the responsibility with the best grace in the world. The second, which cannot but have greatly contributed to the definite formation of his opinions, and determined his political relations for life, was his introduction to M. Royer-Collard, then Professor of the History of Philosophy and Dean of the Faculty of Arts. The two men were in many respects very similar in character and intellect, M. Royer-Collard being perhaps more original and profound, as M. Guizot was unquestionably more versatile, active, and ambitious.

"I was much younger than he," says the latter; "he lived in great retirement, and saw only a few intimate friends; we were something new each for the other, and felt a mutual attraction. He was a man who belonged not to the old *régime* but to the old times, and on whose mind the Revolution had exercised an educational but not overmastering influence. He judged it, its principles, its acts, and its actors, with severe independence, though without deserting the national cause. An admirably free and elevated spirit, full of firm good sense, rather original than inventive, rather deep than broad, rather qualified to carry out one idea perfectly than to combine many: too full of himself, and yet exercising singular influence over others by the imperious gravity of his reasoning, and his skill in irradiating forms of speech which were sometimes a little too solemn with the sudden flashes of a powerful imagination habitually excited by very strong impressions. Before being called to teach philosophy, he had never made it his special study, or the chief object of his attention, neither had he played any important part in our political vicissitudes from 1789 to 1814, or openly espoused the cause of any party. But he had in his youth, under the influence of the traditions of Port Royal, received a strong classical and Christian education; and under the Directory, after the Reign of Terror, he had joined the small Royalist Committee which corresponded with Louis XVIII., not for the purpose of conspiring, but in order to enlighten that prince as regards the true state of the country, and to give him advice that should be as salutary for France as for the house of Bourbon, if ever it so happened that France and the house of Bourbon were one day to be reunited. He was a spiritualist in philosophy, and a royalist in politics. To restore the soul in man, and the reign of right in

the Government, such was the great thought and object of his modestly spent life."

This leads us, in our sketch of the earlier part of M. Guizot's career, to the year 1814, and the first fall of Napoleon. That event opened to him the doors of public life; and if to the influences already enumerated we add the anguish caused in any Frenchman's breast by the sight of the occupation of French soil by the allies, a keen appreciation of the blessings of peace, and a strong feeling of repugnance for the Imperial despotism, we shall be in a position to form some estimate both of the man himself, and of the part he was likely to play in the great drama of French history during the next thirty-two years.

To recapitulate: The new Secretary-General in the Ministry for Home Affairs—for such was the appointment conferred upon him on the restoration of the Bourbons—was essentially a member of the middle-class, the old "third estate." He had inherited none of that wild hatred for the nobility, and in a less degree for the monarchy, which many generations of oppression and wrong had developed among the people. He had felt, through those dearest to him, the worst tyranny of the multitude when its passions were unchained; and the hideous spectre of anarchy haunted him continually. The direction of his studies, and the spirit of the time, had led him to look into the past for the roots of the present, to distrust all mushroom growths, all political institutions founded merely on reason, and to desire strongly to re-establish the continuity of French history. On the other hand, the great and pure conquests of the Revolution—liberty of conscience, toleration in religious matters, the equality of all citizens before the law, the abolition of feudal privileges and monopolies, the principle that the country should, in some manner, have a voice in the management of its own affairs—these were dear to his heart. He was a royalist, therefore, both by tradition and conviction, but a constitutional royalist, whose essential desire was to pursue a *via media* between despotism and democracy. And looked at in this light, his political career becomes greatly simplified. The first part, from 1814 to 1830, was a long battle against the absolutist reaction, against the influence of the old *noblesse*,—who, in too many cases, had neither forgotten nor learnt anything during their years of exile, and confounded all the works

of the Revolution, good and bad, in one common execration,—against the poor schemes of that weak, ill-advised monarch, Charles X. The second part, from 1830 to 1848, was a fierce struggle against the democratic and republican traditions of that same Revolution. In both campaigns—in the first, in which he was popular and disastrously successful, as in the second, in which he was hated and disastrously defeated—he occupied exactly the same ground. The enemy had changed, but his position remained unaltered. From the same entrenchments he fought either foe.

One word more as to the man himself. From his Huguenot forefathers, and his Protestant education, he had derived—if such a conclusion be not too fanciful—an austere earnestness of spirit, a gravity of mind not characteristic of his countrymen. His tenacity of purpose would have seemed characteristic rather of the northern than of the southern races, to which, however, he of course belonged. His energy was very great, his industry enormous. He had a confidence in himself, born not of vanity, but of great self-respect, which was almost unbounded. “I scarcely know what it is to be in doubt,” he somewhere remarks, “and do not fear responsibility.” “I am by nature an optimist,” he says again; “strife has no terrors for me, and I easily hope for victory.” It was not that he was incapable of seeing any side of a question except his own, and even, in a measure, of doing justice to it. A stolid, narrow-mindedness could never be imputed to him. But though he followed his opponents’ meaning far enough to understand their point of view, it was almost always rather with a polemical purpose than for his own instruction and guidance. His own opinions were too closely welded together, too homogeneous, to lose many chance splinters in their collision with the opinions of others. And such was the man who definitely accepted office—a subordinate one, it is true—under the restored Bourbons.

From the first the service cannot have been altogether pleasant, and it was certainly, as events proved, precarious. Louis XVIII. entered his capital on the 4th of May, 1814, and when he left it again, on the 20th of the following March, fleeing like a shadow at the mere approach of his rival, it was after a course of government pre-eminently unpopular. Even making every allowance for the enormous difficulty of holding the scales of justice evenly

between the old France and the new, then first re-united, it cannot be said that all had been done that could be done. Nevertheless, M. Guizot did not retain his office under Napoleon, though anyone less scrupulous might fairly have regarded his functions as rather administrative than political. He returned to the duties of his professorship; but did not long remain a mere passive spectator of events. The European powers, assembled in congress at Vienna, had had enough of the Empire, and were determined to make no terms with the usurper; but there was some danger lest, judging from the experience of the last few months, they should lose all confidence in the capacity of the Bourbons for governing France. This was a danger which the little group of constitutional royalists, assembled under the leadership of M. Royer-Collard, could not but anticipate with very great alarm. They determined to send one of their number to Ghent, where Louis XVIII. was then holding his exiled but expectant court, in order to urge on him the necessity of frankly accepting the position of a liberal and constitutional monarch, and dismissing his unpopular favourite, M. de Blacas. M. Guizot was the youngest of the band, and the most readily available for the service, and he accepted the mission, though, as he says, it was not desirable in itself, and though he had sufficient foresight to perceive what a terrible weapon he was placing in the hands of any political enemy in the future. He left Paris on the 23rd of May, 1815, less than a month before Waterloo, and reached Ghent without difficulty. Here he found the court in much the same condition as most exiled courts have appeared in the eyes of moderate spectators. The King, indeed, was himself reasonably disposed; and Chateaubriand advocated a sane and liberal policy, with his usual eloquence. But the absolutist party, headed by the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., were greatly in the ascendant, and gave themselves up to the idlest dreaming and the most pernicious of intrigues. M. Guizot had a long interview with the King, who left upon his mind the impression that "he was almost equally incapable of the mistakes that ruin, and of the successes that found, the future of royal races." He had also a very frank interview with M. de Blacas. And then he waited in sorrow and bitterness of spirit for the issue of the great conflict engaged in between Napoleon and the European powers.

"It was a situation that was full of anguish," he says in a very characteristic passage of his autobiography, "and one which I accepted to serve the cause I then thought, and still think, to be the right one, but of which all the sadness was present with me at every hour of the day. I shall not stop to describe my feelings; nothing is more foreign to my nature than to make a show of my own heart, especially when I know that many of those who hear me will be either unwilling or unable to understand or to believe me. I entertain no feeling of resentment against mankind, either on account of their misapprehensions or their invectives. These are the conditions of public life; but I do not feel it any part of my duty to enter into any vain controversies respecting myself, and I know how to wait for justice without asking for it."

The battle of Waterloo put an end to this season of terrible expectancy, and on the 23rd of June he followed the King back to Paris.

We cannot, of course, follow the history of the Restoration in all its phases. The first Chamber elected after the King's return was, like Charles the Second's first House of Commons, very monarchical and very reactionary. It was, indeed, more monarchical than the King; and the Duc de Richelieu's cabinet, after striving vainly, with the help of the moderate section, led chiefly by M. Royer-Collard, to stem the flow of the tide, appealed to the country on the 5th September, 1816. The new Chamber, though possessing a strong fanatical party, was decidedly more liberal; and for some time the Government, first under the Duke, and then, when he himself had grown terrified at the advance of liberalism, under M. Decazes, succeeded in pursuing a course which, considering the very great difficulties of the time, was creditable and conciliatory. But in 1819 two events came to fan the spirit of reaction, and blow moderation to the winds. On the 11th of September a regicide, or quasi-regicide, M. Grégoire, who had approved of the death of Louis XVI., was elected for Grenoble; and on the 13th of February, 1820, the Duc de Berri, the son of the King's brother, and next to his father in the line of succession, was assassinated as he was leaving the opera. A new electoral law, circumscribing the suffrage, was the result. The partisans of the old *régime* were triumphant. M. Guizot's friends, who had opposed the law, were relegated to the cold shade of the Opposition, and he, at the same time (17th June, 1820), lost the post of "Councillor

of State," which he had hitherto held, and which he says that he would, in any case, have resigned. Henceforward, except during the short ministry of M. de Martignac, the government remained entirely in the hands of the reactionary party, but with this difference in the earlier and later stages—that so long as Louis XVIII. lived, that government was strictly constitutional, while under Charles X. it sank deeper and deeper into arbitrariness and illegality. For the former, though not a great king or statesman, was a man of sense, and anything but a fanatic in politics or religion; while the latter was a bigot in both. When M. de Martignac's cabinet was defeated in 1829, because, while going too far for the King and the reactionists, it did not sufficiently satisfy the aspirations of a liberal majority, he delegated the task of forming a new ministry to a man well known for his anti-popular opinions, M. de Polignac. Another parliamentary defeat, and then a dissolution, was the result. The members of the Opposition were all re-elected, and the liberal party had gained many seats besides. Then came the famous *Ordonnances* of the 25th of July, 1830, by which the King set himself above the constitution, and France was thrown once more into the furnace of revolution. On the 16th of the following month, Charles X., deposed and an exile, embarked at Cherbourg for England.

In the earlier of these events, M. de Guizot had taken no very active public part. The office of "Councillor of State," which, as we have seen, he held up to June, 1820, was one for which there is no precise equivalent in England. Perhaps a Privy Councillorship would approach most near to it, but with these differences, that the Privy Councillor is unpaid, and is not habitually called upon to take part in framing and debating projected measures. Indeed, in addition to such duties, it had occasionally devolved on M. Guizot, though not himself a member, to support the proposals of the Government in the Chamber—an arrangement which, as he truly remarks, denoted the infancy of representative institutions. But if such functions were onerous and important, and formed a most fitting introduction to a knowledge of the mechanism of politics, they were of a somewhat subordinate nature. They might lead to much—they might also lead to nothing; and little as M. de Serre, the then minister, intended it, he did M. Guizot a good turn when he re-

warded his independence in the Council by dismissal. Freed from the necessity of spending daily time and thought in administrative and legislative details, spurred onward by the necessities of life, the future historian had both leisure to collect himself together for great and enduring work, and, even apart from native energy, a ready stimulus for his toil. Without this enforced rest, the *History of Civilisation in Europe and in France* would, probably, never have been written.

Leaving Paris almost immediately, M. Guizot retired to a country house at Meulan, kindly placed at his disposal by a friend, and there, happy in the society of his wife and child, and the surroundings of a peaceful country life, he recommenced his literary labours. The first-fruits of his leisure was a book *On the Government of France since the Restoration, and on the Present Ministry*, in which he advocated the liberal cause with great energy, attacking the pretensions of the nobility, and advocating the claim of the middle-class to a fair share of power. His maturer judgment on this work, given when he had himself held the difficult reins of government, was that it was crude and too absolute in tone, but not untrue. Then, at the end of the same year, 1820, he took up again the duties of his professorship, and gave a course of lectures on the *History of the Origins of Representative Governments in Europe*.^{*} While this course was in progress, he published a work in the following year (1821), on the *Means of Government and of Opposition in the Present Condition of France*, a work not of mere partisanship, but designed to show that the existing institutions, if properly applied, offered to the Government the necessary means of repressing anarchy, and to the Opposition the legitimate means of resisting oppression. This was followed, at short intervals, by two pamphlets, one on *Conspiracies*, and the *Penal Law in Political Matters*, and another on *Capital Punishment in Political Matters*, both advocating the cause of moderation and mercy. At this point the Government was roused to retaliation; and though M. Guizot, in his lectures, had studiously avoided all allusions to current political questions, justly considering that they would have been out of place in the halls of a university, yet his course was suspended on the 12th of October, 1822; nor was it resumed till

^{*} Published by M. Guizot in 1851.

six years later, under the milder sway of M. de Martignac. Into the labours of these six years we will not enter particularly, save to say that he helped his friends at this time to found the *Globe*, a paper which exercised a very great influence during the last few years of the Restoration, occupying much the same position in literature between the contending classical and romantic factions, that the *doctrinaires* themselves, as M. Royer-Collard's adherents were called, occupied between the radicals and aristocrats. Among the editors and contributors were Guizot himself, Cousin, Jouffroy, and De Broglie. Its pages were the arena in which Sainte-Beuve first began to acquire his admirable skill in pen-fence. Goethe, the old sage of Weimar, in one of his interviews with Eckermann, said of its literary staff: "They are men of the world, lively, clear-witted, and bold to a very high degree. They have a manner of expressing disapprobation, which is fine and courteous. Our learned men in Germany always consider it quite indispensable to hate a person if they don't happen to agree with him. I rank the *Globe* among the most interesting of newspapers, and could not now do without it."

But M. Guizot's great work, his *magnum opus*, the *History of Civilisation in Europe and in France*, was yet to come. That history formed the substance of the courses of lectures delivered in the years 1828, 1829, and 1830, when the Government interdict issued against the professor had been tardily withdrawn. M. Villemain was lecturing at the same time on literature, and M. Cousin on philosophy. A splendid intellectual enthusiasm prevailed. It was the birth-time of new schools in all the departments of letters. The lecture halls of the three professors were crowded with eager youths, and with interested listeners no longer young. M. Guizot might well retain ever afterwards a proud remembrance of these days. He was fully justified in saying that they formed a period in his life, and even, "if he might be allowed to say so," marked a moment when he had influenced the thought of his country.

Not that there is any sign of agitation, any disturbing wind of passion in the lectures themselves. They breathe a high philosophic calm, an austere impartiality that is far from being that of indifference. The grasp of the subject is wonderfully firm and comprehensive. We have already spoken of the spirit in which M. Guizot approached

the study of history. With knowledge larger and more matured, he here develops his theory. Discarding the narrative of events, and the merely chronological sequence of facts, he strives to unravel the tangled skein of modern civilisation, following the individual threads downward from antiquity and the Middle Ages. Why are our institutions, political and social, so complicated as compared with those of the ancient commonwealths? Whence are the various elements in those institutions derived? What do we owe to the Roman Empire, to the Church, to the Barbarians, to Feudalism, to the Monarchy, to the People—what to events of great and lasting importance, like the Crusades, the Renaissance, the Reformation? Such are a few of the questions raised, and discussed with a learning, temperance, and lucidity that are truly admirable. It is impossible not to admire the mind that has educed order from such a mighty chaos of facts, that has compelled the great Babel of the past to speak in clear and intelligible language. Of course we are quite prepared to admit that the method employed has its dangers—all methods have. God's chain of cause and effects is oftentimes too intricate for man's unravelling; and if in M. Guizot's innumerable explanations of the why and how, we come occasionally on one that seems doubtful and inconclusive,—that is almost inevitable. But hazardous hypothesis never takes the place of sound induction, as is occasionally the case with his followers. He never reminds us—and M. Taine sometimes does—that a taste and talent for explanation may degenerate into a mania. He never produces the familiar German impression that he is evolving all, causes and consequences together, from his own moral consciousness.

It has been objected to M. Guizot's historical works, and the remark applies equally to all his other works, that he is the least graphic of writers. He does not succeed, indeed he scarcely ever tries, to present to the eye a visible picture of any event or scene. For characteristic detail he cares not at all. Unlike the old chroniclers, such as Froissart, he sees no charm whatever in the pageantry of great events, their outward pomp and circumstance. Unlike M. Michelet and Mr. Carlyle, he has no eye for the play of strongly marked character, for the dramatic passionate aspect of the life of individual men or of multitudes, for the picturesquenesses and striking *chiaroscuro* of history. He does not paint in Lord Macaulay's

brilliant emphatic manner, or with his perfect knowledge of the art of scenic grouping. Take, for instance, a scene of which he had himself been a spectator,—one calculated to produce the strongest, most vivid impression upon his mind. The infernal attempt of Fieschi to assassinate Louis-Philippe during a review had just taken place :—

“The news,” says M. Guizot, “was brought to us at the *Chancellerie*, in the Place Vendôme, at the same time that it reached the Tuileries ; but the accounts of the attempted crime were still obscure, and the uncertain rumours already spread respecting the number of the victims, the prolonged absence of the King and his suite, entertained and redoubled the alarm ; the halls of the *Chancellerie* were full of women, the wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters of those who accompanied the King ; on all sides people were hurrying to and fro, asking for news, or bringing it. Who was dead ? Who was wounded ? What had happened during the review, which had not been interrupted ? The Duchesse de Broglie arrived, seeking her husband ; the Queen threw herself into her arms, choking down her tears with great difficulty. That royal society was a prey to all the terrors, to all the anguish which the human heart can feel, and no one yet knew what would be the measure of his own sorrows. The whole truth in all its details—cruel for some, and comforting for others—was at last known. The review being ended, the King arrived at the *Chancellerie* with his escort. Around the royal family, reunited and reassured, people counted up the losses, and repeated the names of eighteen other families, some illustrious, others obscure, a marshal, generals, national guards, workmen, women, a young girl, all struck by the same blow, all a prey to the same misery. After a short interval of rest the King, and the princes his sons, remounted at the doors of the *Chancellerie*.”

Was ever situation more dramatic ? And this is one of M. Guizot's most graphic passages. And yet we have only to think what such a scene would have been in the hands of a writer who aimed at striking and pictorial effect, to see that M. Guizot had no such aim. If he thus describes what took place under his own eyes, it is no wonder that even when dealing with historical periods full of passion, and blood, and grotesque fanaticism—like the Great Rebellion in England for instance—he yet reproduces none of these characteristics in their crude picturesqueness and force, and remains himself calm and unmoved throughout the recital. His book on that subject is a great book, but it is great otherwise.

And here we are led to speak on a question much debated among critics, viz. M. Guizot's style.

"He has never been a writer," says M. Scherer, "or, if you like, he has never been but the first of writers who do not know French. . . . I do not deny that he often comes across some happy expression, that he here and there traces, with a firm hand and a large brush, some good and faithful portrait. But, great heavens! what a want of motion, of colour, of light,—and that even in the finest pages. How dull everything is, and how monotonous! And especially, what a profound want of intelligence of the language!"

And then follow a series of grammatical strictures. To which M. Sainte-Beuve, who seems to have retained, in a degree very unusual with him, something akin to awe before the intellect of his great senior, replies, almost with feeling:—

"What! is it now to be declared that he to whom, without going out of the confines of the *Memoirs*, we owe so many ingenious portraits, so many delicate sketches, is not a writer, nay more, a painter?"

And M. Taine goes very much farther, and becomes, indeed, almost lyrical in his praise. After quoting several passages from the *History of the Great Rebellion*, he says:—"Style and intellect of this temper are not to be met with now. To find his peers, we must go back to Thucydides or Machiavel." Again he calls him a "Protestant Bossuet"—than which there can be no higher praise in a Frenchman's mouth. And yet again he speaks of certain sentences as being like "a restrained and passionate hymn."

Of the style thus vaunted, and thus decried, what shall we venture to say in our turn? This: that just as in M. Guizot's general grouping of facts and events he never aims at the picturesque, so, in his method of writing, he is uniformly *abstract*. He very seldom uses the simple concrete term, the word that comes nearest to the actual fact. His language nearly always implies that a preliminary process of reasoning has been applied to those facts, a kind of deduction made from them. His language in truth consists of such deductions. Take the following passage for instance, selected quite at hap-hazard from the *History of Civilisation*:—

"It must not, however, be believed that a bad principle vitiates an institution radically, or even that it does all the harm

that it contains in its breast. Nothing falsifies history more than logic. When the human mind dwells on an idea, it follows that idea into all its possible consequences, and thinks of it as producing all that in fact it might produce, and then thinks of it in history as accompanied by all that escort of results. But things do not happen in this manner; events are not as rapid in their deductions as the human mind. There is in all things a mixture of good and evil so complete and so invincible, that, wherever you may go, when you penetrate into the deepest elements of society or the soul, you will still find there two orders of facts developing themselves side by side, and striving one against the other, but each unable to exterminate the other. Human nature never goes to the utmost limits either of good or evil."

How many abstract terms have we not here,—*principles, institutions, history, the human mind, good, evil, society, human nature*,—each susceptible of analysis and illustration, each requiring, indeed, a mental effort to decompose and completely follow. If you want to see the opposite method placed in most striking contrast, take any essay of Thackeray's,—how immediately any abstract idea or expression assumes a concrete shape,—what a profusion of fact, simile, illustration, anecdote! Not, of course, that this settles the matter; and we only mention Thackeray as a readily available measure of difference. The real question is whether M. Guizot's want of graphic power, or, at any rate, avoidance of graphic effect, and his use of an abstract phraseology, interfere with the results he wished to obtain; and this is a question that will be variously answered, according to individual bias. We strongly think they do not. His aims were habitually quite other than those of the narrative historian, the literary critic and essayist, or the dramatist and poet. He was emphatically the philosophical historian, grouping facts together merely that he might reduce them to system, and settle their places in the chain of causality. Influences, general laws, the large results of statesmanship, the lessons of time—these he unfolds with a master hand, so that it is a pleasure to follow him, and so that one feels that anecdote and narration would be out of place and an impertinence. And as regards language, why he was fairly entitled to take one step forward, as it were, into the terminology of philosophy, and take his stand at that point where the language of common use is nearest to the language of the philosopher. It is a style by no means

devoid of beauties of its own,—grave, pregnant, majestic, eloquent. A style, however, which, in its excellences as in its faults, is rather that of the orator than of the pure *littérateur*. And this, we think, serves to explain points on which M. Scherer's strictures fall heavily. He is, in fact, judging what was, in its essence, *speech*, as if it were pure writing. And this must be our conclusion: that much as M. Guizot wrote, he was really rather a great orator than a great writer, even in his books. The two methods are so different that it is very, very rare for the same man to achieve equal distinction in both—as he who runs may read in Mr. Gladstone's speeches and publications. Take M. Guizot's books for what several of them were, viz. the printed record of an oral delivery, and their seeming defects disappear. And now let us return to political matters.

It was not till the beginning of the year 1830 that the restrictions as to age then in force allowed M. Guizot to obtain a seat in the Chamber of Deputies. He was elected for Lisieux, in Normandy, on the 23rd of January, on the mere strength of his reputation and popularity, and without local connections or personal canvass; and at the opening of the following session spoke and voted against the Government on the motion for the Address. When the Chamber was dissolved by Charles X., in consequence of its vote on that occasion, he was one of those who, as we have seen, were re-elected to form an increased majority against the unpopular Ministry of M. de Polignac. Then came the fatal *Ordonnances*—one of the most disastrous among the many disastrous governmental Acts in France since the beginning of this century, inasmuch as they at once placed the King outside the pale of law and the constitution, and therefore appeared to justify those who attacked him by unconstitutional means. The revolutionary spirit was quite strong enough without such show of legal colour. What chance had the Monarchy when opposed not only to popular democratic feeling, but also to constitutional right? The political moderation and self-restraint, which, under such circumstances, would have rested content with legal and moral means of resistance, and have eschewed physical force—the foresight that would have seen that another revolution meant only an increase of the disintegrating force, the further adjournment of a definite polity—these were virtues not to be

expected from the multitude, and scarcely from the moderate liberal leaders. So for the great "three days," from the 27th to the 30th of July, war raged in the streets of Paris; and the chief deputies of the Opposition met, and met again, disorganised and uncertain, some wishing to go forward, some wishing to bring the King to terms, until, as the strife went on, it became evident that no reconciliation with the King was any longer possible, and so many of the members of both Houses as were forthcoming met in their respective Chambers, and requested the Duke of Orleans to assume the functions of Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom. The constitutionalists had been powerless to prevent the revolution, or even to direct it in the attack. They proved strong enough to make it follow the precedent of the English Revolution of 1688, and accept as its leader the head of a younger branch of the reigning house, thus baffling the republicans.

In these transactions, M. Guizot took a great and prominent part, and the final result, when once it had become clear that a change of dynasty was inevitable, reflects his spirit and influence more, perhaps, than that of any other man. On the 1st of August he was provisionally appointed by the Duke of Orleans to the very difficult post of Home Minister, and on the 11th of the same month, when the Duke had consented to become Louis-Philippe the First, that appointment was confirmed. Henceforth M. Guizot became one of the best abused men in Europe. Let us examine his situation.

Almost from the beginning of the new reign France divided itself broadly into three political parties. The first corresponded to what we in England should call Conservatives. It was satisfied with the new *régime* and the existing distribution of power; sincerely hoped that the era of revolutions was closed; regarded with a mixture of indignation and alarm the efforts and machinations of those who "wished not well to their Zion;" and considered all liberal concessions merely as arms placed in the hands of their enemies, as mining tools for the destruction of their own strongholds. The second great party was, perhaps, as sincerely attached to the constitutional monarchy and to the King, but differed widely from the first as to the best means of meeting the revolutionary and democratic spirit then abroad. It trusted largely to reforms for the popularisation of the new institutions, would have

extended the suffrage, excluded placemen almost entirely from the Lower House, and, in fact, have desired either to gain the Republicans by such a course of policy, or at any rate to cut the ground from under their feet. The third party, which ceased not to dog the Monarchy of 1830 till its final overthrow, was the party of the irreconcilables, to whom the Government was a thing abominable, to be attacked by all means, constitutional and unconstitutional, peaceable and revolutionary. It consisted for the most part of Republicans and fanatical social dreamers of the democratic class; but to these were joined, for many purposes, the vanquished adherents of preceding forms of government, the Bonapartists and Legitimists. Of these three parties, the party of Resistance, the party of Concession, and the party of Destruction, M. Guizot, we need scarcely say, espoused the first. He followed its fortunes in various capacities, and under varying circumstances, and finally became its undoubted and accredited chief, leading it from parliamentary victory to victory—and ruin.

Into the details of the parliamentary campaigns, which occupy so great a place in the history of France at this time, we cannot enter. The laborious formation of ministries and their disintegration, the measures and counter-measures, the kaleidoscopic shiftings and changes of persons and situations, would require, not an article, but volumes, for their due elucidation. We can but indicate how the King's first Ministry, composed of the leading men who had taken part in the Revolution, came within a few weeks to be split into two opposing factions, between the advocates of concession and reaction; and how the latter, consisting of Casimir Périer, Molé, Dupin, the Duc de Broglie, and M. Guizot himself, retired in favour of Lafitte and the Marquis of Lafayette; how this second Ministry in turn proved powerless against popular disturbances and insurrection, and had to make place for a cabinet of "resistance," under the haughty and unflinching Casimir Périer—a name which recalls a great and noble figure, saddened by a grave mission of doubtful issue, and struck down by death in the very breach; how this event, which happened on the 16th March, 1832, proved the signal for Legitimist and Republican risings and intrigues, and was followed by a kind of ministerial interregnum till the 11th October in the same year, when Marshal Soult succeeded in forming a Government, in which

M. Thiers occupied the Ministry of the Interior, and M. Guizot, who had been giving only an independent support to Casimir Périer, the Ministry of Public Instruction.

It was a post for which he was pre-eminently fitted, both by previous training and habit of mind; and his labours during the next four years for the re-organisation of primary education, the development of secondary and superior education, the encouragement of literary and scientific societies throughout France, and for the furtherance of historical research, are among his purest and least contested titles to public gratitude. These, however, again are matters of which the importance resides chiefly in detail, and we will not enter into them. Nor yet shall we discuss that subsequent, most questioned, and indeed most questionable act of his parliamentary life, when he entered into a coalition with M. Thiers and M. Odilon-Barrot, the leaders of the liberal party, in order to overthrow the Government of M. Molé, his own motive being that that Government was not conservative enough. This was the occasion when the *Journal des Débats*, with which his relations had always been very friendly, said, "You may again have our co-operation—but our respect, never." *Never* is a long word, and it was as usual falsified in this case. But M. Guizot, even in after years, did not perhaps sufficiently understand how, in defeating his immediate adversaries on this occasion, he had contributed to discredit Parliamentary Government itself. Of course a man of his ability is seldom at a loss to find plausible reasons for any course of action. We can only presume that those reasons deceived himself.

In the Government formed by M. Thiers, on the 12th of May, 1839, after the defeat of M. Molé, M. Guizot had no place; but he was offered and accepted the English ambassadorship—then of unusual importance, owing to the troubles in the East, excited by the ambition of Mehemet Ali—and started for his new post on the 25th of the following February.

Here again, as in the Ministry of Public Instruction, M. Guizot was in a situation for which he had obvious qualifications. He had never, it is true, been in England before, but his fame as a historian, his Protestantism, his appreciative studies of English institutions, the zeal with which he was endeavouring to foster the growth of similar institutions in France, the distaste he was known to enter-

tain for a warlike policy, his affection for the English alliance—were so many titles to a cordial reception. Nor did that reception fail him; nor did he, on the other hand, fail to take a large and sympathetic view of the society into which he was thus suddenly introduced. Thirty-five years are a long time, more than the passing of a generation, and it is already with a feeling akin to the stirring of dead rose-leaves that one reads the pages in which his reminiscences are enshrined. For the Queen was then in the young days of her married life; the half political, half literary, and wholly charming hospitalities of Holland House, where host and hostess, the company and its surroundings, were all in such perfect harmony, had not yet become a far tradition. M. Guizot could still visit the Abbey under the guidance of Macaulay, and gather up that wealth of knowledge which a marvellous memory turned so readily into current coin. He could still meet Sidney Smith—with a little too much of the professional jester according to his taste—and Lord Jeffrey, at the same table; and enjoy, partly amused and partly edified, the sincere eccentricities of Archbishop Whately; and talk of old-world matters with the Miss Berrys; of philanthropy and religion with Mrs. Fry; of history with Grote and Milman, and his own fast friend Hallam; of politics with Lord Melbourne and Peel, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and Lord Lyndhurst—whose great legal knowledge is but now lost to us. What a past page of English life it all seems, and how times change.

We have purposely omitted to include M. Guizot's relations with Lord Palmerston under our image of the dead rose-leaves, for it is quite clear that neither then, nor at any future time, did there exist any cordial feeling between the ambassador and the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. It is true that Lord Palmerston was not in 1840 the genial old man, wielding his power with such a light and dexterous hand, whom we all knew in later years, but a somewhat dogmatic and overbearing diplomatist. It is possible also that, in his chief negotiations with the French Government, he may have too easily jeopardised the French alliance, and not have acted quite openly. But in the Eastern question—in the main question, we mean—the French Government, Ministers, and ambassador together, were, as M. Guizot is constrained to admit, hopelessly in the wrong. Both France and England, and indeed all the

European powers, with the presumable exception of Russia, wished to maintain the Ottoman Empire. For this purpose they all, excepting France, thought it necessary that the Porte's turbulent vassal, Mehemet Ali, should be driven out of Syria, into which he had advanced. The French, however, moved in part no doubt by a desire of influence in Egypt, considered that he was too strong to be disposed without such a struggle as would crumble up the Sultan's decaying empire. Events completely falsified this view. Mehemet Ali's power collapsed almost at the first blow. A great explosion of warlike feeling in France was the result. The Ministry of M. Thiers proposed for the King's acceptance a royal speech which had in it the perspective of war. The King, whose early experience had taught him a lesson of peace—for which the world has not, perhaps, been sufficiently grateful to him—refused his consent; and on the 29th of October, 1840, M. Guizot came into power, at the head of a strong Conservative Ministry, which fell only with the monarchy itself.

As that Ministry was established on a question of foreign policy, we will say a word of its relations with foreign powers, and especially with England, before we pass on to the more engrossing topic of internal administration. The chief questions of foreign politics with which M. Guizot had to deal, were the Eastern question, the question of the Right of Search, as an instrument for the repression of the slave trade, the Pritchard affair, the Spanish marriages, and the liberal reforms in the Papal States. In all these matters, except the last, England was very greatly interested, and, considering the amount of exasperated feeling excited on both sides of the Channel with respect to the four first, it was greatly to the credit of M. Guizot and of Louis-Philippe, that they steered clear of war; greatly to the credit also of Lord Aberdeen, then Foreign Secretary;—and considering further how terribly the pacific tendencies of the French Government were turned into a weapon of offence against them, not only then, but in after times, and by men who ought to have been superior to national jealousy; and also how that conciliatoriness of spirit which enabled Lord Aberdeen to enter into the difficulties of the French position served only at a future time to encourage the Emperor Nicolas to undertake the Russian war—it is enough to make one despair of moderation and good sense

in international matters. But this by the way. The Spanish marriages stand on a different footing. We will not discuss them, because the time has even yet scarcely arrived when they can be discussed with full knowledge and perfect propriety, without prejudice; but we will, at any rate, say this, that, even on M. Guizot's own showing, the game was by no means worth the candle. The marriage of the two Bourbon princes with the Spanish queen and her sister has done nothing to secure the influence of France in Spain. And the amount of odium which the transaction excited, and the utter sacrifice of the cordial alliance with England it entailed, would have outweighed the benefit of any such influence a thousand times. Even excluding the idea of wrong, it was a great blunder. As regards the reform of the Papacy, we seem, indeed, far removed from the time when Pius IX. was looked upon at Rome as a dangerous liberal innovator. But so it was, and the impulse he then followed was that of M. Guizot, the Protestant Prime Minister of France. For M. Guizot then, and afterwards, took a politician's view of the Papacy rather than a theologian's, and wished to reform the temporal power, for the purpose of preserving it. He seems to have considered its existence as a guarantee of moderation in the exercise of the Pope's spiritual functions.

And now of the last act in the drama of Louis-Philippe's reign, what shall we say? M. Guizot's Ministry was formed, as we have seen, on the 29th of October, 1840. It fell on the 23rd of February, 1848. If we listen to the utterances of its opponents at the time, whether of those who hated the monarchy itself, or of those who hated the Minister, it lived during those seven years by a system of organised corruption, by appealing exclusively to the basest, most selfish feelings of a limited body of electors, by exercising the most unblushing influence over their representatives. It sapped the political morality of the country. It steadfastly refused to consider every reform, however salutary and seemingly imperative. It did absolutely nothing for the general good. It was overbearing, tyrannical, in all but the name a despotism of the worst sort. And to these party amenities—of which we are quoting only the more respectable, which do not bear upon some point of personal morality—the Republicans added that the King was a monster of duplicity, and his Minister a willing tool. All these things one may read in the litera-

ture of the time. They found an English voice in the *Westminster Review* for April, 1849; and the article may be found in Mr. Mill's *Dissertations and Discussions*. It is in that somewhat thin and querulous manner which characterised his utterances when he spoke as a partisan.

Is this all quite true? We trow not. Some, indeed, of the men who held such language, and those not the least respectable, came in later years, under the different rule of Louis Napoleon, to acknowledge how exaggerated it had been. And it is sadly instructive to see, in a man like Lacordaire for instance, what a revulsion of feeling there afterwards was in favour of the older Government.

Let us examine the attitude of M. Guizot's Ministry, remembering what we have already said of his previous career, and especially of the bent of his earlier life.

When he assumed the reins of government in 1840, the constant popular risings and attempts at assassination that had marked the earlier years of Louis-Philippe's reign had well-nigh come to an end. But the revolutionary spirit was far from dead. It was couchant and perfectly ready for a spring. And he knew this, knew it as a man whose father had perished on the scaffold, whose hatred of all the doctrines of pure democracy has a lifelong feeling, knows such things. He knew that behind the Constitutional opposition there was a Republican opposition, and behind that again, wave on wave, all kinds of oppositions—Legitimist, anarchical, Socialist, full of the wildest aspirations and deadliest nostrums for the regeneration of mankind. Now in order to meet these disintegrating forces, and to do it by constitutional means, which alone he was willing to employ, what resources had he? He had, of course, the support of the King—which, however, from the very nature of the case, and from the imprudence with which the monarch, and, alas, the Minister also, made a show of uniting their interests, was perhaps a source of weakness rather than of strength. But he had above all the support of the middle classes as represented in the quarter of a million electors who exercised the suffrage, and in the majority of the 459 members returned by them. Doubtless that electoral body was small as compared with the population of France. Doubtless, also, the proportion of members who in one form or another received emoluments from the public purse—there were at one time as many as 149—was enormous. Perfectly incorruptible himself, M. Guizot may

not always have been sufficiently scrupulous as regards the character of his instruments. But what wonder if in view of the difficulties against which he had to contend, and the dangers he saw looming in the future, he hesitated to disorganise the only Conservative force he had under his hand, and trust to a new electoral body of unknown tendencies? *That*, at any rate, he thought was not the time for radical change.

Of course it is a ready answer that his system failed. But would the system of the Constitutional opposition have succeeded better? Mrs. Oliphant, in her *Life of Montalembert*—a life written with that genial clear-sightedness which belongs to Charity in the Scriptural sense—speaks of her hero as opposing the Government like an English statesman or party leader. He may have meant to adopt this attitude. Circumstances rendered it impossible. Opposition in the English sense can only be of value when there is not only a common basis of agreement underlying superficial differences, but also when the essential institutions of the Government are practically beyond discussion. Otherwise systematic opposition tells against those institutions themselves. We venture to doubt whether the reforms demanded by M. Thiers and Odilon-Barrot would have succeeded in doing anything more than alienating and disorganising the Conservatives.

Whatever be the judgment on this point, there is no room for question as regards the oratorical power and skill as a mere party leader displayed by M. Guizot during his seven years of office. Here the testimony is unimpeachable. M. Victor Hugo, an arch democrat, in one of the most splendidly rhetorical of his splendid passages speaks of him and his great rival Thiers, as representing "strength" and "skill" respectively. M. Sainte-Beuve, even when holding a brief for the Empire, could not, as the great critic that he was, forbear to give his tribute of admiration to that puissant eloquence. It is said of Madame Rachel, the actress, that once after hearing him speak, she exclaimed that she should like to take part in a tragedy with him. Nor do his published speeches belie these contemporary impressions. We have already said that his style, even in his books, is oratorical rather than literary; his oratory is natural and singularly powerful. It is massive and ready—neither imaginative, pathetic, nor winning, but cogent, felicitous in its marshalling of

fact and argument, and full of a kind of austere moral grandeur. As we read the records of those stormy scenes in the French Assembly, we cannot but appreciate the power of the man; we cannot but understand how his enemies feared and hated him. He scathes them with his haughty scorn. "It has been said," he observes, "that I took pleasure in braving unpopularity. That is a mistake; I never gave it a thought." And one feels how his excited and angry opponents, when baiting him at tribune,* must have writhed before such shafts of flame as his declaration that "they might heap together as they would their wrath, their insults, and their calumnies; they would never raise them to the level of his contempt."

Yes, in the Chambers he was master of the situation. Each debate was a victory. But outside the walls the tempest muttered louder and louder. Every form of discontent had a voice. Reform banquets were held all over the country—then in Paris. The Government questioned their legality. Then came popular risings. The King, at the instigation of the Queen, requested M. Guizot to resign, though his parliamentary majority was untouched. But it was too late. No change of Ministry could then avail, if it could ever have availed, to save the Monarchy. "Blood and iron," and not a Ministerial crisis, were the required weapons against such a revolution. M. Thiers and M. Odilon-Barrot failed; and within a very few days of the 23rd of February, 1848, when he resigned, M. Guizot and his royal master were compelled to seek a refuge in England.

He did not occupy it long. Before many months were over he was back in Paris, and even made some attempt to get re-elected for the National Assembly. But it was not to be. His active political career was at an end. The remaining six-and-twenty years of his long life were spent partly at his country house of Val Richer in Normandy, surrounded by children and grandchildren, amid those family pleasures that had always had so great a charm for him; partly in prolonged literary labours that would have daunted many younger men; partly in fighting the battles of orthodoxy in the French Reformed Church with tongue and pen; partly in uplifting the standard of Christianity before an unbelieving generation; and partly

* The stage from which French members speak.

in preparing for that hereafter to which no one ever looked forward with more firm and devout faith. On all these points there is much that might be said. We might show how the man who seemed to be, and indeed was, so stern and unbending in public life, was true and devoted in his friendships, and gentle and loving in all his family relationships, gathering the young ones around him to the last, and giving them, by word of mouth, from the rich stores of his knowledge, that history of France which is now being published as his last work. We might add to the catalogue, already very large, of his earlier writings, which comprises, besides those to which we have already referred, a laborious translation of Shakespeare into French prose, a life of Corneille, a long life of Washington undertaken at the request of the Americans, several books on English history, and many more—to these we might add a critical catalogue of his later productions—the *Memoirs*, from which we have so often quoted, the *Life of Sir Robert Peel*, the *Speeches at the French Academy*, the collected *Political Speeches*, numerous essays, political, historical, and biographical, the *Meditations on the Christian Religion*, and again many more. We might too—and surely the study would be most interesting—follow the various incidents in the struggle in the *Consistoire* of the Church of Paris against the Liberal party as represented by M. Athanase Coquerel—a struggle in which M. Guizot took so conspicuous a part, and listen to the grand old man's latest words in the Synod of 1872.

But this last subject has been recently treated in our columns, and we will not return to it. Nor will we dwell upon the other topics, however alluring. Though these later years formed a fitting crown to the career that had preceded them, it is that previous career which established M. Guizot's place among men, and our task is well-nigh ended.

For on the 12th of September last he died at Val Richer, surrounded by those he loved; and when, three days afterwards, the grave closed over all that was mortal of François Pierre Guillaume Guizot, a great figure certainly passed out of the nineteenth century. Yes, a great figure. There are many for whom a character, as viewed on its public side, so austere, so almost devoid of geniality and charm, so purely intellectual and moral, has little attraction, just as there are some critics, too devoted perhaps to the slighter graces of the modern muse, who do not care for

the naked grandeur of Milton's blank verse. We confess that we are not of these. The devotion of a life to a few great ideas, conscientiously believed to be of sovereign value; their pursuit through evil report and through good report; the serene spirit which, even after seeming defeat, and through long years of despotism, and notwithstanding the mining of extreme age, could remain full of hope and unruffled—never speaking but in words of confidence and strength—these are no small thing. It is easy to talk of *Doctrinairism*, of theories elaborated in the study, or crudely borrowed from the practice of foreign nations, and applied to circumstances to which they were inapplicable. The future of France belongs to God alone. Who shall declare it? Nor is that type of statesman so rare which follows the popular voice, and sails ever dexterously with the current, that we should refuse our meed of praise to one who took the trouble to have convictions, and acted upon them with undeviating consistency and courage.

- ART. IV.—1. *The Conscience. Lectures on Casuistry, Delivered in the University of Cambridge.* By F. D. MAURICE. Second Edition. London: Macmillan and Co. 1872.
2. *Lectures on the History of Moral Philosophy.* By W. HEWELL, D.D. A New Edition. Bell and Daldy.
3. *History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne.* By W. E. H. LECKY, M.A. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1869.
4. *Christian Ethics.* By Dr. G. C. ADOLPH VON HARLESS. Translated by the late Rev. A. W. MORRISON. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1868.
5. *Christian Ethics.* By Dr. ADOLF WUTKE, late Professor of Theology at Halle. Translated by JOHN P. LACROIX. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1873.
6. *Christian Ethics.* By H. MARTENSEN, D.D., Bishop of Zealand. Translated by C. SPENCE. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1873.
7. *The Descent of Man.* By C. DARWIN, M.A., F.R.S., &c. London: Murray. 1871.

"ANY animal whatever," says Dr. Darwin, "endowed with well-marked social instincts, would inevitably acquire a moral sense or conscience, as soon as its intellectual powers became as well developed, or nearly so, as in man."

Now, while repudiating utterly the heresy which underlies this sentence, viz., that all our powers are self-acquired, and that conscience is a mere resultant of the spontaneous activities of the social instincts, we nevertheless believe, with Dr. Darwin, that such a creature as man must of necessity have a conscience. We can very clearly distinguish between pure intellect and emotional susceptibilities; as also between thought and the laws of thought; and between all these and conscience. But thought ungoverned by law would be madness; intellect unstimulated by emotion would be purposeless and dead; and a social intelligence without a conscience would be a contradiction. Its very constitution proclaims it not self-sufficient. It instinctively yearns for the society of beings like itself. Its good, its well-being, its possible contentment and bliss

are thus conditioned, and cannot otherwise be complete. It looks for, and is constantly receiving, help, succour, comfort, and gladness from others, and is prompted by its social nature to minister in its turn to them. But its interests and theirs, its preferences and theirs, its will and theirs, must, in the very nature of things, be perpetually coming into real or apparent collision. Therefore there must be of necessity, in order to preserve the social state, mutual forbearance and concession, and constant individual self-restraint and self-denial. The restraining and conceding power must be within; it must be an elemental law of the volitionating subject, not a constraining force which is exercised from without. Otherwise, all liberty must be destroyed, and the intelligent social state be crushed by external coercion; or a state of strife, conflict, and exterminating war must spring up from within. That is to say, the social life of free intelligent beings, like man, is impossible and inconceivable without conscience.

But to such a creature as man, conscience is also a necessity for internal self-government as well as for the regulation of social conduct. Dr. Darwin has indeed affirmed it to be "obvious that every one may, with an easy conscience, gratify his own desires, if they do not interfere with his social instincts, that is, with the good of others." But surely this overlooks the fact that man is in reality a self-contained microcosm, a little complex world of multitudinous and oftentimes mutually conflicting appetites, desires, and instincts, which, equally with the great social world without, needs the mediating, directing, restraining, and regulating power of conscience. For every one of these inner impulses has a right to a hearing and a response; every one its legitimate sphere of influence and activity; everyone its claim to indulgence and its right to contribute its proportion towards the perfect personal good; and no one of them can be either altogether suppressed or excessively indulged without resulting damage to the whole, though they do oftentimes impel in divergent and even opposite directions. Therefore, the absolute need, within the man himself, of some recognised governing authority.

Nor can there be any difficulty in deciding as to what that ruling power should be. For it is clear that the merely impulsive forces ought to be subject to the rational,

the animal to the spiritual. That in man which adapts him to conquer, subdue, and hold dominion over the whole animal kingdom, ought also of right to bear rule over the animal nature which pertains to himself. For by becoming associated with and subservient to the purposes of a rational and spiritual essence, the physical nature of man is elevated and glorified; whereas the whole person becomes not only debased into the brotherhood of brutes, but plunged into a depth of degradation and guilt, to which they cannot descend, if the intellectual and moral man is surrendered to the domination of the flesh. That, therefore, which in nature lifts man immeasurably above the whole animal kingdom, and which gives him the right and the power of dominion there, ought clearly to bear rule over all the appetites and desires which find a place within his own breast. And this is not a purely rational, but a moral power. It is a power which has to deal sympathetically with the right, and the good, and the true; which does not compel to a certain course of action and internal adjustment by overbearing force, but simply impels thereto by the force of indicated moral obligation; which does not eject liberty by an imperative *must*, but incite to the perfect assertion of liberty by obedience to the *ought*. It is the conscience, which being itself the authoritative indicator of what we ought to be and to do, ought also itself to bear supreme rule within the sphere of personal being.

We further maintain that men generally have an intuitive conviction that, just as the higher and spiritual nature in man, that is, the reason and conscience, ought to bear rule over all the complex interests and impulses which obtain within, securing due subordination of one to another, and so ordering and adjusting the activities of the whole as to secure its proper tribute from every part towards the perfection of the whole, so there is an external supreme Authority and Power, which is infinitely above man,—above the individual conscience, above the general social sentiment, above all human combinations and governments of whatever name,—to which all are under equal obligation, on which all are equally dependent, and from which all have equally derived their being, which has the right to interpose amongst all the complications of individual and social interests, in order to direct, control, regulate, and govern all. To that Power the conscience of every man bears witness as to the ultimate centre of appeal

and the source of final and universal adjudication. And that Power is God.

Our present purpose, however, is to deal with conscience itself, as with that principle, or power, or law in man in virtue of which he attains to a sympathetic perception of the beauty, befittingness, and binding force of the true, the right, and the good in personal activity. No one questions the fact of conscience. In its absence moral distinctions could have no significance. If apprehended at all, it must be with cold indifference. But men everywhere, and that whether they themselves are conformed to the image of righteousness or not, clearly perceive its surpassing excellence, and are deeply moved by its contemplation. Its reproving countenance may move them with a tumult of repelling remorse; or its smile of approbation may draw them nearer to itself by the cords of joyous love; but unmoved, in its unveiled presence, they cannot be; and that because there is in every one of them this power or faculty which we call conscience.

But what is this power? To this question so many, and such different, answers have been given by philosophers, as to tempt one to think that conscience, chameleon-like, must be ever changing its hue, so as to appear to be one thing to one man, but quite a different thing to another, or to question whether, after all, it may not be, as some have indeed maintained, a mere phantom or shadow, without any reality of underlying substance.

There are those who maintain that conscience is not an original faculty or law of the mind, but only an induced or acquired thing. "I know of no fact," says Prof. Bain, "that would prove the existence of any such sentiment (as the conscience, the moral sense, or the sentiment of obligation) in the primitive cast of our mental constitution." "An artificial system of controlling the actions is contrived, adapted to our volitional nature, the system of using pain to deter from particular sorts of conduct." "The feeling drawn out towards those who administer the pain is of the nature of dread; we term it usually the feeling of authority. From first to last this is the essential or defining quality of conscience." That is to say, the dread of punishment for doing certain prohibited things, which so impressed the mind of the child, being kept in habitual activity by, it may be, frequent sensitive experiences of the smart of a rod, takes, at length, such complete possession

of him as that he unconsciously rises from the conception of a human tutor, sharply surveying his school deportment, to that of a great, invisible, Almighty Ruler, who requires abstinence from certain courses of conduct, on pain of an unknown punishment. And this marvellous mental feat is achieved by every man, whether, as a child, he had, or had not, frequent experiences of punishment, and that, albeit, there was no original aptitude for such a conception in "the primitive cast of his mental constitution!" Thus conscience, which is one of the most remarkable possessions of the human mind, which, more than anything beside, distinguishes man from all other terrestrial creatures, and which probably, notwithstanding its many failures, exercises a greater authority in the regulation of human conduct than anything else, has no natural and rightful place in the mental constitution; does not indicate any pre-adjustment of the moral agent to its moral surroundings; has no original relationship to the qualities of right and wrong in moral activity, but is simply the creation of disciplinary education; has nothing more of rightful authority than that which pertains to dread of suffering, and is, therefore, only one particular phase of the sentiment of self-preservation! And so the excruciating remorse which impels the criminal to surrender himself to the officers of justice, is itself nothing more than a fascinating dread of the punishment which they are required by law to inflict! While the joy of a self-approving conscience is but the triumphant mental re-action at having, by self-restraint, escaped from a punishment which otherwise might have been endured! How obvious it is that this educationally-created dread of authority, not only does not serve to successfully explain all the emotional phenomena of conscience, but that it supplies a very halting and inadequate explanation of any of them.

A nearly-related school of philosophers maintains that conscience is not a distinct property or law of the mind, either original or acquired, but simply "an exercise of the judgment in the department of moral duty."* "Conscience," says Locke, "is nothing else but our own opinion, or judgment, of the moral rectitude or probity of our own actions;" and that judgment may proceed upon

* Wardlaw.

doctrines "that have been derived from no better original than the superstition of a nurse, and the authority of an old woman." Now, it is at once conceded that an exercise of judgment is essential to the activity of conscience; that conscience is popularly said to decide so and so, and that the consciences of different men are differently affected towards certain actions, or habits of action, because they judge differently in respect to their moral qualities. Hence, too, we speak of an ignorant, an erroneous, a weak, a scrupulous, and an enlightened conscience. But, notwithstanding all this, we maintain that conscience includes much more than a mere exercise of judgment in matters of morality; and that this is not the thing which men generally mean when they speak of conscience. By itself judgment might be perfectly capable of discriminating the moral qualities of actions; it might actually decide in any number of instances that this or that was right or wrong, and yet be as cold and indifferent, and as little affected by emotions of moral obligation, in respect to those qualities, as though it were deciding upon the height of a mountain or the tint of the sea. Besides, remorse of conscience is not remorse of judgment. Joy of conscience is not joy of judgment. The judgment has touched something else, some principle or law of the moral nature, by which remorse has been kindled or gladness evoked; and that something else, which is an essential constituent of the mind, and which occupies a mediating position between the judgment and the emotion, is the root and essence of conscience.

Again: it is affirmed that conscience is simply an "inherited and persistent instinct." As *inherited*, its special character has been determined by the particular line of descent or ascent by which man has been evolved from a marine ascidian, or something even lower than that, and might have been a very different thing had the line of evolution been different. "If," for instance, "men were reared under precisely the same conditions as hive-bees, there can hardly be a doubt that our unmarried females would, like the worker-bees, think it a sacred duty to kill their brothers, and mothers to kill their fertile daughters; and no one would think of interfering."* Then, as being a *persistent* instinct, that is to say, one which has always

* Darwin.

full and equal power of activity, as distinguished from those which act only periodically, and under special conditions, it produces a state of discomfort and distress when it has been overborne by some of its more transient but impetuous associates; just as a school-boy may feel depressed and disheartened when he has been worsted in either a mental or physical encounter with his fellows. But that does not and cannot account for the sense of guilt, of ill-desert, of just exposure to punishment, on account of yielding to the impulse of the one instinct rather than the other. That surely has its ground in something which is above instinct; unless indeed it be maintained, in opposition to the general sentiment of mankind, that all mental processes and intuitions are merely instinctive. By common consent, that is said to be done by instinct which, however truly rational in itself, is not the result of rational motive in the doer, but of the pressure of certain inherent laws which are stimulated into blind activity by certain physical conditions. Most certainly in that sense the phenomena of conscience are not instinctive.

Closely allied to these are the philosophers who maintain that conscience is "a moral sense," or a special sense for the moral, as there are special senses for touch, smell, taste, sight, and hearing. Thus the peculiar emotions of conscience are not the result of thought, or of a foregoing moral judgment, but are simply sensations produced by contact with moral qualities, which are developed by reflection into *consequent* moral judgments. Hence that in conduct which pleasantly excites this moral sense is thereby known to be right and good, whereas that which gives it pain or inconvenience is wrong. Hence also there can be no necessity to subject anyone to practical moral training, because the natural moral sense, by its own sensations, determines what is the moral quality of actions with unerring certainty. And hence, those who have followed out the theory to its ultimate logical consequences, have maintained openly that "all immorality springs simply from 'civilisation,' and from perverted education;" and that if "the child be simply let alone in its naturalness," and "be guarded against perverting influences, then it will spontaneously develop itself as normally as a tree in a good soil!"* It is true that few of the sensationalists

* Rousseau.

have carried out their moral theories to this extreme. Some have endeavoured to prove that the moral sense is not a sense for that which is pleasing to self (as was maintained by Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke, and others), and therefore the centre of a purely selfish system of morality; but a sense for that which is conducive to the good of others, as opposed to mere self-interest (as Hutchinson); while others have apparently raised it into a higher and more spiritual sphere, by comparing it with taste, or the sense for the beautiful. But, not to insist upon a crowd of other fatal objections to this moral-sense theory of conscience,—as that it ought to be invariable, which it is not; to have most intense pain while in actual contact with sin, which it has not; and that the pain ought gradually to fade away with the lapse of time and become entirely obliterated, which it does not,—it is pertinent to inquire, Whence the consciousness of moral obligation? the intuitive conviction that the right and the good ought to be done, not simply because they are pleasant, but because they are right and good? and the peculiar emotions of joy or remorse when that has been done which ought, or ought not, to be done? These surely are things which are the distinguishing criteria of conscience, and which find nothing correspondent in any other sense. Besides, consciousness evinces that the emotional activities of conscience are not sensations; that we do not judge certain actions to be right because they furnish pleasant sensations; but they occasion pleasant emotions because we judge them to be right. A man is convinced, or judges, that he has done wrong, and thereupon suffers remorse; whereas, if the moral-sense theory were correct, he must first suffer remorse, and thence conclude that he must have done wrong.

Others again have maintained that conscience is the mind's "susceptibility of experiencing the emotions of remorse and self-approbation."* If that means simply the mind's susceptibility of experiencing these emotions just in the same sense in which it is susceptible of anger, compassion, or any other affection; if it means that the conscience "is made up of emotions" whose office it is to control or impel the will; then, we apprehend, the definition is both incorrect and inadequate.† It not only takes

* Payne.

† We say "It," because we think it possible that Dr. Payne may have meant something more. In Dr. Wardlaw's *Christian Ethics* (third edition,

no account of those emotional susceptibilities of the conscience which are prospective, and which act upon the will both as impulsive and restraining forces, but it confounds the affections of conscience with conscience itself. A man is susceptible of remorse or self-approbation because he has a conscience, but neither the latent nor the active emotions constitute the conscience. Remorse is not conscience, but *of* conscience; the gladness of self-approbation, for having achieved the good in spite of pressing temptation to evil, is not conscience, but *of* conscience; and other emotions there are which as truly pertain to conscience as these, but which do not, either by themselves, or in association with these, constitute that centre of the personal moral unity which is emphatically the conscience. This is the root out of which they grow; the centre around which they cluster; the cause of which they are but the manifold effects.

Nor do they succeed in bringing forth to light this world-restraining, world-impelling power, who think to reconcile all the varied phenomena of conscience by saying that both "the function of moral discrimination and the susceptibility of consequent emotion, belong to the province of conscience."* That which discriminates in morals must be either a sense, or an instinct, or an exercise of judgment. It is not, as we have seen, either of the former, and therefore must be the latter. But judgment, even when discriminating the qualities of moral actions, is not conscience, but only judgment still; the emotions consequent upon that discrimination are not conscience but remorse, self-approbation, or some kindred affection; and the judgment and emotion when all combined in one comprehensive bundle, do not constitute conscience, but only an array of moral and mental powers and susceptibilities which bear intimate relationship to conscience. Con-

1837), Dr. Payne is quoted as saying that "by an original law of the mind, self-approbation or self-condemnation arises, as an individual conceives himself innocent or guilty, whether that conviction be well or ill-founded." In our copy of Dr. Payne's *Mental and Moral Science* (third edition, 1845), the above sentence reads that "*the mind has been so formed that remorse,*" &c. If Dr. Payne, by that "original law of the mind," meant that in which is given the consciousness of moral obligation; and if the same thing is intended by him in the statement that "conscience is the susceptibility of experiencing the emotions of remorse," &c., then the definition is so far right; but it is nevertheless defective in that it takes no account of the prospective action of this law in impelling to the right and restraining from the wrong.

* Harris.

science, properly so called, does not discriminate and judge,—that pertains to an intellectual power; nor does the judgment, by its own immediate action, evoke the moral emotion; but the judgment being formed and delivered, the conscience is thereby moved into activity, and the appropriate emotion follows. In other words, *conscience is that law of the mind which gives (or contains within itself) "the consciousness of obligation," in all our moral activities, to be loyal to truth, righteousness, and goodness.* Man has no intuitive and infallible power for the immediate perception of that which is right and good in any given case. His knowledge on moral subjects has to be acquired by observation, study, and instruction, just as on all other subjects. Hence he may, on these subjects also, be in ignorance and error, as well as on others. But the peculiarity of his mental constitution is this, that having ascertained the right and the good, his conscience binds him in allegiance to them.

It is in virtue of a law of the mind that we know that nothing can possibly begin to be without a cause; and "that causation includes something more than antecedence and consequence, a mere relation of time," though "causality itself cannot be detected," and "is not a thing to be seen." We do not know what it is; do not know why or how it operates in some given way, producing always, under like conditions, similar results. But we do know that it is there. And even when philosophers, with learned labour, strive to cast doubt upon the whole subject of causality, the utmost which they can possibly accomplish is to make manifest our ignorance as to what it is. Notwithstanding all the haze of sophistry in which they involve both themselves and others, they still believe, and cannot but believe, that every event must have a cause; and that a cause is not a mere unrelated antecedent to the effect, but a potency which produces the result, or upon the activity of which the event is conditioned. The mind is so constituted as to be necessitated to this conclusion; its laws of thought are such as that it cannot believe otherwise. It knows, by immediate intuition, that so it is, and so it must be, always and everywhere. It does not thus know of this and the other thing, first presented to its attention, whether or not they bear to each other the relation of cause and effect; nor, if so, which is cause and which effect. That is a knowledge to be arrived at by ob-

servation and inquiry. But what it does know, without any inquiry or instruction, is that everything which begins to be is a caused thing.

So, too, the mind does not perceive, by intuition, that this, that, or the other course of conduct is right and good, or the contrary; it has to arrive at that concrete knowledge by observation and instruction, or the intelligent application of the moral law; but it does know that, being right and good, it is bound in allegiance to it. It knows this by a law of its own constitution, which never can, by any subterfuge or sophistry, be obliterated or obscured. And this inherent and indestructible law of the mind, in respect to matters of morality and religion, is precisely that principle or power which is properly called conscience. Out of this law, which gives the immediate consciousness of being morally bound in loyalty to righteousness, all the emotional susceptibilities of conscience, both prospective and retrospective, naturally arise. That is their proper ground and cause. Mere discrimination of moral qualities is not their cause; nor is the actual moral judgment arrived at and delivered, their cause. The discriminating judgment is indeed a pre-requisite to the activity of that which is their cause; but, apart from that law of the mind in which the intuition is given that we are morally bound to be righteous and do righteously, the mere moral judgment would awaken none of these emotions.

There are some who have made the mistake of supposing that because conscience is the law of the mind in respect to matters of morality, "a law written on the heart," therefore it must, in its normal state, contain all moral knowledge; a mistake comparable to that of a man who, because the law of the mind, in respect to such matters, is that so soon as it understands mathematical axioms and demonstrations, it cannot but consent to them as true, should thence infer that every human mind contains all mathematical knowledge. Conscience is not the moral law which supplies a clear and authoritative rule of action, but it is the law of the mind in its relation to the moral law. It is not that in which is given the immediate revelation of the objectively right, but that in which is given the consciousness of our personal obligation to the right.

This account of conscience, and this alone, supplies the basis of a natural and consistent explanation of all the

facts involved. It avoids the incongruity of supposing that mankind have, without any concert, either agreed to speak of, and deal with, a whole bundle of diverse intellectual processes and emotional susceptibilities, as though they were only one; or to give to the mere functional exercise of one particular and well-defined intellectual faculty a distinct name, as though it had become a new and independent principle simply by dealing with a particular class of objective facts,—a case to which no parallel or analogy can be supplied. It also escapes from the perplexing difficulty, which presses equally upon those who regard the conscience as being rather a moral sense, or a moral instinct, or a moral law written on the heart, and supplying in itself a test and standard of all moral actions, viz. this: that the deliverances of conscience, in respect to objective moral facts are not uniform, as they surely must be if either of those theories were correct. While the fact that it is the law of the mind in respect to matters of morality and religion, out of which spring up spontaneously and perpetually the consciousness that we are morally bound both to be righteous and to do righteously, accounts for both its prospective restraining and impulsive influence on the will, and for the retrospective emotions of self-approbation and remorse; and also, for its upward reference and appeal to that invisible, all-seeing, all-mighty and absolutely righteous Being who is at once the Author of our constitution, the Lord of conscience, and the Judge of conduct.

And so it has been said, with equal beauty and depth of insight, that “in itself and according to its essence, conscience, as the consciousness of God, would be beyond contradiction the inbeing of God as the True and the Good, around which, as their centre, all the faculties of human nature would revolve in yearning love. It would be in its working on my self-consciousness, it is true, a consciousness of the dependence of my being and my will on a higher being and will; but there would be, as the bond of communion of our nature with God, a consciousness of the union of my will with the Divine will standing above me. Such, however, it no longer is.” For in our sinful state “conscience with its demanding ‘shall,’ does not portray to us a friendly light in whose glow we may disport ourselves, but it steps before us as a creditor before his debtor. It is a light that shineth in the darkness—not

perverted by the darkness into a 'shall,' but by this 'shall' (which pertained to it before the darkness was induced) asserting its form and authority against the darkness. For that which I might have felt as a higher relation of my spiritual nature created in me, so as to love and cherish it with the same natural affection as I love, nourish, and cherish my own flesh,—that I now feel as a power standing over me, with a strange and ever-binding presence. Not, however, *that conscience*, whether the will of man be conceived of as in unison with God or in opposition to Him, *explains to me the nature of the personal will of God*, as of a will superior to man's will, in a series of requirements. Conscience is not such an interpreter of the personal will of God or of the Divine law. For this, God had already, before the fall, adopted other means (Gen. ii. 16, 17). But conscience really is the spirit of man, so shaped and organised that this higher relation, innate in the nature of the spirit—if I do not in my personal life allow myself to be carried along, swayed, and led by it—comes upon me as a spiritual power of nature, of unsatisfied hunger, of disappointed longing, of violated shame, subdues me by its power, and makes me to perceive the perverted emancipation of my personal life from the *most peculiar and permanent ground of my nature* in the consciousness of *unsatisfied higher requirements*, and accusations not to be gainsaid, and sorrowful condemnation."*

Though men may deny and deride the existence of a personal God, who is the Author and the Lord of conscience, if they will, they cannot, by any theory which they may invent and propound, whether that of an evolved instinct, or a subjective moral sense, or a sentiment produced by human authority inflicting punishments, escape from the fact that conscience in all its operations has respect to a superhuman power of some kind. "That which is not allowed a place in our inmost convictions will float about us in fantastic shapes of which we dare not ask whether they bring with them airs from heaven or blasts from hell. Conscience will make cowards of us all if it does not lead us to the source of courage."†

* Harless.

† Maurice.

ART. V.—*The Philosophy of Natural Theology: An Essay in Confutation of the Scepticism of the Present Day, which obtained a Prize at Oxford, Nov. 26th, 1872.* By the Rev. WILLIAM JACKSON, M.A., F.S.A., formerly Fellow of Worcester College, Author of "Positivism," "Right and Wrong," "The Golden Spell," &c. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster-row. 1874.

NATURAL Theology has for its office to investigate "that which may be known of God" apart from Revelation. Like Revealed Theology, it starts from the notion of a God which has always been found among men, the possibility of a self-manifestation which that notion implies, and the distinction between the natural and the supernatural which draws the boundary line between these two provinces of thought. The fundamental axioms of each are therefore the same; so likewise are their processes, viewed in the primitive elements of inductive research and deductive inference. But there is the widest possible difference in the materials on which the labour is expended. Having discovered in actual human experience the notion of a God, Natural Theology pursues it to its origin, and examines its claims to be a native rather than an adventitious possession of the mind. It traces the influence of this notion upon human conduct, and considers how it fits in with the moral principles that regulate that conduct. Turning from the internal to the external world, it examines the frame of nature, to discover what indications it contains of the working of a Power distinct from itself, and what attributes may be predicated of such a Power, as manifested in His handiwork. It compares the results of the two sets of observations, and determines what conclusions may be drawn as to the unity of both internal and external worlds at their source. It professes that a rich measure of success rewards these inquiries, and that though working in entire independence of revelation, in the end it adds its proof to the proposition which revelation has all along assumed, that the Framer of nature and of the mind of man, is also the Fountain of inspiration. For Natural Theology does not

claim to have established a scheme of the Divine government so perfect that no light needs to be shed upon it from above, nor to have discovered such modes of access to the Universal Parent that a propitiation shall no longer be necessary, nor to have found such a remedy for man's woes that there is no longer any need to speak of grace, forgiveness, and eternal life. It may begin by ignoring revelation, but it ends by acknowledging its necessity. The light is clear enough to show man his transgression, but lacks the vivifying power that must transform him into a new creature; it is strong enough to set in bold relief his ruinous condition, but cannot bring health and cure.

The task of revealed theology is also to interpret voices, to collate testimonies, to establish doctrines; but the voices have been uttered through human lips, or, at least, in human speech, the testimonies have been borne to and by living men, the doctrines have been already defined with supernatural distinctness, and a truly human simplicity. The teachings of natural theology are penury itself, compared with the plenitude of truth unfolded by the science that is most truly called Divine. Glorious as are the evidences of the former, the positive results are small in the latter: with an abundance of confirmatory proof there comes a far wealthier abundance of actual manifestation. In the former the successive steps of the demonstration are arduous, and the conclusion imperfect: in the latter it is the affluence of the truth that is embarrassing, and the splendour of the illumination that overpowers the sight.

To speak of revealed theology, then, as founding upon natural, would be to use, to say the least, an inappropriate figure, for what superstructure can be wider or stronger than its base? As appealing to additional evidences, and communicating additional truths, revelation cannot be supposed in any sense dependent on natural theology. So far as the latter can proceed, it coincides with the former; but it would more clearly mark the distinctive characteristics of each, to say that, while springing from a common foundation in first principles, they rise side by side, and lend each other a collateral support. It will then be competent to the believer in revelation to regard natural theology as merely an outlying wing of the temple of Truth. To the unbeliever it will present its own evidences, specially adapted to a mind like his; but if he refuse to

accept them, it will not be lawful for him to say that, with these, the evidences of revealed religion also fall to the ground.

In thus contending for the separateness of these two provinces, we are aware how difficult it is for the Christian Theist, believing as he does that the world has never been without a revelation, to determine where the boundary between the natural and the supernatural should be drawn. The question may be asked, how it is possible, if man has never lacked an oracle, to distinguish between its teachings and those of nature; and the concession may have to be made that there are many secrets of the inner consciousness which were inexplicable till a supernal radiance fell upon them, and many dicta of the moral sense which would never have been pronounced without a Heavenly Prompter. But our opinion remains, that a true and vital distinction between the human and the superhuman as certainly exists in the mental and moral life of mankind as in those utterances of which an apostle thus distinguishes the sources,—“I speak, not the Lord,” and “I command, yet not I, but the Lord.” The distinction may be logically demonstrated, even where it cannot be accurately drawn. Take, for instance, the love of his fellow-man, as exhibited by man in the heroic self-devotion of some Christian apostle, of ancient or modern times. Heroic self-devotion has been seen in Pagan characters, apart from the expectation of an endless reward. The principle, then, however rare its higher manifestations, and however tainted when it occurs with the admixture of pride and other motives, must be allowed to exist in human nature itself. In the Christian martyr or missionary, we see the same principle sublimated and purified, avowedly replenished by supernatural succour, and professedly accomplishing supernatural effects. It may be difficult to say where the human ends and the superhuman begins, especially if we admit the doctrine of a supernatural influence, unconfined either in time or place by the limits of the Church. But the original capability of such virtue must have been involved in the very constitution of the mind. Neither original sin nor actual transgression could obliterate it,—they are the witnesses to its existence: least of all could redemption, whose work is neither to create nor to destroy, but to restore. And as the light and heat of the sunbeam, inseparable in fact, are yet separable in thought and sub-

ject each to its own peculiar laws, so the natural and the supernatural in man may be severally discussed without destroying the identity of either.

This is a difficulty that only exists for the believer. For the sceptic it has no meaning, but in the place of it he has a greater, viz., to account for all the moral manifestations of the race without admitting the supernatural at all. And here the believer has a decided advantage. Acknowledging the complexity of human experience, he is in no wise discomfited by the necessity that may be laid upon him to refer more of any given phenomena than he could at first admit to the purely subjective side: the adjustment is a mere matter of detail. But the sceptic must explain, from nature only, all the facts, from the blood-thirstiness of Cain to the self-sacrifice of Christ; all their variations in the same man, from those of Saul "breathing out threatenings and slaughter," to those of Paul "ready to be offered;" all their complexity, almost to contradiction, in the experiences of one and the same moment, as in the sublime series of paradoxes, "sorrowful, yet always rejoicing," "poor, yet making many rich," "having nothing, and yet possessing all things." Wide, indeed, must be the induction, and deep the analysis that would explain experiences like these.

The distinguishing glory of Natural Theology is its appeal to reason: the distinguishing glory of Revealed Theology, is its appeal to faith; and the two have been supposed to stand in direct antagonism. Even advocates of Revelation have sometimes, from excess either of caution or of confidence, proclaimed the entire independence of the two principles, and imitated the exclusive spirit in which their opponents have cried up the watchword of their fight. But a deeper investigation reveals the essential unity of the two. In Revealed Theology, faith rests upon reason; in Natural, reason reposes upon faith. Like granite in the earth's crust, faith lies lowest, and rises highest among the strata of human thought: it is at once the corner-stone and the top-stone of the intellectual edifice, and should be accepted as the common foundation of all systems that may compete for acceptance among mankind. If there be no common ground on which the disputants, on either side, may meet, no received principles from which they may proceed through friendly controversy to solemn compact and undying fellowship, the

breach must continue unhealed, and the responsibility will belong to those on either side who could only be content with gaining an overwhelming victory, and inflicting an overwhelming defeat. But such immense victories usually turn to the disadvantage of the winners, at least in the region of thought. The recoil is sure to come, and the strongholds too easily won are fain to be evacuated. The end of every conflict should be reconciliation, not revenge. There is a jealousy in some minds lest, in speaking of reconciliation between reason and revelation, we should be imitating the policy of compromise, which has again and again undermined the faith of many, and threatened the stability of the Church itself. But reconciliation does not imply subjection: the question is one of a clearing-up of misconceptions rather than of a concession of principles. There need be no warfare, if faith and reason be one.

Holding such convictions, it is with pleasure we welcome the contribution to the department of Natural Theology announced at the head of this paper. A few years ago an individual whose name has not been made public, offered "a prize of £100, to be competed for by members of the University of Oxford of not less standing than Master of Arts, for the best essay in confutation of the Materialism of the present Day, by Arguments derived from Evidences of Intelligence, Design, Contrivance, and Adaptation of Means to Ends, in the Universe, and especially in Man, considered in his Moral Nature, his Religious Aptitudes, and his Intellectual Powers; and in all Organic Nature." As the result of this competition, the prize was awarded to the author of the present volume. Of its four hundred pages, the essay itself occupies only about one half, the remainder is taken up with notes and illustrations touching its most salient points, somewhat detrimental to the continuity of the argument, but serving to set the subject before the reader in a great variety of lights. Indeed, without aiming at so much, the work seems to present a sort of conspectus of modern opinions on the most important questions connected with natural theology.

The title of the book, *The Philosophy of Natural Theology*, fitly indicates the nature of the researches here instituted. In the hands of popular writers on the subject, its fundamental positions, together with the difficulties that beset them, had been too easily overlooked. It was only necessary for these difficulties to be paraded and made the

most of, to induce a widespread belief that the positions themselves were shaken, if not altogether overthrown. Scepticism concerning a Divine Revelation thus obtained an ally in scepticism concerning those collateral arguments which ought to furnish the best answer to the sceptic, as professing to meet him on his own ground. It thus behoved any who would successfully rehabilitate these outlying defences of Christianity to go down to the very foundations, and strive to lay them afresh. This is, so far as possible within its limits, the aim of the work before us; and in the measure in which it has been successful, a service has been rendered of no unimportant kind to Revealed no less than to Natural Theology. The work is not intended, it will be obvious, as an easy introduction to the science of which it professes to treat: that which seriously deals with the elements of any science can hardly ever be itself elementary. Preliminary definitions are here dispensed with, and a discursive style of address is adopted throughout that would ill become the compiler of a hand-book, but that will commend itself to those whose prior acquaintance with the various topics, or at least general habits of analysis, may have prepared them to appreciate its rich suggestiveness and truth to nature. All sources are drawn upon, philosophical, literary, and scientific; and a warm sympathy with the world of nature, no less than with the world of living men, as remote from the spirit of much modern poetry as sentiment is from sentimentality, invests the whole with a peculiar charm.

The plan of the work is described in the following quotations from the introductory chapter:—

“Reasoning on Natural Theology falls necessarily into two divisions. The *first* is made up of arguments drawn from the world without us. The *second*, of arguments drawn from the world within. Each path of reasoning is subject to a cross division. We may argue affirmatively to a definite conclusion. We may also argue negatively with the same end in view;—we may show how much more difficult and less tenable is the contradictory hypothesis. . . . At the head of all their reasonings, Natural Theologians usually place the celebrated argument from Design. It would be impossible, in discussing it, to reproduce here the many illustrative examples of Design which have been collected. It would likewise be useless; partly because they are all easily accessible and mostly well known; partly because their appositiveness as *illustrations* is now fully admitted; and the con-

troverſy turns upon queſtions of another and more abſtract kind. It is aſked whether the analogy founded on theſe inſtances is relevant?—whether it proves too little or too much?—and, how far the inferences drawn from ſuch examples really go? Our plan will, therefore, be to devote our ſecond chapter to the examination of ſuch objections; to the review and elucidation of the argument from Deſign.

“The third chapter is intended as a critical propædæutic, or foundation, for the conſtructive ſcience of Natural Theology. So far as our experience of men in great cities teaches anything with reſpect to the ſpeculative difficulties which keep them from God, it ſeems to teach one undoubted fact. There is grounded in their minds a perſuaſion (underlying all further objections), that, whatever elſe we can know, little or nothing is to be learned concerning God. The idea of Theiſm is thus isolated from every other idea; and there is a preſumption againſt all reaſoning which in any way leads up to a determinate thought of the Divine Being or the Divine attributes. . . . To this whole kind of preoccupation the third chapter is addreſſed. There are really no ſpecial difficulties in the way of Theiſm. It argues from the known to the unknown; ſo do all the inductive ſciences. It accepts more than it can explain; ſo do we, each and all, in accepting the truth of our individuality and perſonal identity, of the world outside us, and of the mind within, which ſcrutinises that changing world. The more thoroughly queſtions relating to our firſt ſources of knowledge are debated, the more ſurely we ſhall perceive how ſafe is the ſtarting point of Natural Theology.

“Againſt Materialiſm, on the other hand, there may be urged a ſeries of difficulties properly its own, and this may be moſt eaſily ſeen by placing it in contrast with pure Idealism. The Materialiſtic ſtarting-point is from an unauthoriſed poſtulate—in common parlance, an unfounded aſſumption; each ſtep it takes is attended with a freſh need of poſtulation, amounting at laſt to the graveſt burden of improbability. And when the materialiſing goal is reached we gain nothing; no treaſure is diſcovered, no viſta opened into new realms of intellectual or moral empire. We are only told that our ſuppoſed insight was but a dream. We are only warned to dream no more. Materialiſm has murdered insight.

“With the argument of this chapter there ariſes a very important queſtion, which the reader is entreated to put to himſelf more than once, and beſtow upon it from time to time a pauſe of ſerious thought. In a negative form the queſtion runs thus:—Since the difficulties ſuppoſed to bar the *firſt* march of Natural Theology are in no wiſe peculiar to it, but attach themſelves equally to a multitude of our daily grounds of thinking and acting, muſt we not, *if*, on account of ſuch difficulties, we deny Natural Theiſm,

also deny those persuasions of ordinary life? How else can we maintain our critical consistency? Let no man henceforward be confident that there exists an outward world of men or things; let him not carelessly suppose that he has even an individual mind to speak of as his own; let all that concerns *otherness*—all that concerns *selfness* be relegated along with the Divine Being to the region of the unknown and the unknowable. But we may imagine that, instead of denying these truths of common life, many men will be hardy enough to affirm them. If so, in accepting these, they clearly accept a great deal more. To be consistent, they must accept also the reasonable beliefs and first principles upon which reposes Theism."

The peculiarity of the present essay is that it regards the line of argument drawn from the world without as wholly distinct from that founded on the phenomena of the world within. The two lines converge to the same conclusion, but are themselves wholly independent, any particular weakness alleged against the one not being incident to the other. Thus the argument from Design in Nature might stand or fall on its own merits, without affecting that which relies on our indestructible moral consciousness. The author quotes Kant as a sympathiser in these views, which however were the fruit of his own meditations. "Natural Theology," says Kant, "infers the attributes and the existence of an Author of the world, from the constitution of, the order and unity observable in this world, in which two modes of causality, together with their laws, must be accepted—that is to say, nature and freedom. Thus Natural Theology rises from this world to a Supreme Intelligence, whether as to the principle of all natural or of all moral order and perfection. In the former case it is termed Physico-Theology, in the latter Ethico- or Moral Theology. Not theological ethics; for this latter science contains ethical laws, which *presuppose* the existence of a Supreme Governor of the world; while moral theology, on the contrary, is an evidence of the existence of a Supreme Being, an evidence founded upon ethical laws." The author puts the case in its strongest form when he asserts that "the conditions under which Natural Theology becomes scientifically possible, are found when it supplements natural science by a science of right and wrong," and that "for the future Natural Theology ought to follow this path and no other, unless it wishes to commit suicide."

We perfectly agree with our author that enough has not

been made of the facts of human consciousness, and that from a due consideration of them not only may a distinct argument be made out for the being and perfections of a God, but also a nexus provided for the ultimate unification of this and the argument from nature. For when intelligence has been demonstrated to be the mainspring of the universe, it is by the analogy of what goes on within us that we are necessitated to conjoin with it moral qualities, for the illustration of which, again we may appeal to nature. But let it be clearly understood for what reasons and to what extent this separation is made. We must remember that the physical and moral worlds are presented in indissoluble connexion. Though their laws differ, the phenomena on which they are founded continually meet and interlace. Mind observes its own laws even when it scrutinises those of matter. The establishment of the latter at all is due to the operation of the former. The intelligence discerned in these external laws is a notion derived from the internal. In fact, one of the objects of this essay is to prove that the ego will intrude into the sphere of the non-ego, whether we wish it or no, and will interpret and even modify its representations. And in like manner if we turn to the world within, we find that it owes its development, though not its constitution, to the world without. Responsibility is undoubtedly a native principle, but what would it be apart from the frown or smile upon the human face Divine which perception brings us; nay, whence would the springs of human action be fed, were there no material good to stimulate the physical sense and to provide analogies to the objects of a sense that is spiritual and Divine? Nevertheless, for logical purposes we may disentangle the complexity of experience, and reason on physical apart from mental phenomena, all the while admitting that they are inseparable in their existence and reciprocal in their action. And this, we take it, is the meaning of our author, when he recommends us to study the several classes of phenomena apart. Then truly we have the advantage of confining the difficulties of each within their own proper range. If there be evidence of wisdom and benevolence in creation, it is not overthrown by showing that the fruits thereof are applied by those who receive them to their own mutual misery and destruction; to account for this we must go to the laws of the moral world. If, on the other hand, we find a con-

sciousness of freedom within the human breast, side by side with a consciousness of obedience to the strongest motive, the latter is not to be made to override the former by a reference to the automatic movements of matter; analogy must not be converted into identity, nor the influence of superior motives upon the self-determining mind be confounded with the blind forces that connect particle with particle and world with world.

In the second chapter the essayist discusses the validity of the Argument from Design. He introduces the subject by referring to a popular misconception arising from the method adopted by Paley in the definition of the term "design," viz., the employment of the now familiar illustration of a watch found upon a heath. The force of this illustration has been supposed to be destroyed by the admission of Paley that a watch found in such circumstances would excite surprise, but that a stone would not. Why, it is said, are we surprised? Is it not because watches and stones are essentially unlike; and, if so, is it fair to argue from the one to the other, from art to nature? To this there are several answers. First, our surprise does not spring from the dissimilarity of the objects, but from our previous knowledge of the uses of a watch. In fact, our surprise at the neighbourhood in which the watch is found may be wholly eliminated from the subject: so also the contrast may be diminished, by substituting for the apparently unmechanised piece of matter supposed to be compared with the work of art some highly organised natural production. The objection to Paley's illustration is thus cleared of all complications, and the issue narrowed to a single point, viz., that watches and worlds, though both show signs of organisation, are still essentially unlike. "Your organisms are not put together like the parts of a watch (*undique collatis membris*)—brass from this place, steel from that, and so on, with china dial-plate, covering-glass, and gold case." The answer to this might well be that there is a much closer resemblance between art and nature than this objection supposes. "In a plant, for instance, there is the combination of a growing point, a humus or pabulum that feeds it, and the stimuli, air, water, light, and all the 'skyey influences' by which its passive vitality is excited and sustained. We see plant life, by reason of these concurrent adaptations, swelling into leaf, stem, bud, corolla, and fruit, throughout all the brighter

types of vegetable beauty that bloom apparent to the un-assisted eye." But the true reply to the objection is that Paley does not insist, and does not mean to insist, on any likeness, greater or less, between natural and artificial productions themselves. His argument is wholly analogical, and turns, not on the relation of stone to watch, parterre to loom, or animal to locomotive, but on the similarity of the relations between the members of these successive pairs of objects and the causes which have brought them into being. "As a watch is to the watch-maker, so is creation to its Creator."

Passing from the more popular to the more philosophical objections, the author sums them up in two classes, according as they consider that the argument from design proves too little or too much. Of the latter first:—

"Admit, say Paley's most decided antagonists, the relevancy of an argument from human art. It must be taken to show the Creator of the universe as Theists conceive and acknowledge Him. Let us ask in what light He is thereby represented? Is it not, so to speak, as a supreme Anthropomorphic Craftsman sketching a vast plan or design, and moulding the materials necessary for its realisation? We begin with the remark that His work—the world—must show some traces of that plastic process and the hand of its moulder. The requirement seems just and reasonable, and is commonly answered by an appeal to what have been termed the records of the creation, the structure of the heavens and the structure of the earth. Thus, for example, we are referred to geology and palæontology, and are led from age to age, and type to type. In passing from one formation to another, we seem (as Goethe said) to catch nature in the fact. At all events, the plastic process is everywhere traceable, and to its evidence the Theist points with triumph."

However it is to be explained, the fact cannot be denied that creation bears witness to a certain development of plan, and to the introduction of successive improvements as age after age has rolled by. Anthropomorphism is thus as great a stumbling-block to evolutionists as to those who believe in a Creator. How did it happen that those types have "survived" which commend themselves to the human mind as "the fittest"? How is it that the idea of the beautiful in pre-Adamite fauna and flora coincides with that of the more recent race of mankind? Or was the latter framed upon the model of the former, and, if so, by

what means did this pre-established harmony take effect? Suppose a Divine Artificer, and you have, it is true, to imagine a self-limitation in the production of a finite and imperfect Universe; but it is such a self-limitation as must be expected unless His handiwork were to be like Himself infinite. "The counsel of His own will" is a sufficient reason to man why infinite wisdom and boundless benevolence should work, and yet assign limits to their own exercise, should manifest themselves to finite creatures rather in successive stages of operation, than in one simultaneous outburst, that should admit of no advancement toward perfection. The author continues:—

"But no intelligent objector can stop here. He will next inquire what, on theistic principles, was the origin of this material substance so constantly undergoing transformation. Most sceptical thinkers put the inquiry in a trenchant manner; they not only demand to be answered, but they prescribe beforehand the sort of answer to be returned. It is useless, they tell us, to speak of archetypes existing in the Divine mind, and to illustrate them by the creative thought of musician or sculptor, of painter or of poet. The hard coarse world must be looked at as it is,—an actual material habitation for sorrowing and sinful human creatures; its physical conditions, imperfect in that respect, unhappily corresponding too well with the low moralities of its tenants.

"Now, they say, if we examine Paley's common-sense analogy, no one can at all doubt what answer is suggested there. The steel of the watch-spring, the brass of the wheel-work, and other materials for all the curious mechanical contrivances required, were taken into account by the watch designer when he formed his design. Had it been otherwise, he could not have calculated on finding the necessary strength, elasticity, resistance to rust, and other properties on which Paley dwells so distinctly. In like manner, it has been said by some physical science Christians since Paley's time: 'Let matter and its primary properties be presupposed, and the argument from design is easy.' True, but it seems quite as easy to suppose the world itself eternal. And we know that this supposition was adopted by Pagan philosophers, to whom it appeared the easiest of all beliefs.

"But other philosophic Pagans, holding clearly that the world had a beginning, conceived its first cause to be like Paley's Designer—analogueous to an earthly workman. They carried out the analogy thoroughly—more thoroughly than modern writers, and believed both Artificer and the matter from which He shaped the visible universe, self-subsistent, indestructible, and co-eternal.

"In this eternity of matter and its native inflexibilities, these great heathen thinkers found an apology for what they considered the failure of creative power—misshapen things, monstrosities, and imperfections. The Creator never desired them, but His will was thwarted by the material He worked in. Against this dualism the early fathers protested. Will the modern Theist (his assailants ask) deny himself, and affirm two independent and self-existent principles; or will he deny the parallelism asserted in Paley's analogy? Can he conscientiously believe that its issue is a worthy representation of the Divine and Omnipotent Creator? If not, it has failed by proving too much."

A general reply to all such objections may be found in the fact that they lie equally against any theory of the Universe that may be framed. On the materialist hypothesis, the question still presents itself *why* the conditions of life should be so imperfect, why, after an eternity of evolution, the concourse of atoms has not produced a state of things which might be worthily regarded as perfect and ultimate? There has been a progress from worse to better, will there be a further progress from better to best; or has the acme of possible perfection already been reached, and a process set in of disintegration which shall resolve all organisms into their primitive atoms? The essayist rests his main answer, however, on the rules and limitations of analogical argument. A similarity in one point between any two relations is an argument not to be weakened by dissimilarity in other and unessential respects. The argument from design is not affected by the fact that the great Designer had to create as well as adapt His materials. Creation, like inspiration and miracle, has been pronounced an impossible conception, but what warrant is there for applying the test of inconceivability to a subject which, on every theory that can be named, resists its application? If applied, an eternity of matter is surely a much more inconceivable alternative than an eternity of mind. And similar remarks will apply to the *imperfections* of the material universe. Just as in the act of creation itself we acknowledge the exertion of infinite power, but yet of infinite power limiting itself to the production of a certain *quantum* of matter, so in the various arrangements of creation we see proofs of infinite wisdom, whose force cannot be broken by any appeal to imperfections subsisting side by side with them. We may not say the world is not the work of infinite wisdom and goodness,

because we can imagine how it could have been made better; any more than we may say it is not the product of almighty power because we can imagine it larger. What is finite must necessarily be imperfect, and a continual tendency toward perfection is all that can be demanded for the creature, whether animate or inanimate. We have not adverted to the probationary purpose of the imperfections of nature, because this pertains to the argument from moral agency, but it is obvious how strongly it bears upon the point. Upon the whole, we see no reason in the dualistic view against which the primitive ages of the Church had to contend. Physical evil and moral evil are different things: the former is merely negative defect, and might enter into the Creator's original plan even for upright beings: the latter, we hold, could not. Without going to the extreme of the philosophical optimism of Leibnitz, who regards the Creator as selecting out of all possible worlds what was absolutely best, or of the sentimental optimism of Paley, who would explain the predatory habits of animals as the most suitable on the whole, we can yet subscribe to the Theist's creed, that the world, even as it is, affords "a worthy representation of its Divine and Omnipotent Creator."

The second charge brought against the argument from design, is that, "by reason of weakness in its pivot," it proves too little.

"All examples which men can, of their own knowledge, connect with design, fall under one sole class, and from this class alone they argue. It contains the products of human workmanship and manufacture, and nothing else. By its characteristic processes (which, together with their result, make the sum of what we know about this class) it is so essentially dissociated from the products of nature, that any appearance of design common between them must be pronounced superficial in the absence of stronger *nexus*. But since proof of such *nexus* remains wanting, Paley's analogy is worthless. It will be observed that the effect of this position is to sever between human works and natural things quite as completely as did the popular objection which we put first in our list of assaults upon Paley. Yet, though these conclusions may seem suspiciously coincident, the grounds of argument are really distinct. Scientific persons do not compare two objects natural and artificial, nor yet their two sets of constituents, and say, 'These are unlike.' They argue rather that the relative or proportionate likeness asserted is insufficiently made out, and that when it is said, 'Design implies a designer,'

people are speaking of design worked out in the known way of workmen. We (they observe) need not *deny* a designer of the world, but we desiderate evidence of his actual workmanship. By this we shall know that he first conceived and then realised the alleged design. We do not feel convinced by being shown organic *some things* in their perfect state, and being told to observe how very like contrivances they are. They may be very like, certainly, but we want assurances that they can be nothing else. We want to have shown us some work being done, and to ascertain that it is carried on in a workman-like manner. Then we shall say with confidence, 'Here is the active hand of a designer.' To compress our requisition into a sentence, we want not only to catch Nature in the fact, but also to ascertain that Nature's way of performing the fact has something essentially human-like about it.

"As regards natural products, we have not got the fact—we do not know the history of their production. We cannot say, 'Here is the process,' because the processes of Nature are mostly unknown to us. Paley, therefore, would have us assume the fact, and argue from it; first to design, next to something more hidden still—a designer. Yet what we do know about natural processes is not encouraging; there is visible about them more unlikeness than likeness to the processes employed by man. The truth may be surmised, that Paley was always seeing in his own example the footprints, as he thought, of a designer. Hence he affirmed design, and then argued back again in a never-ending circle. There is really no reason why he should have travelled round such a circuit. If his argument shows anything it shows a designer at once."

The phrase "Design implies a designer" has seemed to some to beg the question, and it is plain that this would be indeed the case, if it were understood in a sense parallel to that other phrase which has replaced it in the mouths of some well-meaning controversialists,—"*Evolution implies an evolver.*" But there is a real argument contained in the phrase: if we analyse it, we shall find it means that such an arrangement of apparent means and ends as we see in nature warrants the affirmation of their prevision and preordination by a Being possessing intelligence, will, and personality. Of course, the demand will be for proof that ends actually attained were foreseen, and that means actually concurring to their production were selected. Is there such a thing as design in creation? Does the inference from work to workman, which everywhere obtains in the human sphere, hold equally in the realm of nature,

whose processes are so mysterious and unique? We confess that we do not see why mere mystery in the mode of operation should prejudice the argument at all. If mystery were absent, should we not immediately exclaim that the resources of the All-wise, in being found measurable, had been found wanting? And does not this very inscrutableness in the processes rebut the charge of anthropomorphism founded on the resemblance to human contrivance? There is enough of likeness to show that the Creator is Spirit as we are spirits, and revelation confirms nature in asserting such a relationship: there is enough of unlikeness to show that, though His nature be one with ours in kind, it is infinitely superior in the range of its attributes and the fulness of its resources.

A question closely connected with the above has reference to the ascent from intelligence to personality. With Paley this seemed to be but a step: contrivance for him proved everything. Baden Powell, as quoted by the author, makes it a much more serious undertaking, though one that may be safely accomplished. To him, order only proves intelligence: design is necessary to prove personality. To us this distinction is unintelligible, nor do we think the author definitely enunciates his own opinion concerning it. He appears to leave it an open question which of the two premises affords the best foundation for inferring personality. But to our view the two are one. Order, that is, mere classification of like and unlike, might be conceived apart from design: but the intelligence that produced the order seems inconceivable apart from personality, although the evidence for both is strengthened by the addition of design. Intelligence and volition infer each other: they are never found apart in human experience: every mental state is complex, and involves both elements. And so in nature: likenesses and unlikenesses could only have been perceived as they were determined to be perceived, and created as they were determined to be created, by a self-active mind. Nevertheless, the lines thus inseparable in fact may be profitably dissociated in thought, and we agree with the author in the expediency of so treating them for the purposes of argument. In leaving this subject of design, we may ask, If the proofs of it afforded by Nature are insufficient, what kind of proofs would suffice to convince the sceptic of the existence of a God? If order, manifested in operations of the most

diversified form and on the most gigantic scale, will not do it, will temporary suspensions of such order? If foresight of indefinitely remote consequences stamped in ineffaceable characters upon the foundations of the globe, fail to satisfy him, what objection will he raise to foresight of future events exhibited in another sphere, where the laws of invariable sequence reign not, and the complexion of tomorrow is as difficult to descry as the riddle of yesterday to expound? Both these sets of evidence are offered, the one in nature, the other in revelation; but if both are rejected, must not the reason be, either that no evidence is welcome, or that the mind which fails to see its force yet thinks it knows enough of itself and the Unknowable to pronounce all communication between the two impossible?

Having, in the examination of the design argument, shown that the most important questions of Natural Theology are questions concerning the very foundations of all knowledge, the essayist proceeds in the third chapter to draw a parallel between the difficulties of Theism and those to be met with in every department of human thought and action. Here he touches of necessity on some of the profoundest problems of philosophy, such as, "What are the realities of the universe, and what the essential ground of all we see and think?" Commencing with the question of our knowledge of the Absolute, he strongly maintains that the term is not a mere negation; and while sturdily warning off mere logic from so ethereal a region, he bestows a wistful glance on Schelling's dream of a spiritual intuition. He does not linger long on this debateable ground. The question of our "self-hood," brings him back to men and things, but it is only to proclaim, what all who have pondered the subject must unite in acknowledging, how little we know of the nature of the being which every one of us is.

"We entertain really no doubt whatever of our own continued sameness, and individual existence. We are quite sure that our *self-ness* has gone on throughout the years of our natural life. How it first became clear to our inward sense, is a point confessedly disputable. Some suppose that it existed as a principle of consciousness,—a kind of primordial instinct in our minds. Others—that our internal impressions, one and all, formed a panoramic scene; impressions from without, and impressions from within, evenly painted on the retina of the mental eye. Time and comparison were needful to give us the true distinction.

Those who think thus usually take another step, and add that *resistance* to our *self-ness* first informs us of our being. There is resistance to a muscular sense, somewhat akin to touch, but specialised to feel the kind of impact given by things impenetrable. There is also a resistance which thwarts our desires, endeavours, and determinations. Be this as it may, we never doubt our own identity of being; we never doubt the *other-ness* and *outer-ness* of beings like ourselves, and of objects beyond number. Yet, that which makes ourselves and them, what we and they are,—our *self-ness* and *their self-ness*,—raises a question we cannot answer; here is, we feel, a something which overpowers our means of investigation."

The very idea of self, though the basis of all our actions, appears wholly inexplicable, and the question rises unbidden to our lips, "Need we feel surprised if we fall short of conceiving the self-subsistent God?" From self we are led to the consideration of sense, through which the indestructible germ is quickened and developed into the marvellous complexity of manhood. The most perfect organ being taken to represent the rest, it is found that Natural Realism, however heartily acquiesced in by the common sense of mankind, may have some questions propounded to it which will not easily admit an answer. It is not the distant object itself that we apprehend in vision, only the illuminated atmosphere in contact with the eye. The rays of light which illumine all else are themselves invisible. The colour of the medium affects the image of the object: the azure tint upon the distant mountain is due to the intervening air. All eyes are not alike; the phenomena of colour-blindness prove that great variations may exist. And as to the eyesight of the inferior creation, what sort of information does it convey,—the butterfly's compound eye, for instance, of 17,000 tubes, and the Mordella beetle's of 25,000? We see light under the influence of a touch or a blow,—of electricity, of chemicals, such as narcotic medicines, which attack the nervous system. We hear sound under like appliances stimulating the auditory nerve.

"Idealism easily widens its doubt, to correspond with the dimensions of the wider nervous law. Does not an aptitude for special impressions, so stringently determined as to translate the antecedent 'blow' into the consequent 'light' or 'sound,' disqualify our senses for giving evidence respecting supposed facts of the outer world? The world we live in may be a totally

different world from what we are taught, generation after generation, to believe it. Who can lay down the limits of what our minds create for themselves outside us? The mental disease of the madman causes his eye to see what is not. Guilt and sickness fill bedchambers with unreal spectres. Putting disease aside, and taking the case of the healthy eye and healthy mind, it is confessedly difficult to define the exact province of each. A boy couched by Cheselden saw all things in one plane; there was no perspective, and objects in the room seemed to touch his eyeballs. The mind creates perspective; how much then may it not create? The mind also refuses to surrender its own associations at the bidding of optical laws. Mr. Wheatstone's ingenious instrument called the pseudoscope, brings into play laws which reverse the impressions of solidity and hollowness. A person looking through it steadily at the face of a statue, sees a hollow mask. The convexity of feature is gone, and a concave set of features (representing the bust reversed) is perceived in its stead. But, let the same person gaze through his pseudoscope ever so long at the face of a human being, and he will look for a reversal in vain. The flesh and blood features refuse to change; in other words, the mind refuses to yield its *long-accustomed* impressions. If these things, and others like them, are fairly considered, what becomes of our readings in the unclosed book of nature? The nature we see is our own thought reflected back again. Nature's answers take not only tone and compass, but meaning and utterance from our own interrogations. We think that we are assimilating knowledge, when we are actually engaged in manufacturing aliments to suit our own intellectual digestions. The most inward of all things,—our essential self,—at once retired into shadow when we pursued it; and now, in trying to show how *self* is fed by substance from without, we have learned to suspect that all its food is unsubstantial."

From the medium between the inner and outer worlds the argument may be extended to the character of the communications that are made. Of late years great stress has been laid on the necessity of subjecting all speculations to the crucial evidence of facts. Every hypothesis that will not square with facts, is to be abandoned: a fact is to be a recipe for all intellectual ills. But this suggests the inquiry, What is a fact? And the definition given by one of the acutest of modern philosophers is that "theory is a conscious, and fact an unconscious, inference from the phenomena presented to our senses." The proper opposition is between fact and hypothesis; and were we slightly to alter the terms of the definition, and say, "a fact is an

accepted hypothesis framed by inference from the testimony of the senses," we should still find a large margin for disputation in the possibility that the inference had been too readily drawn, and the hypothesis too readily accepted. When to this is added the uncertainty attaching to reports or records of facts, and the varying estimates that may be formed of the importance and bearing of those which are thus vouched for, it will be seen that the "science of proof" has small chance of establishing a "criterion of certitude" from which there shall be no appeal. Yet, with all this speculative haziness affecting alike its minutest and most momentous investigations, the world goes on its way, feeling where it cannot see, deciding even where it can but form a probable judgment, and on such evidence suspending lives, fortunes, character, systems, empires, and the grand total of the history of mankind; and the world is right. The battle of life must be fought while its first principles and best tactics are being elaborated; the necessities of the contest give keenness to the insight of the investigator, and though they may sometimes bias, yet help the inquiry on. And is not all this applicable to the difficulties of Theism? Is it in this region alone that the inexplicable stares us in the face, or does it not pervade every department of knowledge?

"It is false logic to speak of the intellectual difficulties attaching to our apprehension of the Deity, as if they were substantial objections. In this respect, Theism stands within the same category of speculative perplexity, and reasonable necessity, as do other supreme truths. Put the case to the judgment of Reason, once for all. If we agreed to accept Herbert Spencer's position (that Atheism, Pantheism, and Theism, when rigorously analysed, severally prove to be absolutely unthinkable), we should consent to deny that anything can be known of an Absolute; and the denial would proceed upon this maxim: 'Whatsoever is inexplicable is also unknowable.' Consider, now, what other ultimate truths would fall into the same tomb-like category. We must silence all human utterance respecting all first grounds—our own individuality, and every object of reason which becomes inconceivable, when we attempt to define it by the processes of ordinary logic. All utterance respecting our own senses and sensations—our own existence, as beings distinct from a world of beings and things really existing outside us. In fine, we could never know that we *know* either anything or nothing, for we should have silenced the deepest of all utterances—the one upon which all

truth and reason depend. We should have relegated our mind along with our God, to the same abysmal gulf of the unknowable. Henceforth, we could predicate of mind nothing essential to purposes of knowledge, and, least of all essentials, veracity."

How strikingly in contrast with all this is the repose of Sir William Hamilton's doctrine of natural beliefs, exemplified in his theory of perception:—

"Every *how* (*ὅτι*) rests ultimately on a *that* (*ὅτι*), every demonstration is deduced from something given and indemonstrable; all that is comprehensible hangs from some revealed fact—an expression not meant to imply anything hyperphysical,—which we must believe as actual, but cannot construe to the reflective intellect in its possibility. In consciousness, in the original spontaneity of intelligence (*νοῦς*, *locus principiorum*), are revealed the primordial facts of our intelligent nature."

Such belief,—next to the supernatural principle of which it is, so to speak, the natural reflection, is the ultimate act of the creature and the highest form of knowledge. But self and not-self, time and space, substance and attribute, are not its only objects: God, its Author, is also its End.

From this point commences a series of affirmative arguments for the existence and government of God. Instead of showing the disastrous consequences that must accompany the rejection of Theism, the author endeavours to lead us through nature, human and material, up to nature's God. In the fourth chapter the belief in the supernatural is shown to rank among the primary beliefs of human reason. Leading up to this discussion is an investigation of the Inductive Principle. It is exceedingly easy for some modern psychologists to tread in the steps of their great master, Hume, and resolve all our fundamental convictions into the results of inseparable association. But they either forget or ignore the fact that the *rationale* of this law demands explanation. It is itself either an ultimate or a derivative principle. If the latter, it must rest on something else. If the former, it must adequately explain all the facts of human experience, and among them its universal beliefs. But does it explain all the facts? If this theory be true, the human mind is a mere passive recipient of impressions from without: is this in accordance with the testimony of consciousness? If this theory be true, our natural beliefs will grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength: they will be weakest in youth, when

experience is limited, and strongest in age, when experience has reached its maximum : is this borne out by the facts ? Inseparable association will explain much, as, for instance, our acquired habits, our powers of memory, and even many of our likes and dislikes : but all these, as they may be taken on, so they may gradually, through disuse, drop off : the principle of such formation will not account for ineradicable beliefs, strong as instinct and enduring as the stars. Among these is the inductive principle, by which we pass in thought from actual to anticipated experience, and learn to predict the future from the past, and through the known to scan the unknown. It is sometimes called the Law of Natural Uniformity, or, with some variation, the Expectation of the Constancy of Nature. The great proof that this is an original principle of the human mind is seen in this, that it exists previously to all observation or exercise of intelligence on the subject. Mr. Bain's testimony on this point is, from the well-known tendencies of his psychology, to be regarded as impartial and decisive. In the course of his annotations on certain portions of James Mill's *Analysis of the Human Mind*, he says :—

“The case that is most thoroughly opposed to the theory of indissoluble association is our belief in the uniformity of nature. Our overweening tendency to anticipate the future from the past is shown prior to all association ; the first effect of experience is to abridge and modify a strong primitive urgency. There is, no doubt, a certain stage when association co-operates to justify the believing state. After our headlong instinct has, by a series of reverses, been humbled and toned down, and after we have discovered that the uniformity, at first imposed by the mind upon everything, applies to some things and not to others, we are confirmed by our experience in the cases where the uniformity prevails ; and the intellectual growth of association counts for a small part of the believing impetus. Still, the efficacy of experience is, perhaps, negative rather than positive ; it saves, in certain cases, the primitive force of anticipation from the attacks made upon it in the other cases where it is contradicted by the facts. It does not make belief, it conserves a pre-existing belief.”

Instinct controlled by experience, and intuition guided by reason, appears then to be the true explanation of the mysterious principle of induction.

Parallel to this is the account which must be rendered of the belief in the supernatural. It is also pre-rational, yet owns the dominion of reason. The conception of a

God is instantly seized by the infant mind. It may err in the direction of anthropomorphism, or even may associate materialistic attributes with those of power, goodness, and wisdom, which we have learned to keep apart; but if we notice how persistently it attaches personality to matter, we shall not wonder much at this. To a child everything not only is, but lives: with him motion is a function of mind as indubitably as with Professor Tyndall heat is a mode of motion. The transition from the finite to the infinite is to him easy and spontaneous, and so even is the union of the two in the Person of the world's Redeemer. The mystery excites the wonder of the infant theologian, as it does that of the maturer mind, but it is the mystery of the condescending love, not of the mode in which it wrought for man's salvation. The polytheism of Paganism cannot be quoted as evidence on the other side: it shows that instinct is not unerring, but it only adds one more proof of its universal prevalence and power. Nor need we fear to degrade our faith by laying its foundation in instinct. Because we have some instincts in common with the brutes, it does not follow that our nature and theirs are on a level. Like the inductive principle, the belief in the supernatural is one of the peculiar glories of the human constitution. And a further contrast is to be observed: instinct in the brute is keen, because it is his all, and can never be sublimed into reason; but in man it is less conspicuous, because it is to come under the control of a higher faculty. Who feels himself degraded by recalling his childish notions about good and evil, heaven and hell, God and the adversary? Of much of our early experiences we may well say we have put away childish things, but most men will corroborate Wordsworth's saying, "Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

The question naturally arises how far such instincts are to be trusted, and what additional credibility is given them by reason. On this point, as the author says, the previous observations come to our aid. It has been shown already that if we give up this particular instance of our natural beliefs, we have no right to retain any of them: our scepticism itself commits suicide. We have, in fact, the same kind of evidence for a supernatural as for a natural world. But how is this supernatural belief to be tested, to be developed out of mere instinct into the loftiest reason? Here the same analogy will help us. The affirmation of a

supernatural world, like the affirmation of a natural world, is not a speculative but a practical truth. The distinction drawn by the author between tests of speculative and tests of practical truth, is one of great importance:—

“We inquire into speculative truth by *analysing* it, until we arrive at undemonstrable axioms which assert their own validity. We assure ourselves that practical principles are true by following them in their *synthetic* growth. Do they spring from a maxim we find ourselves urged by our own nature to accept,—and the opposite of which we cannot but proudly reject?—and do they really *work* in the world,—exert an ennobling influence within their own domain, and intertwine themselves with the other truths and activities of our human life? If so, we may be assured of their vitality and their certitude. We know them, in short, by their stringency,—and by a happy experience of their power. Consequently, our knowledge ought to grow and strengthen, as our human age and the world's age both roll on. Practical truth, thus tried and acknowledged, is indeed the silver thread which leads us always. Some shrink from trusting it when stretched across the grave; yet, without it, all beyond is lost in haze, and our present life becomes enigmatical and self-contradictory.”

The bearing of this is obvious on both the worlds with which we have to do. Instinct prompts the child to put forth his latent energies upon the external world. As he does so, there comes back from it a twofold response, that, within certain limits, it will be obedient to him, but that those limits must be rigorously observed. His physical powers are limited to the domain of matter: he can compel his toys to move as he will, he must persuade his play-mates. Within the physical world his powers are also limited: he can grasp the table, but not the stars. Next come the moral limitations: there are some things he can touch, but must not. Here begins the war of the moral instincts. The lower tell him to indulge his whim, the higher strenuously prohibit it. The consequences of the decision, whichever way it fall, teach, or may teach, wisdom. In the supernatural sphere the same process goes on. Man prays, and receives spiritual refreshment: he contemplates eternity, and finds himself better prepared by the meditation both to perform the duties of this life, and to make them also stepping-stones to a higher life to come. Here Natural Religion sheds its light upon Natural

Theology. The two, in fact, are inseparable. The latter alone is discussed at length in this essay, and the subject suffers from the mutilation. But in the Bampton lecture of the present year, which he is appointed to deliver, the author hopes to complete his plan. We have no doubt that in doing so he will show how man's strivings after God, not only confirm to him the evidence of His existence, but also demonstrate his need of more immediate communications than those which are made through nature, and of some heart's-ease which nature fails to supply. Thus Natural Theology will appear but the porch of the temple of Revelation, and Natural Religion but the distant reverence of the outer court, compared with the sacred but jubilant outpourings of the sanctuary.

The chapter is closed by an appeal, from which we cannot quote, to the practical effects of Theism on the well-being of communities and individuals. As affording incidentally an answer to the objection that may spring from the case of savages, supposed to be innocent of any knowledge of God, we may cite a sentence or two:—

"If we want to see what a true man is, we must not seek his fossil effigies, by delving into the scanty and disputable records of primeval savagery, and unearthing the crumbling seeds of better things, which died before coming to perfection. It is like estimating the oak from a mouldy acorn. It is worse!—barbarism tends to distortion and degeneracy. We might as wisely pronounce a maimed dwarf, with carefully flattened forehead, the *beau idéal* of human strength and beauty, as seek to know the mind of man amid its wrecks and perversities. We must rather look at our race in its strongest and noblest development. The healthy acorn grows into a spreading oak;—the truly human child becomes, not a crooked dwarf, but an upright intellectual giant. The investigation of minute deformities may have its interest for comparative purposes, but no ancient Greek nor Hebrew, no modern European nor American, ought to be painted with lineaments revolting to his higher nature. Let us help the savage by every means we can, *except* by asking him to sit for a *model of humanity*. When we do this, we have assuredly lost our best reason for helping him at all."

The loss of the knowledge of God, then, through lack of alimentionation of its inward principle, even if satisfactorily proved, does not discredit the existence of that principle as native to the mind of man.

The remaining three chapters analyse the concrete pro-

cesses both of nature and human life, and, without borrowing from the principle of analogy, profess to discover the same elements and the same necessity for the hypothecation of a Supreme Eternal Mind. The fifth chapter treats of the Law of Production, considered as apart from the exercise of will; the sixth and seventh, of Causation in the proper sense, as due to will, and of Responsibility, as resulting therefrom.

In each productive process of mankind there are—(1) a purpose conceived; (2) a power or force, which has to be discovered and fitted to this purpose; and (3) an efficient cause, putting in movement the productive law. The first has been discussed in the second chapter; the last remains to be considered in the last two; the second is treated of in the fifth, under the head of the law of production. It deals, therefore, with the discovery of forces capable of producing real effects, and the perception of their fitness to produce them. A good illustration of both is found in modern inventions. In the early history of the steam-engine we see a force discovered, evidently of no inconsiderable magnitude, but for a long time remaining inoperative for want of discernment of its fitness to subserve important practical ends. Side by side with this we see an end desired, viz., locomotion without the aid of animal sinews, but unattained for want of a suitable force. In both we see mind grappling with difficulties, in the one endeavouring from given causes to produce desirable effects; in the other to accomplish given effects through the application of sufficient causes. We see mind still more conspicuous in the perception of the fitness, in the patient scrutiny of all its resources pursued, until, as if light from heaven had revealed it, the function is found in the force, and what was before but a vague aspiration becomes a fruitful idea and an established fact.

But it is not in the region of mechanical or chemical discovery only that this process may be observed. Men act upon one another, and everywhere succeed in proportion as they understand the relations of power and function. The same book of nature is open before every untrained eye, but only the artist or the poet can decipher its records, and read from them effective lessons of truth and morality to mankind. In the methods by which the statesman or the orator gains an ascendancy over his fel-

low-men, we see the same yoking of living energies into the service of selected ends.

"There is a still loftier and more solemn function we all exercise—or ought to exercise—in or upon the sphere of our own souls. To us is committed the task, our human task,—morally imperative on no sentient beings inferior to ourselves,—of transforming and reforming, that is (to all intents and purposes) *truly forming* our own inward nature. . . . The mind (as well as the body) has its laws of habit and association. We perceive this fact more readily in the less perfect intelligence of the animal kingdom, of untutored man, and of people who are more inured to action than reflection. The more rudimentary the mind, the more real is its state of subservience to association and habit which may then be properly termed its governing laws. But it would be improper to apply this word 'governing' to the same laws in connection with higher natures. In a man whose reason and will have attained their manly majority, such laws have ceased to be governors,—their province is simply administrative. Deposed from their rule over his existence, they become his ministers, servants, instruments. There is thus a compensatory constitution of human nature, whereby the light within us, which lighteth every man, may be said to make us free. It exempts us, that is, from the sway of customary laws which guide and reduce to subjection the merely animal intelligence."

Now the effective part of this argument is that all relations between power and function coincide in one characteristic: they appeal to mind alone, and by mind alone can be apprehended so as to become operative. And since the law of production is found everywhere in nature as in the works of man, the only consistent inference is that mind is at work in the one sphere as in the other. What then must be the character of the Mind thus believed to regulate and mould nature? Let the barest and lowest hypothesis of Pantheism be adopted.

"Let us suppose the enquirer setting out from an attempt to conceive mind as immersed in matter; either being *identical* with it, or *pervading* it, like a subtle fluid, or imponderable force. Let some such conception be supposed his starting point. What sort of a power must he finally determine this mind to be? Could he possibly commence with a mundane intelligence inferior to the mind of man? The bee can build a cell, the beaver a dam; but the bee cannot construct a dam, nor the beaver a cell. The same is true universally. Animal intelligence acts in single right lines. We should, therefore, be obliged to conceive as *many minds*

immanent in nature, or as many modifications of mind, as there are varieties of production. And if this were true, what would become of the order and harmony of the universe? We call it by that name because we know that—notwithstanding its marvellous diversity and manifoldness—it forms a grand united whole. It would become necessary, *next*, to admit a governing intelligence, able to control the countless species of intelligent power employed in producing all sorts of effects. And it really seems easier at once to conceive a supreme mind, framing its ideas into intelligible laws, and launching the forces of the universe in moving might among them.

"There are many obvious reasons why, after all, this would be the easiest, and *therefore* the preferable, conception. *One* lies in the immeasurable width and extent of that relativity between power and function which we have seen to underlie every known production, and conceivable *possibility* of ruling or moulding nature. Now, under *power*, we class forces such as those which hold corpuscles in cohesion, balance the orbs of heaven, or control the growth of a crystal. Such as those, again, which make life the counterbalance of dissolution and decay, and enable the animal frame to resist decomposing influences; to feed, to grow, to energise, and move freely on earth, in water, or in air. Such as those, finally, which yield us the *pabulum* of sensation, thought, emotion, and subserve our efforts to attain whatsoever is highest or noblest in our human world.

"We know what sorts of intelligence are required to apprehend, and to do no more than apprehend, the rationale of many among these natural movements, forces, and processes. Some of them can be explained only by a very great mathematician, other some by an equally great chemist, biologist, or psychologist; and, in some, man of the 19th century is as much a tyro and disciple—as ignorant and tentative—as his forefathers were two thousand years ago. What a complexity of minds, or what a majestic supremacy of one mind becomes thus discernible by the eye of reason! Of reason, we say, meaning thereby the reason of a human being who looks facts in the face, puts them together and draws the inevitable conclusion. Were this drawn, it would amount to something very like a re-affirmation of Theism."

Wherein, we may ask, would such a mind differ from that accepted by Theism? Only in the attributes of personality and volition, that is, of an existence distinct from the matter which it pervades. But how irrational to suppose a mind possessed of faculties infinitely surpassing the united intellects of all the greatest men who ever lived, and yet to deny to it the personality which is the common possession of savages at the lowest remove from the brute.

Whether we identify mind with matter or not, it cannot be denied that nature's operations are identical with the operations of mind in man. But in man such operations are consciously distinct from matter, though, it may be, exemplified in it; what difficulty can there be then in affirming self-consciousness of the mind supposed by our hypothesis to pervade the sphere of nature? An intramundane mode of existence on the part of such a mind no more excludes the idea of a supramundane, than sensation in man, which is associated with the physical organism, excludes the possibility of emotions which are purely spiritual.

Another supposition may now be made; instead of conceiving the mind immersed in matter as intelligent in the proper meaning of that term, let it be conceived as merely sensitive, and as apprehending only those changes in the universe which appeal to sense.

"Conceive, if you choose, the world to be like an animal, as some old philosophers conceived it. The way in which a *human* being sees power and function is altogether different from the way in which they would be viewed by the supposed mundane intelligence. *We* do not see them as two entities *separately* existing, and the relation which is of such vital consequence to all inventors and producers as *something* which *ensues* between them. To us, the causal essence of the power lies in the *relativity* itself, and we often actually recognise the power passing over into its function, and becoming lost in it. An example in point lies in the active combination of uncombined atoms and molecules;—the *relativity* (or, as in such a case it is termed, the *attraction*) is the immediate cause of the production. 'Thus,' says Dr. Tyndall, 'we can get power out of oxygen and hydrogen by the act of their union; but once they are combined, and once the motion consequent on their union has been expended, no further power can be got out of the mutual attraction of oxygen and hydrogen. As dynamic agents they are dead.' We can, in this manner, produce from the combustion of coal, light, heat, and propulsive force; but coal and oxygen are *consumed* in the producing process. Yet in this process, *what and how much* would have come within the grasp of a merely sensitive intelligence? Simply the object coal, the brilliant light, the pleasant heat, and the actual movement of an incomprehensible machine. Let mundane mind be thus conceived, and nature would necessarily be administered by an intelligence which never got below the surface. The result, as we may certainly perceive, must have always lain between either an unchanging sameness, or the instability of chance misdirection,

a state of things which, compared with our actual world, would seem most unsatisfactory; but which never has in fact been realised."

The mundane mind must then be conceived as both intelligent and sensitive. But if we withhold personality and volition, the phenomena of personality and volition would still remain a mystery to it; it would still fail to reach the dignity of an all-comprehending Intelligence, and its offspring would still be, in the most important respects of all, superior to itself. But, in fact, the whole scheme of such a mind is unintelligible and self-contradictory, and is only propounded by the author, as it is quoted by us, to show the lengths of absurdity to which a consistent materialism must go, if, acknowledging the presence of mind in nature, as science compels it to do, it still clings to its hypothesis of an identity of such a mind with matter. For, as we have said before, mind and personality, intelligence and volition, are inseparable. It is true that materialism would and must endeavour to escape from the conclusion we have just now drawn as to the inferiority of such a mind to its offspring, by denying to the latter any true personality or volition at all. But it might as well also deny to us intelligence, and even sensation. These, whether the products of organisation or not, are admitted by all to be facts of consciousness. But the same evidence which assures their existence, assures also the existence of a self-determining will. If I am deceived in my consciousness of volition, I have no right to affirm the reality of any mental act or state. These are some of the difficulties that beset a theory which, in dethroning the Eternal, degrades His creatures also to the dust.

So far the argument has turned on the proofs of mind in nature, and the probability that they are manifestations of a self-conscious Intelligence. But for the existence of Will as necessarily prior to the whole series of these operations there remains still further evidence; and to the exhibition of this, the two concluding chapters are devoted, under the headings of Causation and Responsibility respectively. Natural Science now no longer holds the torch to Natural Theology, and Moral Science becomes her guide. "Geology, palæontology, astronomy, are unanimous in telling us of periods immeasurably remote. But they are all silent on two more distant and profound subjects—a Beginning and an Eternity." We cannot reach Time's antecedents;

we carry the present with us, whenever we attempt to travel into the immeasurable past. We cannot tell what went before them. "It is very important for us to be thoroughly clear upon the result. For there is a sort of unreflecting idea afloat, that if vast periods of time are conceived, the whole universe is conceived also. All seems explained, since everything may come to pass in time! So it may in *one* sense. Time gives opportunity; but then there must be a moving power to work *in* the opportunity. Let it therefore be distinctly borne in mind that time causes nothing. To dispense with a spring of action, is to imagine that time will stop the river's flow, or that the river will stop without a cause in time.

'Rusticus expectat, dum defluat amnis; at ille
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.'

In reality time accounts neither for good nor evil, neither for the end nor yet for the beginning of any single work. And the same is true respecting any chain, however long, made up of antecedents and consequents, however numerous. We see in them movements propagating movements; but then we are obliged to ask, "What moved the first of them?" The candid reply of the first scientists of the age is, "We cannot tell." But is the problem to be given up as incapable of solution because inanimate nature cannot furnish it? There is another world, just as real as that of nature, of whose existence everyone carries the evidence in his own breast, acknowledging laws as diverse from those of nature as the substances on which they are impressed. Since physical science cannot satisfy us, why are we interdicted from interrogating the science of the soul? The candour with which some scientists confess their ignorance of a First Cause must not mislead us into too great a reliance on their conclusion that therefore none exists. We offend against no canon of reasoning when we borrow light from one science to assist our researches in another, provided that in so doing we observe the laws peculiar to each. The outer world presents us with a difficulty for which she assigns no explanation: what shall we do then but turn to the inner world? And this the more readily, inasmuch as it is the light from the inner world that has enabled us to see the difficulty of which it is also required to supply the explanation. Here in this inner world, and here only, do we find an

example of a true Cause. All that appears without is succession, not causation. It is only by a misapplication of language that the invariable antecedents which introduce physical effects are termed causes at all. A cause is not simply the assemblage of conditions without which a given event could not take place: the idea of power enters into the notion, such as can only be understood by a reference to self-active will. In a chain of invariable sequences, nobody supposes that the existence of one link is accounted for by the existence of that which immediately preceded it. No one asserts that the recurrence of the seasons is accounted for by a reference to the motion of the earth and the light and heat of the sun; nor are we any nearer satisfaction when we have resolved sun, moon, and stars, with the earth that we inhabit, into a nebula. The nebula requires a cause to account for it. And not only so, but the cause sufficient to account for the first created thing must also contain in itself that which will account for every successive development. The potentiality of future worlds stored up in the nebula is the product of the cause, and so of necessity are the worlds themselves. The notion of Causation thus obtained is essentially diverse from that of mere antecedent and consequent, and the type of such causation is only found in the human will. But this is not the whole of the difference. The relation of a cause to the effects connected with it and that of a link to other links in invariable sequence are widely dissimilar.

"Suppose we take the alphabet to represent a series of these antecedents and consequents, the latter invariably following the former. . . . Suppose P stands for a fact, which may also be described as a natural phenomenon. To account for P we go back to O, retrogress to N, M, and so on. Again, suppose another fact, which cannot be described as a natural phenomenon. Let us try whether P may, with equal propriety, stand for a human production or performance. That is—whether, instead of being a mere *phenomenal* fact, it may also be spoken of as an *act*. We want, then, to account for P, *thus* considered. A striking circumstance appears at once evident, that to find the 'why' of human activity we do not look to any antecedent;—we look to a *consequent*, or a series of consequences. The question we ask is, with what *view* P became an act? In other words, we try to account for P, *not* by O, N, M, &c., but Q, R, S, &c. For example: let P represent a murder. The crime was done for the

sake of money, and for things which money will purchase; that is, the *consequents*, Q, R, S, and so on, forming a series designed; gains and purposes, long or short. But, no one would say that another series *foregoing* (O, N, M) *necessitated the act*;—that they were the *certain antecedents of a necessary consequent* (P) *the murder*. If it were so, we should have to congratulate the murderer for having been forced into so profitable a performance, and we should also have to leave him in the peaceable enjoyment of his profits.

“Acts, therefore—or *volitional facts*—move forwards through a series of *consequents*; while phenomena—that is, *physical facts*—run backwards through a series of *antecedents*. If pressed to find a cause for an act, we are never in a position to say,—If P then certainly O; if no O, then P is impossible. We say, on the contrary, that the *cause of the act* was *volitional*, that is, it was done by an *agent or person acting*. And further that the *consequents* (Q, R, S, &c.) represent the *purpose* of the act or agent, and that he is responsible for having adopted them as his prevalent motives or inducements.

“But from these necessities of thought, which hold alike as abstract truths and in practical experience, several inferences follow:—A volitional cause or agent may stand before a series of consequents, but cannot be ranged after such a series. Our series represented by the alphabet, was taken to be a series of *invariable sequency*. That is, each factor (letter) presupposed antecedents, which *necessitated* every factor in succession. Therefore we cannot represent any agent or volitional cause, by an element (or letter) of that series at all. Nor yet his act. It follows on no such chain of antecedents. It is done in *view* of certain consequents.

“If, therefore, we ask what can be conceived respecting the causation of the universe,—its cause must be placed absolutely outside and prior to the whole series. In other words,—a volitional or first cause can never belong to the physical chain of antecedent and consequent, bound together by natural law. And the reason is plain: in no true sense can such a cause ever be a necessary consequent at all. Such a cause calls into existence, not only A, but the whole consecutive alphabet representing cycles of millions of ages. Not the world’s primæval state alone, but the whole law-connected universe. Thus, first cause and secondary cause apply not to difference of sequence alone, but to an *intrinsic and essential distinction*. And this distinction is so vast, that between the world’s first cause, and any given secondary cause, there is fixed a gulf of separation as wide as the whole potential universe.”

From the above it will be plain that the future cannot be dissociated, in the realm of Moral Causation, from the

present and the past. If the human will be a true Cause, then and only on that condition, it is a fit subject for responsibility. The fact that man is everywhere so regarded by his fellows and himself is therefore in keeping with what has been advanced: it establishes Moral Causation. But it does more; it establishes Moral Government also. The same phenomenon which points to a Spiritual Being as the cause of the universe, points also to His supreme claims as its Legislator, Administrator, and Judge.

Responsibility is an acknowledged fact of human consciousness; a conviction that forms the basis of all self-government, self-approval, and self-condemnation; a principle of universal potency, without which society could not hold together for a day. If we analyse it, we find it consists of two factors, the moral causation already discussed,—the power of originating a series of consequents which have no other antecedent than the volition of the individual,—and a sense of the distinction between right and wrong. The origin of this grand distinction has been in every age a fruitful source of controversy, and has never been more hotly debated than it is at this day. The reason is not far to seek. But no amount of interested sophistry has been able to blind the common sense of mankind to the ultimate, permanent, irresolvable character of the distinction itself.

“There is no truth of our whole manhood more striking, as well as more evident, than the *independent vitality* of our moral consciousness. Let us suppose, for example's sake, that the reader was once unhappy enough to injure a neighbour, a friend, or relation. Let the injury be something which you in your heart knew to be truly injurious—a thing impossible in your better moments; but still a thing done. Now, let years elapse, and when the thought recurs, and the deed is reacted, you feel how wrongful it was; and when you grow old, and there are few left to love you, the feeling will become far more deep. Put oceans, continents, tropics between yourself and your injured one; the reality is not at all less real. The same stars no longer look down upon you by night, the sun does not bring back the same seasons at the same time, but your act is *timeless*; and though night and day vary, its criminality remains the same. And, worst of all, the injured one may die, whilst no act of reparation may have been performed by you,—no word of love or truth escaped your lips. The deed is irremediable, and you are the doer of it. Neither space nor duration of years can alter the fact. There is a moral mark set upon your conscience, and no

human sympathy can heal, nor even alleviate the sorrow. Most likely you never attempt to explain to others the pain you feel, because, were the case another's, you would hardly comprehend it yourself. Thousands have gone to the grave, carrying heavy burdens of this kind, almost or altogether unsuspected.

"Exemption from the laws of time and space is, perhaps, the most *wonderful* characteristic of our moral consciousness. With this solitary exception we seem to find ourselves in perpetual subjection to those laws. But in the realm of morals it is the reverse. The endless theoretical contradictions about the finite and the infinite (to which we have more than once alluded) bear witness to this fact. Morality at once puts the two together; what in its sphere of commission was a finite crime, is likewise an infinite immorality. We count up our faults as sins; but, when viewed awhile in the light of conscience, they are most burdensome to us as being, not *sins*, but *Sin*. Look at the pre-Christian Eumenides; the last meeting of St. John the Evangelist; the confessions of Augustine; and the life of John Bunyan; to which we might add more than one great Oxford life; and through them all the profound sense of sin underlies every other utterance."

The intuition of power, or moral causation, and the intuition of duty, or moral obligation, thus accompany each other: it would be strange indeed if they did not. And as they are of paramount importance to individual and social happiness, so they employ the loftiest faculties in man. Those who, with cool contempt, assign to religion the domain of emotion as her province, think they have thereby branded her with a stigma of unreality and impracticableness. But how utterly mistaken are they in the analysis of the mind. As if emotion, the most delicate, the most subtle, the most refined, could be without an intellectual basis! In moral sensibility, whether we erect conscience into a separate faculty or not, the judgment plays a prominent part; it affirms the rightness or wrongness of a given act before it is performed, and the intellectual discrimination is followed, not dominated, by the appropriate emotion. It is in moral action alone that the three prime faculties of intellect, feeling, and will, find, either for good or evil, their most momentous exercise.

From this complex moral consciousness, the argument to a Moral Governor is twofold. There is an argument immediate and direct,—that based upon the intuition itself. As in the region of intellect we find ourselves face

to face with a belief in the supernatural, of which we cannot divest ourselves, so in the region of moral action we find the same idea, clothed with the attributes of power which we ourselves possess, and becoming not a mere intellectual principle, but a living Person,—the God with whom we have to do. When we condemn ourselves, we know, apart from all reasoning, that we are condemned by Another. But while to each man his own inner consciousness thus bears witness to a Moral Ruler,—the universal consciousness of mankind warrants the same conclusion, being a phenomenon that demands such a cause to account for it, and to give it validity and force.

All these lines converge to one centre, these demonstrations point to one end, the existence and sovereignty of one supreme, almighty, and benevolent Being. The belief in the supernatural first affirms His existence as a prime necessity of our intellectual nature; the truth is confirmed by an examination of His works, which declare His glory in so many and various ways. But these demand also some such Cause as we find in our own personality, a living and self-active Agent. Such a Being, therefore, must the Author of the Universe be. And since with this principle of moral causation in us we find inseparably conjoined a sense of responsibility, we are again compelled, both by reason and intuition, to regard the Author of nature as the source from whence our moral consciousness derives both its continued existence and its eternal sanctions.

The relations between man and the Being thus made known to him, inextricably interwoven with Natural Theology, will receive, we may hope, a fuller exposition than has been possible in this essay, in the forthcoming Bampton Lecture, under the title of Natural Religion. As the former paves the way for the latter, so do both for Revealed Theology and Revealed Religion. Natural Theology declares a God whose perfections are such as to encourage the hope of fuller manifestations: nay, it shows the necessity of them so plainly as almost to make miracle cease to be miracle. Natural Religion, by the stringency of its enactments, and the utter impossibility of obeying them in our present fallen state, makes the intervention of an Atonement an almost necessary complement of its stern teachings. And the two lights,—the greater that rules the day, and the lesser that rules

the night,—do not neutralise each other's beams: the one is gradually absorbed in the effulgence of the other, but it is by the inequality of their contrasted splendours, not by any antagonism in the principle of their illumination. Nature and the supernatural,—the law written in the heart by the Hand that first fashioned it, and the law engraven by the same hand under the guidance of Infinite Grace,—these can never be opposed. As the external world and the internal world join in their testimony to a common Origin, so do both these unite with the voices of the spiritual world,—which is at once external and internal,—in proclaiming the same God and Father of all.

We have willingly followed the author through his upward course, and have been anxious to set before our readers the general strain of his arguments, in a connected view. It has been impossible, however, in the space allotted to us, to do justice to the wealth of his illustrations, and the number of the side issues which he has raised in traversing the main line of thought. For these, as well as for the mass of quotations from all classes of writers, we must refer those who are interested in the subject (and who cannot but be?) to the book itself. The moral and spiritual aspects of scientific questions, and of the great cosmical problems that are occupying the minds of men, will there be found presented in a manner that cannot fail to furnish food for profitable meditation, as showing how intimately they are blended with the questions of the duty of the individual and the destiny of the race. Abstract speculations, commonly unattractive to all but a few, cease to be such when it is seen how deeply they affect the daily action of men among and upon one another; and the researches of science, which to another order of minds may seem to be objectless, acquire a new importance when viewed in their bearing on the highest interests of the rational tenants of the globe. If we cannot agree with every philosophical tenet the author enunciates, in the general course of his teaching we heartily concur, and commend it to the sympathy of our readers.

ART. VI.—*Autobiography of A. B. Granville, M.D., F.R.S. ; being Eighty-eight Years of the Life of a Physician, who practised his Profession in Italy, Greece, Turkey, Spain, Portugal, the West Indies, Russia, Germany, France, and England.* Edited, with a Brief Account of the last Year of his Life, by his youngest Daughter, PAULINA B. GRANVILLE. Two Vols. Henry S. King and Co., London. 1874.

THIS book seems to us to have had less than its due share of public notice and attention. Perhaps it has been somewhat overshadowed by those *Greville Memoirs*, with which, from the similarity of the names, it is apt to be confounded. But it is indeed a very different book. Whether the other altogether deserves either the lavish eulogies, or the merciless condemnation, which have been dealt out to it, this is no place to inquire. But the difference between the writers is patent. That is the production of a cynical, and by his own confession, not a very sincere courtier. This tells us the life story of a MAN, and of no common man. Unconsciously, and unintentionally, Dr. Granville has drawn the picture of a refined, noble, generous, tender-hearted, hard-working, and most conscientious man; true always to himself, loyal always to duty; a man who fought his way upward through difficulties which would have daunted or conquered most others. The lives of these two writers almost synchronized: Granville was born 1783, Greville in 1794; Greville died in 1865, Granville survived till 1872. But what different worlds they lived in! What different associates they cultivated! What different influences affected them! And above all, what different principles, dispositions, and characters, they in their own persons brought to bear upon life and society!

In every point of view, Dr. Granville was among the foremost men of his time. He led a life of incessant and laborious activity, till long past the period when human "strength" is "labour and sorrow." He attained to the highest honours of the noble profession which he so brilliantly adorned; he contributed a prodigious amount of both scientific knowledge and literary disquisition on

professional topics; he travelled over all Europe, and some parts both of Asia and America; he was familiarly acquainted with many who have bequeathed historic names to posterity; he acquired the mastery of we know not how many languages; he lived "soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world," and at the venerable age of more than eighty-eight years, after such work, whether for quality or amount, as is seldom given to men to do, he "fell asleep" in Jesus.

He was, so to speak, a born citizen of the world. His immediate ancestors were Italian, and till he had passed through his early manhood, he bore his father's name, that of Bozzi; but his great-grand-parents on his mother's side were Cornish. Bevil Granville, his great-grandfather, had been "implicated in some political troubles," and had consequently become domiciled in Italy. His Italian ancestry was illustrious, his father being "the fifth lineal descendant of Bartolomeo Bozzi, or Bosius (as the name was written in the Lombard Latin of the sixteenth century), well known in the history of Milan as a learned scholar, poet, physician, and the friend of St. Charles Borromeo."

His mother, as is often the case with the mothers of distinguished men, was a woman of exalted character, and had been very highly educated; so that she was competent to conduct her three sons through all their early studies. Two years before the French Revolution, she was appointed reader to the reigning Archduchess of Austria. His father was Postmaster-General to the Austro-Lombard province; a fine specimen of the *ancien régime*, tall, handsome, courtly after the fashion of the days when there were courtiers; and at the age of seventy-six his teeth were as sound and white as at twenty, and there was not a wrinkle in his face.

Our hero's infancy was passed among the hills of Brianza,—“the garden of Lombardy,”—in sight of hills, lakes, vineyards, and the rapid Adda, which flowed hard by: he attributes that eye for the picturesque, which he possessed in a remarkable degree, to these early surroundings; and the soundness of his constitution to the healthy nourishment derived from a nurse whom he ever loved with a touching tenderness, and of whom he speaks with warm affection. He modestly confesses that he was rather a troublesome child, and had to be sent to a preparatory school. Hence he was transferred to the care of

one Castoldi, "professor of mathematics and classical learning," from whose instructions he at first derived little profit. But his mind was suddenly awakened by reading in the *Milanese Gazette*, the story of Louis XVI.'s execution, which not only made him shed tears, to the amusement of his idle school-fellows, but at once set him on more serious reading, especially of history, for which he retained an absorbing passion to the last. Livy, Tacitus, Cornelius Nepos, and Plutarch, became his constant companions. He condemns the too early association of mathematical with classical instruction, as calculated rather to paralyse than to stimulate the mind when too young to bend its powers steadily to more than one serious pursuit. He became under Castoldi "only a tolerable arithmetician, and a sorry Latin scholar." But his mother's friend, the Padre Emenegildo Pini, Professor of Experimental Philosophy in the Lyceum of St. Alessandro, persuaded her to enter him as a pupil in that establishment, conducted by the Barnabite Fathers, and held in the highest repute for learning and science. Here, besides Latin, literature, and poetry, he received the rudiments of mechanical philosophy, and acquired that devotion to experimental science for which he became afterwards so distinguished in his profession. From this school he passed into the College of Merate, where he set himself to prepare for his studies at the University of Pavia. Here he chiefly delighted in classical studies, and in Latin versification, in which last accomplishment he made such progress that, at the end of the first term, he carried off the first poetry prize. His joy, however, was chastened by a doubtful opinion from the Rector as to his personal character. In fact, he seems to have been quite a young reformer, aspiring even to remodel in some respects the institution to which he belonged. His good health, high spirits, restless temperament, combined, together with such stories as that of Virginius, Caius Licinius, and even the Roman tribune, Rienzi, "which we read in secret," to make him even then a kind of rebel ringleader, a part which the stirring events of the first Revolution by no means rendered less attractive to his young ambition. About this time he obtained his first glimpse of Napoleon I., "the little man," with sparkling eyes, lank sallow face, overshadowed by straight black hair, which descending over a huge forehead, came down the sides of the head and touched the shoulders. He saw him

next on the fifth anniversary of the French Republic, in company with Josephine, in the great public gardens of Milan. The band was playing a popular republican air, and Dr. Granville remarks, "Those two republican listeners to that patriotic canticle from the balcony of the Duke Serbelloni, would, in a few more years encircle their brows with the imperial diadem of Gaul, and with the iron crown of the Lombards."

Our hero soon became an ardent republican; and, when the North Italian Republic was established, and well-known Italians were placed at its head, his joy knew no bounds, and he became as fierce and as mad as a Jacobin. He formed a revolutionary club in the college, and planted a tree of liberty in the centre of the great square. Of course he fell into disgrace with the reverend fathers; and, notwithstanding his diligence and success as a student, he was coldly received at home by his father, who was not only an Austrian subject, but a trusted and honoured servant of the empire.

He had been much inclined to the clerical office; and his passion for the Church had induced him to set up a little chapel, with an altar and an image of the Virgin Mary. Here he was accustomed to celebrate mass, in vestments supplied by his sisters, and with incense obtained from the cook; and it was understood that he would be "the parson of the family." But the wave of the French invasion bore along with it French infidelity; and Granville unfortunately imbibed the poison of "*Le Système de la Nature*," whereby all thought of the sacred office was destroyed. To English Protestants, the following extract will be as graceful as it is touching:—

"I shall have to confess, in the course of this narrative, how much harm the reading of this book had done me, and how happy I feel at the reflection that the subsequent continuous perusal of Holy Writ, under English interpretation, has served to restore that peace of mind and assurance as to my future destiny which my initiation into the contents of the work just mentioned had completely destroyed."—Vol. I. pp. 21, 22.

After a brief period, during which he seems to have tried his hand at literature, music, architecture, and painting, his father's losses, consequent on French rapacity, made it necessary to choose his career, and it was determined that he should be educated for a physician, with which object

he was entered at the University of Pavia. Here he was the pupil of Joseph Frank, Spallanzani, Moscati, Scarpa, and Volta. With the two last-named professors he carried on a friendly correspondence till the time of their respective deaths. He was not, at first, remarkably diligent, being indeed much occupied with private theatricals, in which he seemed likely to become expert and successful. But the remonstrances of his mother and sister, "and the pressing arguments of a fair member of our philodramatic corps, la Signora Gavazzi, a most charming person, who, in due time, became the mother of the famed Father Gavazzi," drove that craze out of his head, and he bent again to serious study. But just then Austria recovered her Italian provinces, by help of the Russians under old Suwarrow. The troops of the latter were objects of loathing and horror to the Italians. The lower classes believed that the Kalmuks were cannibals, and had hooks to their fingers and toes; and the pilfering propensities and filthy feeding habits of the Cossacks disgusted the people; so that a deputation waited on the old general, begging him to keep his Kalmuks and, if possible, his Cossacks too, outside the city walls. These objectionable creatures, however, speedily withdrew; but the iron yoke of Austrian domination, which they had helped to rivet, remained; and any apparent sympathy with French ideas was severely punished. Of course an ardent republican like Granville, only sixteen years of age, was sure to commit himself. The French rule had driven religion out of most people's minds, and, as in other places, had transformed churches into theatres, club-houses, &c., so that an utter and widespread disregard for religious observances prevailed. One day, when the *viaticum* was carried in procession to a dying person, Granville neglected to take off his hat, whereupon he was seized by the police, brought before the authorities, and at once committed to the State prison. This was an old monastery; and Granville's feelings at being locked up in a monk's cell were anything but enviable; but he soon found that Professor Rasori, an old tutor, and Count Porro, who had done him good service at Merate, were fellow-prisoners, and communication was soon established with them. His father's influence presently freed him from incarceration, but, we presume as a kind of penance, he was condemned to pass two weeks in the Convent of the Capuchin Friars. He

entered into the prescribed religious exercises with great zest, and soon obtained the approval of the fathers, who attributed his zeal to penitence for his sins, little suspecting that, as an amateur priest, in childhood he had become proficient in celebrating Romish worship, and that his love of music had nearly everything to do with what they took to be his reviving faith. A youngster who shared his cell, and was, in fact, keeping his own noviciate, knew better, and the young rogues indulged often in "unholy mirth" at the credulity of the fathers.

When the term of his confinement came, he found that a great and salutary impression had been made upon his mind. He did not love religion more, nor hate Austria less ;—(how should he ?)—but he woke up to a sense of the seriousness of life, and resolved to study his profession diligently and perseveringly,—a resolution which he put into immediate practice, and from which, during the seventy years that followed, he never swerved. The following passage will be read with interest :—

"On looking back to those days, I am almost bewildered by my scholastic reminiscences ; the many new philosophical subjects started ; the many new scientific facts first divulged and illustrated ; the novel and highly important doctrines broached and firmly established within a period of four short years, from 1798 to 1802, through the labours and discoveries of Spallanzani, Scarpa, Volta, besides the purely medical and successful teaching of Joseph Frank, Rasori, Moscati, and Brera. Throughout the whole period of my university career, all these great intellects, while instructing their numerous pupils, were laying the foundations of new physical laws, which, in the case of one of the discoverers, were to change completely the doctrine regarding electricity, and lead to extraordinary results, the termination of which no one can anticipate, for the progress has been almost continuous, I may say perpetual, ever since, and their applicability and importance to mankind inexhaustible."—Vol. I. p. 39.

Spallanzani demonstrated the falsehood of the theory of the spontaneous reproduction of animal life, which had just then been broached in England ; and it was he who, according to Dr. Granville, discovered the gastric juice, and its function in the digestion of food. How strange it seems to read these statements in a book published only last year, and from the pen of a man who died only two years ago, and to remember that he was among the witnesses of the earliest experiments by which such things as

these were demonstrated! There is a romantic, almost weird interest in listening to him, and thinking of the development which the human mind has undergone within the lifetime of one single man.

More interesting still is it to learn that he was also a pupil of Volta, and a witness of the earliest experiments of the discoverer of Voltaic electricity, and the inventor of the Voltaic pile.

"Those of my children, or of my children's children, by whom I am surrounded, and who, from inclination, reading, study, or any other circumstances, shall chance to devote their time to scientific pursuits, and shall have become acquainted with the marvellous progress electricity has made from the time of their parent's first education at the University, will enter readily into those feelings of pride which he now experiences at having been not only an ocular witness of the birth of the Voltaic pile and its wonderful phenomena, but also a learner to whom those phenomena and the agents employed had been divulged and explained by the immortal discoverer himself in person. I have had the good fortune of hearing Sir Humphry Davy, Gay-Lussac, Biot, Faraday, and Tyndall discourse on electricity; I have witnessed the decomposition of the alkaline salts and oxides by the same agency; the creation of the terrestrial and maritime telegraphs through the same power; and, in common with thousands upon thousands of hearers or spectators, I have stood amazed at the wondrous and startling facts brought out by a mighty agent which the sagacity of man has enabled him to snatch from the recondite bosom of Nature some thousands of years after the universal creation by the fiat of God! But how shall I describe the feeling which, in common with my fellow-students, the class of experimental philosophy at Pavia, we experienced on the day when the immortal Volta, in our presence, called into existence this mighty power! He first placed—explaining, as he proceeded, the order and the reason of it—two round pieces of dissimilar metal in contact, and upon them a paper moistened in salt water; then, having repeated this pairing of the two metals, one on the top of the other (secured between slender glass rods), to the number of one hundred couples, he showed us on the instant and made us feel the electric spark!"—Vol. I. pp. 43, 44.

He then gives us a lively account of the *furor* produced by Volta's discovery in the scientific world. Professors from other universities flocked in crowds to Pavia, and among them Galvani, Volta's great rival; and Volta himself became the idol of his university.

Meantime our hero began to study French and German,

and to cultivate the lighter arts and refinements of life; and acquired the accomplishments which his parents thought needful to qualify him for a *gentiluomo*. In 1802, when only in the nineteenth year of his age, he obtained his diploma of M.D. But troubles awaited him at home. His eldest brother had been drawn in the French conscription, which, however, he managed to evade by taking refuge in the nearest Austrian camp. In a few months, in all probability, the like fate would befall our hero. In the meantime, he wisely devoted himself with great assiduity to professional and other studies. But fear of the conscription induced him to depart furtively from home; and he took refuge with an uncle at Genoa, where he enjoyed himself immensely, and acquired no small renown in the gay society of the Ligurian capital, as a fine tenor singer and player on the guitar. His transient dream of happiness was soon dispelled by the information that he was "wanted" by the French military authorities, who had discovered his evasion of the conscription. He had long since begun to hate the French, as much as he had once loved them; and he very naïvely says that this vigilant search after him served him right, for his youthful Gallican proclivities. His amateur theatrical performances suggested the plan of escaping into Austrian territory, as one of a company of comedians about to leave for Venice, to perform there during the carnival. His adventures on the way were very amusing, but need not detain us here. Arrived at Venice, he at once determined to break his theatrical engagement, and was brought in consequence before the Imperial Austrian Commissioner of Police, who turned out to be his own eldest brother! and so ended a little comedy of real life. Matters were soon settled with the manager, and our hero transferred himself from the inn where the company lodged to his brother's official residence.

His stay at Venice was very brief; but his time was not wasted. Besides lionising the City of the Isles, he increased his stock of medical knowledge, and, notably, was made acquainted with the therapeutic value of hydrocyanic acid, which some years afterwards he introduced into medical practice in England, in a treatise *On the Internal Use of Hydrocyanic Acid in Pulmonary Consumption*. But his fixed idea at this time was to travel and see the world. His brother would have procured him a consular

appointment in one of the Greek islands; but that did not suit his roving disposition; and accordingly he set out on his travels, with only the necessary appurtenances of travel, and a few good introductions. His first halting-place was Cephalonia; and here his wonderful capacity for learning languages stood him in good stead. He cruised about among the islands till he had mastered the Romaic or modern Greek, so as to converse easily and fluently with the natives; and his purse was occasionally replenished by taking part in medical consultations. His musical acquirements made him very popular in society; especially as he could by this time sing to the accompaniment of his guitar not only Italian ditties but Romaic iambs. The temptations to idleness and dissipation were many and powerful; but they were steadily resisted under the pressure of his high resolve both to increase his stock of knowledge, and "to make its results professionally the source of his future income."

But the best result of his stay in the Archipelago was the acquaintance and intimate friendship of William Richard Hamilton, Foreign Minister under Wellesley and Castlereagh, and finally British Minister at Naples. He was at this moment connected with the British Embassy at Constantinople; and proposed that Granville should accompany him to that capital in his medical capacity, travelling under the designation of "Physician to the English Embassy at Constantinople." This was more than he had dared to hope for. In addition to the value of the position it gave him, it opened to him the possibility of finding his way to the home of his maternal ancestry. He had shown so much sympathy for England that he had been called at home "the Englishman." It was one of the many instances in life of the occurrence of that ineffable boon called "opportunity;" and in this, as in so many instances, our hero proved that he knew how to take the tide of fortune "at the flood." "My departure from Corfu was my first step to England." And so it was; but years were to elapse before the last step would follow, and he was to see and to acquire very much that was precious in the meantime. We shall find him greatly indebted for other services to the same gentleman, for whom he cherished to the end a profound and loving regard. Mr. Hamilton was at this time private secretary to Lord Elgin, our Ambassador at Constantinople; had personally superintended, in that noble-

man's behalf, the removal of the "Elgin Marbles," now in the British Museum, from the Parthenon; was, moreover, an eminent Greek scholar, and profoundly acquainted with Egyptian antiquities. The combination of these rare acquirements, with "great courtesy of manner and geniality of temper," assured his success both in private and in public life. His friendship with Granville lasted more than half a century, the latter surviving him for a few years. The first important halt was at Jannina, the capital of Albania; and here the party were introduced to that renowned rascal, Ali Pasha, the chieftain of the country. The old fellow was a confirmed invalid, and was threatened with *elephantiasis*. Granville prescribed for him and for a little sickly daughter with such good effect that the chieftain proposed to make him his physician, with 10,000 piastres a year, and apartments in his palace.

But such an appointment did not come up to our hero's idea of "opportunity;" and, under plea of his engagement with Lord Elgin's secretary, he promptly declined the proposed honour. Ali Pasha was an unmitigated and tyrannical scoundrel, and he surrounded himself with "birds of a feather." At the outset of his career he murdered his own brother, and his rule was wantonly oppressive and cruel. His excesses brought on him at last the punishment which he deserved. Summoned to answer for his crimes before the Sultan, he raised the standard of revolt; and, after a long and bloody struggle with the Turkish forces, he fell, riddled with bullets, on Feb. 5th, 1822. The following description of his personal appearance is worth transcribing:—

"Under a forehead of brass, inscribed with harshness and obstinacy, were piercing eyes, flashing fire at times, and anon darting scorn with the accompanying curl of the lip. Presently those eyes would assume the insidious look of meekness calculated to deceive people not on their guard against, but rather fascinated by, the prestige of a chief who, while in the plenitude of an almost kingly authority, condescended to converse, argue, and treat with, a person not his equal. . . . There they were, those damning features always before my eyes, which forced the mind to accept as true every accusation, even the very grossest, against his character."—Vol. I. pp. 97, 98.

The next stage of the eastward journey was to Athens, which the party duly reached "after a long, desultory, fatiguing, albeit interesting ramble through Hellas." No

incidents of importance marked the journey. Athens was entered by the Hadrian gate, Granville, as he passed through, being much preoccupied with the fact that he, a descendant of the Longobardi of Mediolanum, was entering a city which was ravaged by the Goths sixteen centuries previously, at the very time when Mediolanum was converted into a Roman dependency. Athens, too, shared the fate of the other city, and came under Roman rule. Absorbed in this rather self-conscious and conceited reverie, the city failed to inspire him with the enthusiasm usually awakened by the first sight of the old centre and capital of Grecian culture. But an early visit to the Acropolis soon converted him from an indifferent spectator into "a most enthusiastic admirer." The havoc made by iconoclasts in the early period of Christianity, from religious motives, had been but too well imitated and carried out by the barbaric invaders of the empire in sheer wantonness and brutality. Then followed, in 1687, a terrific explosion of the Venetian powder magazine within the walls of the Parthenon, whereby that consummate architectural monument was quite destroyed. And it must be owned that the operations of Lord Elgin and others had greatly increased the dreariness and desolation. It is but right, however, to remind the reader that, had not the friezes, sculptures, and other fragments of this magnificent temple been removed to England, there would perhaps by this time have been no remnant of its glory in existence. Dr. Granville himself witnessed the mutilation of a limb of one of the sculptured centaurs by mounted Turks throwing the djjarrid at them in sport, amid the rejoicing and plaudits of the Turkish rabble around. Enough remained of the building even then, however, to impress very powerfully the young physician's imagination. He was looking at one of the most beautiful of all classic structures, for the erection of which Pericles gave the word of command twenty-three centuries ago; and, while gazing on the glorious ruin, he concluded that it had been more respected by time than by man, a sentiment which he subsequently modified:—

"As regards Athens more particularly, it was to be my lot, after a few years, to discover that my conclusion had been too hasty; and that what I had considered as the result of the devastating hand of time, or the evil nature of man, was in fact the work of a protecting hand, which withdrew from inevitable and complete destruction, monuments the Greeks knew not how

to protect, and by removing them to another land, and to the care of a very different people, had secured for them an almost perpetual existence for the admiration and instruction of many generations to come, and for the perpetuation of good taste in the fine arts. I speak in this manner with more than ordinary feeling, having been personally engaged in securing a part of the marbles above referred to which had found their way to France, and which I was made the agent for procuring at the sale of the Duc de Choiseul's marbles in Paris in 1815, under the authority of the English Chancellor of the Exchequer."—Vol. I. p. 122.

Both Mr. Hamilton and Dr. Granville were smitten with fever at Athens; and the former, having been summoned home on promotion and having recovered his health, had to leave his friend behind,—a sick "stranger in a strange land,"—to Granville's utter desolation. But, with improving health he soon recovered his good spirits, and was busily engaged in a minute inspection of the architectural and other glories of the capital of old Attica. We have not space for his vivid and eloquent description of the temples of Jupiter Olympus, Bacchus, and Theseus, and all the exquisite beauties of nature and art concentrated within the narrow limits of what would have been to modern minds a comparatively small city:—

"O glorious sight! not to be paralleled on earth," he says, "teeming with monuments of such exquisite designs and workmanship as no subsequent human effort has surpassed or indeed equalled. Such were my reflections, placed as I was on this unique spot [the Acropolis]. Nor can I at this moment wake up in my mind any analogous impression in the course of the ever-changing scenes of my subsequent long life."—Vol. I. p. 127.

He left Athens, overawed and impressed beyond measure with the magnificence even of its ruins, and the pictures they suggested of what it must have been in the days of its glory. On the other hand, he was dissatisfied that he could gather so little knowledge of Greek private life and the domestic and social condition and habits of the Greek people. He contrasts Greece very unfavourably in this respect with "Rome, Pompeii, and even mighty Egypt." Perhaps he would now add Nineveh and Babylon, though the sculptured and inscribed ruins of these latter cities rather describe the lives of kings, warriors, and so forth, than the customs of society. What Granville desiderated has been to some extent supplied by Becker's marvellously

charming story of *Charicles*,—a tale whose whole interest turns on the illustration of the actual life of the old Greeks, especially as exemplified in Athens itself. We presume that Dr. Granville had not read this exquisite book, which should be attentively and repeatedly perused by all who wish to know how men lived in Greece from two to three thousand years ago.

At last Granville reached Constantinople after a long and tedious voyage. During his very first night on shore he was seized with what he at first thought to be his "old Boëtian fever," but which turned out to be the plague, which was at that time very rife in Constantinople. At his own request, he was immediately removed from the palace of the Legation to the Galata Hospital. For about a week he lay here hovering between life and death; but no sooner was he able to use his brain than he began minutely to study the horrible disease to which he had nearly fallen a victim. The hospital doctor, a Venetian physician of some eminence, gave him his own way as to medical treatment, but had a most decided opinion that the disease was strictly contagious, and had been conveyed to the patient, in this instance, by the people who had assisted in his removal from the ship to the Embassy. Our author gives a most interesting account of experiments made by one Dr. Valli, who twice inoculated himself with virus obtained from a plague bubo. In the first instance he mixed it with vaccine matter, the result being a slight indisposition, accompanied by sores. Emboldened by this result, and believing that he had become invulnerable, so far as the plague was concerned, Valli soon afterwards inoculated himself with virus from the bubo pure and unmixed. He very nearly paid for his devotion with his life, having in some three days a severe attack. The former experiment seemed to favour the mixed and milder use of inoculation, and it soon became very popular; but so much mischief followed, that the use of it was suppressed by authority. The conclusion as to the contagiousness of plague was confirmed and established.

His intercourse with Dr. Valli opened his way to exercise his profession in Stamboul. He was consulted by the parents of a young lady suffering from chest complaint; and the success of his treatment led to a proposal from the father that he should reside in his family during the spring and summer as domestic physician; a proposal

which he gladly accepted, the more so as during those seasons the family lived in Terapia, "the prettiest village on the European shore of the Bosphorus." He was heartily sick of his two-mile walk up and down a street, "meeting always the same faces, and being snarled at by the same filthy curs, until they discovered that I was only one more giaour in their indisputable realm." His new employer was a Greek of high connections and considerable wealth, liable to slight attacks of epilepsy. The eldest son was an admirable linguist, and altogether a gentle and scholarly man, whose society was both delightful and edifying. The younger was to all intents and purposes "a real Oriental swell," aping the Turkish magnifico in the furnishing of his apartments and the adorning of his really handsome and most dearly-loved person. The ladies of the family were the last to arrive at the new residence. Dr. Granville shall himself draw for us a picture of a Greek beauty in the person of the eldest daughter.

"Zoitzä, the eldest daughter, about twenty years of age, represented in its most enchanting form the genuine type of Grecian beauty. Her hair, of a bluish black, from under the smallest possible cap of gold-embroidered blue velvet, coquettishly placed on the top of the head, flowed in profusion over her shoulders and graceful bust, except where gathered up in long massive tresses, entwined here and there with the flowers of the bright pomegranate; her open silk robe crossed modestly over a richly-embroidered muslin chemisette, fitting closely to the bosom. The dress was of the same colour as the flowers in the hair, toned down by a tunic of light gauze or white gossamer. The robe descended only a few inches below the knees, over the wide and plaited trousers of soft lustring, gathered in at the ankle, and terminating with a well-fitted slipper of the softest morocco leather, that set off the perfectly modelled and tiny foot. Zoitzä's complexion was rather Moorish, with elliptic eyebrows that almost met over the well-chiselled nose, while long eyelashes shaded her lustrous grey eyes, whose expression harmonised with the varying movements of her ruby lips, which disclosed another of her treasures. Her manners and address were most graceful."—Vol. I. pp. 146, 147.

At Terapia Dr. Granville set himself to learn the Turkish language; but, though he seemed to make some progress in speaking it, he could never succeed in writing it. He made some lines from right to left, "more like drawing than writing," but the attempt was so manifestly a failure

that he abandoned it, as years afterwards he had to give up stenography, which he calls "a species of Turkish writing." His office in the household was almost a sinecure till one evening in May, 1804, when he was suddenly summoned to the bedside of his host's younger daughter, whom he found spitting blood. He administered the proper remedies, including a grain of solid opium, and the young lady speedily fell into a profound and quiet sleep. Suddenly a terrific howl arose from the outside, which was instantly pronounced to be that of the death-dog, and the true presage of his patient's decease. It turned out to be the hooting of a huge owl; but that, in the view of the superstitious inmates, was an equally fatal omen. The young lady, however, recovered, and in three or four weeks resumed her place in the household. He found the Greek fasts more severe than those of the Romish Church; and was the more out of love with them that his own habits were extremely abstemious,—always eating little, and during the whole time of his sojourn in the East not even drinking or tasting wine. The roving propensity asserted itself once more, also, and a medical friend procured him the post of second physician to the Turkish fleet. Thus was the Milanese youth, when only just of age, converted from "a Western military conscript into an Oriental naval officer." He gives a ludicrous account of his discomfort and clumsiness on first donning the Turkish physician's costume.

He was appointed to the *Peacock*, which cruised in the Ægean waters, collecting the tribute exacted by the Turkish government. We cannot follow him through the details of this interesting cruise; but in the end the vessel was employed in the blockade of Acre, at that time held in rebellion against the Porte by Djezzar, the pasha of that place. This horrible man was a most infamous and ferocious tyrant, who had attained his present post by acts of perfidy and cruelty, which shocked the sensibilities, and provoked the hostility, even of the long-suffering Turks. He was in the constant habit of maiming such of his subjects as did not please him; and it was common to meet in the streets of Acre numbers "of men without a nose, an ear, or both, in some cases without the three organs, which had been cut off by order of the tyrant butcher." A very interesting episode of this blockade was leave of absence for ten days to visit the Holy Land. He landed at Jaffa,

was shown the alleged ruins of the house of Simon the tanner; went on to Jerusalem, and "did" the holy places in the approved style; then went "down to Jericho." Here he first saw the Jordan, with which he was much disappointed. His fellow-traveller, the navigating captain of the *Peacock*, proposed to ascend the sacred river in a boat, and was not a little astonished to hear from an experienced native that the feat was impossible, in consequence of the swift current, the innumerable twists and reaches, and the frequent shallows, of the sacred river. Very reluctantly the travellers chose the land route, by the Great Plain of the Jordan, whence they debouched upon the Plain of Esdraelon, and rejoined the ship. Soon afterwards the tyrant "died suddenly of apnœa—want of breath—a fatal complaint, imported by a special messenger from the Porte!" Granville was transferred to the *Active*, in which ship he was able to perfect his acquaintance with the Levant, &c., by visiting Cyprus, Alexandria, and Rhodes. During his wanderings his professional resources had steadily increased; but he could not settle down to the practice of medicine in any place he saw, and at the close of 1804 he resigned his appointment, and invested most of his savings in a Venetian merchant ship, of which the proud and courtly physician became supercargo; and which landed him at Malaga, where he disposed of his share of the cargo to advantage.

Here he soon mastered the Spanish language, which it was comparatively easy for an Italian to do, especially when that Italian possessed such rare gifts, and was so assiduous and indomitable a student as Granville. Here he resumed the course of gaiety to which he had been accustomed in Italy, but was soon roused to professional and earnest work by an outbreak of yellow fever. He had an opportunity of verifying the infectiousness of yellow fever as contrasted with the contagiousness of the Levant plague:—

"The family of a wealthy citizen, affected with the fever, were permitted, notwithstanding the prohibitory *cordon*, to leave the town for their country house at Torre-Molinos. There they were in free communication with various persons, none of whom caught the disease, while all the individual members of the afflicted family rapidly recovered. Of the reality of their disorder having been the prevalent yellow fever, I satisfied myself perfectly, as I did also of their recovery, and of the immunity that attended

their intercourse with strangers. Now, had it been the Levant plague, a like proceeding to that which here took place would inevitably have propagated it in Torre-Molinos; nor would mere pure air have prevented its spreading."—Vol. I. p. 216.

Dr. Granville spent nearly a year in Spain, and travelled extensively through it, visiting the chief cities, the Alhambra, &c. While at Gibraltar, the distant booming of guns was heard, betokening the dreadful but for England glorious naval conflict of Trafalgar. The results of that great fight were presently apparent in the arrival, towed as spoils of war, of the *San Ildefonso*, and two other men-of-war. Granville and others went on board as soon as they were within the mole, little imagining that on the quarter-deck of one of them, where he saw its French captain pacing sadly and dejectedly up and down, he would himself, ere long, "strut in the trappings of an English medical officer."

In the meantime, however, he paid a visit to Madrid, to be shocked by the outrageous immorality of that dissolute capital, and disgusted with both place and people. Don Miguel de Godoi,—as Granville calls him, but better known as Don Manuel de Godoy,—Prince of Peace, was the paramour of Maria Louisa, the adulterous queen; and the Court of that wretched woman and her worthless husband, Charles IV., was simply an aristocratic stew, in which vice strutted, with head erect, "in brazen armour strong." Indeed, Spanish society was rotten to its heart's core; and the universal profligacy presaged and prepared for the invasion and subjugation of the country by the lieutenants of Napoleon I., and the usurpation of the crown by his brother Jerome. The baptism through which Spain passed at that time was indeed a fiery one. Would that we could say it had proved a purifying one. We fear the fact is just the reverse; and in the state of recurrent revolution and chronic anarchy which has subsisted in the unhappy peninsula ever since that day, and from which it is even now enduring such accumulated misery, we seem to hear the echoes of that awful word, "For all this His anger is not turned away, but His hand is stretched out still."

As usual, our author greatly increased his stock of medical and scientific knowledge in the Spanish capital; and, after a lengthened examination, conducted in Latin, he was licensed to practise as a physician in any part of Spain he might prefer. But the wanderer's spirit was

strong within him ; and we soon find him at Lisbon, where he found the tone of morals laxer than even at Madrid. He was within a hair's-breadth of being gazetted chief surgeon of the *Real Carlotta*, a Portuguese frigate, when, all unconsciously to himself, an opening, destined to result in issues of the highest importance and advantage, suddenly presented itself. He became acquainted with Captain McKinlay, senior officer of the British naval squadron then at Lisbon, and, through him, obtained the post of assistant-surgeon on board the gunship *Raven*. "Such," he remarks, "was my initiation into the great community of England!" On receiving this appointment he assumed the surname of his maternal ancestors. The *Raven* soon captured a Danish merchantman, and Granville was transferred to the prize in his medical capacity, and so at last was realised the dream of years. He set foot on English soil to become, ere long, a thoroughly naturalised Englishman, a devout believer in Christianity, a thorough Protestant, and one of the most distinguished physicians of his age.

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we may."

He was between twenty-three and twenty-four years old when this critical event occurred. He knew nothing of English, yet submitted to be examined by a professional board that knew no other European language. The examination was held in Latin ; but the three or four others which quickly followed were in English, of which he obtained a very competent knowledge in an incredibly short time. He obtained his commission as a British naval surgeon in six months after his arrival at Portsmouth, having undergone three examinations conducted in our language ; and in less than two years afterwards he received the diploma of the Royal College of Surgeons. He attained the degree of M.D. eight years subsequently, and lived to be the father of the Royal College of Physicians. Truly his career was wonderful, and his attainments and personal character must have been of the highest order.

We now reach by far the most interesting and important period of Granville's eventful life. After three years' severe naval service, his susceptible southern constitution was seriously impaired, and he became a perfect cripple

from rheumatism. Providence brought him into intimate acquaintance with Lady Foley and Mrs. Kennedy (his captain's wife), both of them "what people, nowadays, call pious ladies." They, at any rate, impressed him with other notions of the female character than he had formed anywhere else during his wanderings. Mrs. Kennedy advised him to study the Authorised Version of the Scriptures, and the Book of Common Prayer, with a view to perfecting himself in English. He owns his obligation to this course of reading in that regard, but confesses to an infinitely greater debt on higher grounds. Becoming convalescent, he was easily persuaded to attend the parish church of Deal. The following acknowledgment is so simple, 'so genuine, and, in many respects, so precious, that we cannot keep it back:—

"But to the lady of my superior officer I had soon to become more greatly indebted; for, being able to go out on my recovery, she invited me to accompany her to her own parish church, where, from her example, and some previous instructions she had given me how to use the Prayer-book, in which she had marked the proper places, I was enabled to follow the service. Its simplicity, the absence of every showy ceremonial, of lights, of incense, crosses, images of saints, the consecration of wafers, and the elevation of the Host, the absence of all these did not shock me, for I had long ceased to occupy myself with Church matters. The English mode of worship struck me forcibly as much more natural than that of the Church in which I had been born; and this feeling was heightened at beholding around me a vast congregation of clean, well-clad people, quietly seated, or kneeling, or standing, according to the nature of the prayers, instead of a crowd of persons idly wandering about a large church, with scanty accommodation for either kneeling or sitting, disturbing rather than following the sacred service. We here beheld instead the whole mass of Christians present intent and earnest in but one object, all joining in the same fervent prayers, and attentively listening to a written sermon, deficient perhaps in fire and rhetoric, but sober, terse, and cogent."—Vol. I. pp. 271, 272.

And yet we have come upon days when, if certain influential Churchmen can have their way, all this will be exchanged for that glaring, ceremonial, semi-idolatrous worship, which, in numberless cases besides that of Granville, has done so much to alienate cultivated minds from Christianity itself!

But the following passage is more important still, and

our readers will agree with us that it is singularly touching and impressive :—

“Yes; I am a seceder from the Church of my fathers! yet hardly so. What my religious creed once was, and what it has been since, will be best judged, and the change more justly appreciated, if I produce here my declaration of faith, written spontaneously for the cognisance of my children on the 4th of July of the present year, 1870, sixty-one years after the conversion, during which I have been daily and hourly thankful for the very great comfort it has proved to me:—‘I am a convert, not from Roman Catholicism, but from Atheism. With the tenets and practice of the former system of religion ever before my eyes during my early years, I sank as I grew older unconsciously into the hollow tenets of the latter system, the result of the political convulsions of my native land. *Dixit insipiens in corde suo non est Deus.* Its effect on a youth with none but worldly thoughts and aspirations, was to leave me without any appeal for super-human aid in affliction. This dreadful isolation of my soul in life, and the idea of its annihilation after death, caused perpetual unhappiness in the midst of the gaieties of the world, to such a degree, that I was on the point of falling again into Theism, Mariolatry, and the worship of saints, which had been to me sources of serenity of mind in my boyish days, under the instruction of a pious mother; when the natural course of an adventurous life brought me to England, where my conversion was self-effected. At the age at which I am arrived, I need not be intimidated by or shrink from the cynical denunciations of critics at this announcement; nor do I hesitate to declare that most certainly neither the superstitions of the creed in which I was reared until I was twenty years of age, nor the unhappiness which the subsequent want of every inward religious conviction had engendered, led me to embrace the creed I am happy at present to profess. No; but the sight of a great people with whom I have happily identified myself for upwards of sixty years, governed by laws enacted by themselves, administered for their own benefit by able ministers whose authority depends upon the popular will;—such was the spectacle which first impressed me with, and has ever since maintained me in, the conviction that the religious creed which keeps the governors and the governed in such a happy, harmonious, and comfort-producing system of polity, must be the really true one. Nor do I deny that the satisfaction of beholding a whole happy nation prostrate at the feet of the Omnipotent, imploring Him in their own beautiful and simple language on every Sabbath morn, in every corner of the land, and at the same hour, for the safety of their own immortal souls, for the prosperity of their sovereign, for the blessing of their

own children, and the happiness of their fellow-creatures throughout the world, has added a spiritual and paramount attraction to the inward sentiments by which I have been led into my present state of happy belief."—Vol. I. pp. 276, 277.

This is, of course, only the story of an intellectual conversion; but, though we desiderate throughout the work a reference to the deeper process through which our author undoubtedly passed, and to that unseen Power to which both stages of his religious life were due, we cannot but point to the above passage as, in an evidential point of view, remarkable and highly-important. Such a testimony from such a man is a strong collateral corroboration of the truth, not only of Christianity, but of that Protestantism which is the simplest and purest form of it, and is happily still predominant in our highly-favoured country.

Granville continued in the navy for some time, married Miss Kerr, daughter of Joseph Kerr, Esq., of Blackheath,—a lady who proved eminently "a helpmeet for him,"—and pursued with much avidity and success his medical studies. In 1809 he joined the *Arachne*, and sailed to the West Indies. The very day after landing at Port Royal he was seized with yellow fever; but, by copious and constant applications of cold water to the head, the use of jalap, calomel, and James's powder, plenty of blankets, and hot tea, he threw the fever off in sixty hours, and was convalescent in a few days. As he lay ill in his berth he overheard the captain conversing with the lieutenant as to how "the doctor's remains were to be disposed of after death," whereupon he cried out in a pretty strong voice, "I'm not dead yet, and don't intend to die." His term of service in the West Indies lasted for two years, during which he visited most of the islands, and suffered much from rheumatism, and the pressing attentions of those West Indian vermin, the jigger and the guinea-worm. But his life had also its more agreeable side; and notably so in his introduction to Bolivar, "the Liberator" of Caracas, whose renown has since become world-wide as the founder of the Republic of Columbia. Granville owed that introduction to his knowledge of Spanish, he alone of all around him being able to translate the documents by which Bolivar strengthened his appeal for British help in the struggle for emancipation from the Spanish yoke. Granville was compelled, through ill health, to return home, and was entrusted with the Spanish documents, to be

delivered by his own hand to the Colonial Secretary. The late Sir Robert Peel was then Assistant-Secretary in the Colonial Office, and to him the papers were handed, Granville being much surprised at the youthful appearance of this already famous minister of State. He spent some time presently in Manchester, where he soon became the intimate friend of John Dalton, and where he obtained the most valued literary distinction of his life, being admitted a member of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, of which Dalton was then the president. There, too, he issued his first English book in the shape of five critical essays on John Kemble's performances; a work which, though only five years previously its author had been ignorant of our language, was at once received with marked favour.

We must, however, pass over the brief remaining portion of Dr. Granville's vagrant life, and contemplate him as preparing to settle down into the position of a dignified metropolitan physician, with a courtly *clientelle*, and an extremely lucrative practice. His resignation of his post in the navy had become a necessity; at least, so he thought. He hints very obscurely at jealousies and prejudices inimical to his professional prospects, arising from the fact that he was a foreigner; but the forbearance shown wherever he has to touch on anything of this kind is one of the great charms of the book: A sudden and unexpected order from the Admiralty to join Admiral Warren's squadron was the occasion of the change in his mode of life. That order was withdrawn, indeed, through the representations of his friend Mr. Hamilton,—“my good friend and Mæcenas, as I may now call him,”—and Granville retired on half-pay. He devoted himself to the instruction of his friend's children; but, ever keeping professional advancement chiefly in view, he entered Westminster Hospital as a student, in order to become thoroughly acquainted with the peculiarities of English practice. He was introduced to Sir Joseph Banks, and was admitted to his Sunday evening reunions, where he became the intimate associate of the eminent literary and scientific men of the day. He gives a charming account of these reunions, where he used to meet Sir Humphry Davy, Woollaston, Brougham, Lansdowne, Herschel, Whewell, Brewster, and a host of stars who then glittered in the metropolitan firmament. The year 1813 was in every way memorable

to him, and proved fruitful not only in the literary and scientific harvest which he personally reaped, but in the preparation for rapid professional advancement which it effected. He became a member of the College of Surgeons, and also of the Royal Society.

Yet his professional installation was to wait awhile. His connection with Mr. Hamilton, then closely associated with the British Government, led to his being employed as a diplomatic agent during the negotiations consequent on the fall of Napoleon in 1814. In the course of these negotiations, he had the opportunity of re-visiting his native land, and many of the scenes of his early travels. The joy of meeting the members of his family was, however, impaired in consequence of the recent death of his mother. He was connected with Sir Robert Wilson, then resident in Milan as Military Commissioner to His Majesty the King of England; and during his own stay in the city, Granville had ample opportunity of observing the state of political feeling around him. He tells us, indeed, that but for the mutual jealousies between the Emperors of Russia and Austria, the Allied Powers would certainly have provided for the independence and unification of the Italian peninsula. Naturally enough, he found his countrymen anxious and uneasy upon the question of Italian nationality. The following passage is, when read in the light of subsequent events, extremely interesting; and especially as an instance of Granville's own political sagacity and foresight:—

"I found all my friends and contemporaries of one political opinion and faith,—faith in the stability of Italian independence, when properly secured by the adoption of the constitutional-monarchical form of rule; an opinion not differing from that which I had promulgated in all my public writings in England, and in my translations in Italy also. With Carlo Botta, Ugo Foscolo, Angeloni, Cattaneo, Pallavicini, all ardent patriots, I preached this great truth till I was hoarse,—You will never achieve independence without an armed champion to support your aspirations to that blessed political condition which the freest nation in the world has purchased for itself with the horrors of a revolution. Italy, a nation of 25,000,000 of people, from the Alps to the southern shores of Sicily, and from Nice to Trieste,—the mistress of intellectual civilisation, the teacher of the fine arts, and of the elements of beauty and taste; Italy, the inspiring goddess of poetical genius, the instructress in political laws and political economy; Italy, who at the destruction of Athenian Greece

and of her own Roman empire, was the only country remaining which could point out to the world, eager for enlightenment, how to escape from a state of brutish abasement to reach one of sentimental and intellectual enjoyment; Italy, in fine, will not, cannot achieve her great destiny without first promoting the extension of the kingdom of Piedmont, which stands now isolated on its Alpine summits as a great fogleman to all the Italian races about to be drilled in the theory and practice of liberty and independence. The day will come when the 'drilled' will help the drill-master to extend his own influence and command over the whole Italian peninsula."—Vol. I. pp. 358, 359.

Truly these were "prefiguring words;" and how interesting to know that the speaker lived long enough to see their fulfilment in the way of all others satisfactory to his patriotic heart! In the course of his interviews and negotiations with Italian authorities, both general and local, he strongly urged the notion of a united Italian kingdom, under the government of a prince of the House of Savoy; and naturally he claims credit for the suggestion with a good deal of self-complacency. He remained a considerable time in Italy, very much occupied with his affairs, and observing the intrigues and influences then working behind the scenes. In a letter to Mr. Hamilton, dated Lucca, 10th June, 1814, he sums up his view of the situation in these very memorable words:—

"All tends to show that grave events are at hand, and that looking to the deep plotting manifestly going on at this moment in these parts, where the great lion is caged but not subdued, unless England can give a new direction to passing events by new measures, *Bonaparte will not be long in Elba after Christmas*. Above all, put no faith in the protestations of the King of Naples, nor in those of any of his creatures, Lecchi, Minutoli, De Gallo, Pignatelli, Rocca Romana. They are *Bad-Faith* personified."—Vol. I. p. 398.

On his homeward journey towards the close of 1814, our author sojourned for a short time at Geneva. Here he renewed his acquaintance with Sir Humphry Davy, and was introduced to that phenomenon among women, Madame de Staël. His notices of this extraordinary woman are exceedingly interesting.

"Strange as it may seem, the eyes were not only the first but the only feature in Madame de Staël's physiognomy, I might say of her whole person, which produced an impression and which

absorbed all attention. Large, lustrous, almond-shaped, with a mobility of pupil that obeyed every inward feeling and guided its direction, and so profoundly black when dilated as almost to modify the velvety and violet tint of the iris. One of her biographers, a lady, Madame de Saussure, has said, '*Le génie éclatait tout-à-coup dans ses yeux, qui étaient d'une rare magnificence.*' I have, like most men, looked on many female faces with absorbing admiration, but that admiration in general was equally distributed over the entire personal attractions. In Madame de Staël the whole and the undivided attractive features that caught and retained your exclusive regard and admiration were her eyes, and on turning from them, even after some minutes' observation, one would be at a loss how to describe the rest of her person without a fresh inspection."—Vol. I. p. 433.

He seems to have been rather alarmed than otherwise with the talking capabilities of this strongest of strong-minded women; for the result of the first lengthened interview was to make him "reluctant to encounter her again at close quarters." But the sharp-witted lady saw what had happened, and on subsequent occasions treated him so affably, as to make him feel himself quite at his ease in her society. To complete what has to be said about her, we must anticipate a little. During a professional residence in Paris in 1817, Granville again met her, not now, alas, in society where she had so long been "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes," but in the retirement of her sick chamber, and confronted with the near approach of death. Her last days were singularly melancholy. She shrank from the prospect of dying, either (as her old medical attendant, Dr. Portal, believed) because she was afraid of death, or, as Granville thinks, because her intellectual pride revolted at the thought of being put out of the way like a creature of common clay, against her will. Be this as it may, it is true that the illustrious daughter of Necker was strangely agitated and restless during the last days of her life. She was moved at her own bidding from room to room, as long as any remained untried; "until at last the small garden at the back of the house was the only shelter left in which she fancied that grim death could not find her."

In 1814 Granville became lecturer on chemistry in the medical school of St. George's Hospital. Lecturing one day on chlorine, with the view of illustrating Sir Humphry Davy's discoveries, a globular glass vessel full of chlorine

gas was broken through the clumsiness of an attendant, and the lecturer fell to the ground like a lump of lead. Great alarm and consternation followed. He soon, however, recovered,—but completely deprived of the sense of smell. Once only, and that for but one brief hour, it returned to him while driving past a field of new-mown hay. His enjoyment of the fragrant odour was extreme; but, on returning past the field, “hoping to enjoy again the same delicious sensation,” he was disappointed, and never subsequently recovered the sense of smell.

His heart was still set upon becoming a great metropolitan physician; and, as so often happened to him, he soon found sympathizing and helping friends. Conspicuous among these was Sir Walter Farquhar, Physician to the Prince Regent. Appreciating the difficulties in the way of a foreign physician without official standing in London, he advised his friend to prepare himself for some professional position; and, as there was great need in the metropolis of “a scientific physician-accoucheur,” recommended him to spend some time in Paris for the special study of obstetrics. This advice was forthwith acted upon; and Granville was almost immediately domiciled, with his wife and family, in the Hôtel de Saxe, Rue du Colombier, within reach of the Ecole de Médecine, the Maternité, and the Hôpital des Enfants Malades.

He was extremely ill with aggravated dyspepsia at the time of his arrival in Paris. Yet he at once buckled to his work; and in a short time all the morbid symptoms disappeared, and for nineteen months he worked at lectures, demonstrations, clinical operations, and everything tending to perfect his professional training, for sixteen or eighteen hours a day. This surprising result, he takes care to inform us, was not brought about by drugs. When did a doctor ever take his own medicine? Granville owed his recovery to a life of the utmost regularity, simplicity, and moderation. He dined at a modest restaurant in the Pays Latin. For twenty-five sous he fared sumptuously on soup, two dishes of meat, and dried fruits. Very occasionally he drank half-a-bottle of *vin ordinaire*, but as a rule water was his drink. In short, he seems to us to have been a notable exception to the mass of Englishmen, whether visitors or residents, who favour the French Capital with their presence, and as a rule yield but too easily to the gustatory temptations of French *cafés* and *restaurants*. He constantly

denied himself; "scorned delights, and lived laborious days;" and was rewarded by a vast accumulation of knowledge and experience in that branch of practice to which he was henceforth chiefly to devote himself. As a pattern to students of every class, we quote his account of his method when attending lectures:—

"I invariably attended each lecture a quarter or half an hour before its commencement [*sic*], prepared with small quires of writing paper, pen behind the ear, and ink-horn suspended from a button-hole in my coat. As there was always a collection of objects, machines, and utensils, simple or complicated, on the table before the lecturer, I at once proceeded to delineate the same in their minutest details in ink-lines, which an acquaintance with descriptive geometry had made me familiar with. By the time the lecturer entered, my work was done; and as he proceeded in the description of his apparatus, which I had set down in writing, I was able to apply distinguishing letters of the alphabet, or Arabic numbers, to the various parts of the said apparatus. With regard to the text of the lecture itself, which was delivered, of course, in the purest and most fluent French, I translated it mentally, and wrote down actually in English full sentences and the import of every phrase or observation."—Vol. II. p. 69.

One hardly knows whether more to admire the industry or the versatility of this Italian student, who ten years previously knew nothing whatever of English, and is now here translating into English "the purest and most fluent French" of a lecturer on so technical a subject as that of obstetric medicine. No wonder that his reward was at last so great. A man with such rare gifts and such a conscientious use of his time and endowments could not fail to attain the highest eminence. He was especially interested at this time in attending the illustrious Cuvier's lectures on animal reproduction; and pronounces a strong opinion, founded on a prolonged study of the mechanism of reproduction not only in animals but in insects, that "the Darwinian doctrine must be illusory and fallacious."

Our author, of course, moved in the very best society, both French and English, during his sojourn in Paris, and his notices of political and other celebrities are exceedingly lively and entertaining. He tells a most ludicrous story of how Morrison, "of pill-celebrity," managed to break through the charmed circle that fences off "society," and completely to take in said society. Acting on the advice

of a shrewd Parisian friend, this celebrated quack doctor passed himself off as "un millionaire Anglo-Américain;" hired, at a cost of five thousand francs, a splendid hotel for three days; obtained a retinue of servants for three thousand francs, and paid some thirty thousand more for refreshments, opera singers, &c.; and then issued cards to all the *élite* of the city, inviting them to attend the "reception" of Monsieur and Madame Morrison. An immense sensation was created. The most diligent inquiries failed to elicit anything to the disadvantage of the unknown couple, and "society" hurried with a rush to the pill-maker's hotel, where the honours were thoroughly well-done, especially by Mrs. Morrison, a handsome and lady-like woman. After a magnificent reception and supper, the guests retired at dawn of day, each guest receiving, on stepping into the carriage, a splendid enamelled card, with an inscription in French, to this effect: "M. Morrison remercie, and begs to recommend the never-failing vegetable pills, sold at the Hygeian Temple, City-road, London."

He returned to London in November, 1817, and settled in Saville-row. Just as he arrived in town, he heard the news of the Princess Charlotte's death. He believed then, and to the end of his life, that had he, with his experience and skill recently acquired in Paris, arrived a few hours sooner, he might have saved that Princess's life. Such seems to have been Sir Walter Farquhar's opinion too; for his first remark on meeting Granville was, "Pity you did not arrive sooner." Our author's first appointment was that of "Physician-accoucheur" to a dispensary "for the delivery of married women at their own habitations;" and his first patient was the wife of a hatter, who had given him his vote. His ignorance of English professional etiquette was nigh doing him serious damage, as he had been called to his patient in the absence of her regular surgeon, and, at her urgent instance, remained in charge of the case after that gentleman's return, in violation of professional usage. His friend, Sir Walter, however, soon put him right on such matters, and he presently found himself embarked in a large and lucrative practice.

One of his earliest and most illustrious patients was Mrs. Siddons, who suffered at this time from *insomnia*. He pays a graceful and well-merited tribute to the intelligence, personal work, and domestic dignity and purity of this

remarkable woman, whom he had the pleasure of curing of her distressing malady. In the second quarter of 1818, he attended a hundred and twenty new patients, all moving in high circles, and saw the object of his long ambition within his grasp. As a physician for "the upper ten thousand," he was, of course, comparatively at leisure at other times than the London season; and as his courtesy, urbanity, learning, and fine social qualities, made him a great favourite with many titled patients, he frequently accompanied such patients in their resorts to continental spas, and other places. Indeed, he left London on excursions of this kind every year, and became quite a great and famous traveller. His insight into "opportunity" was in frequent requisition, and seems never to have failed him. Very often he travelled with such grandees as Lady Ellenborough, in the character of attendant physician; at other times he wandered about on his own account, in Russia, Germany, Italy, Spain, or the East. But he was no mere saunterer, even when on journeys of so-called pleasure. He minutely recorded his experiences; pressed them all into the service of his profession; visited patients whom his advice, or some of his numerous works, had induced to attend continental bathing-places; and, withal, amassed by no means a contemptible fortune. Indeed, all he touched seemed to turn to gold; and the laborious and conscientious industry of youth received a splendid recompense in middle-life and old age.

The story which we have so far minutely followed occupies nearly three-fourths of this *Autobiography*. His professional career in London offers little for remark beyond such general indications of his position and success as we have just suggested. One great disappointment befel him in connection with the founding of the London University, and it is pretty clear that he owed this to the exceeding unfairness of Lord Brougham, then Mr. Henry Brougham, and Chairman of the University Council. That gentleman appears to have suppressed every one of the twelve first-rate testimonials by which Granville supported his application for the Professorship of Midwifery; and to make the matter worse, this was done in the interest of Brougham's own medical attendant, who obtained the post. This did not, however, prevent the great lawyer and the great physician from meeting afterwards on friendly terms.

Our author wielded during his long life an indefatigable

pen, and enriched English literature, and especially English chemical and medical science, with a large number of learned and valuable treatises. His works on the spas of Germany, England, Vichy, &c., enjoyed very just and extensive popularity, and greatly added to his professional renown. As specimens of pure, simple, refined English writing, they are in themselves sufficiently remarkable; and considering that he was ignorant of our language till after he was twenty-five years old, they are really wonderful.

But we must come to a reluctant, and somewhat abrupt, close. His daughter sums up the story of the last ten or twelve years of his life in a few beautiful and deeply affecting pages. Sorrows and bereavements multiplied around him; but all were borne with Christian fortitude and resignation. He lost his friend, Mr. Hamilton, in 1859, and his own beloved and admirable wife died almost suddenly in 1861. Henceforward life seemed to lose its charm and its interest. He still visited his old patients. His last book was published in 1865, under the title—*The Great London Question of the Day: Sewage v. Gold*. On completing his 80th year he felt himself for the first time an old man. Then he buried himself in a mass of diaries, correspondence, and memoranda, and communed with his past till he all but forgot the present, except as concerned his children and friends. He was sustained by a simple and childlike faith; saw God's hand in everything; grew more and more patient and gentle as his infirmities increased. Early in 1872 his last illness occurred. He was perfectly calm and collected, and though often suffering severely, watched and studied the symptoms and progress of the malady as if some one else were the victim of it. He knew the end had come, and he was fully prepared for it. On Sunday, March 3rd, conscious to the last, and whispering in his daughter's ear, "Light, all light!" this gifted and good man "fell asleep."

We have very imperfectly sketched a noble and most exemplary career. We heartily commend these deeply interesting volumes to our readers. In them they will find much that is noble and beautiful, but never a mean, ill-natured, or unworthy word or sentiment. Studious and self-cultivating young men especially will be stimulated and encouraged by the perusal of this autobiography.

ART. VII.—*La Fin du Mal: ou, l'Immortalité des Justes et l'Anéantissement graduel des Impénitents.* Par M. PETAVEL-OLLIFF, Docteur en Théologie. Paris: Sandoz et Fischbacher. 1872.

WE have selected this little volume from among many tracts and pamphlets lying around us, all bearing on the question of the final destruction of evil from the universe. The reasons of this selection lie partly in the value of the book itself, partly in the intangible character of the mass of our own English literature on the subject. Most of the works dedicated to the maintenance of this particular theory are of the serial character, and scarcely adapted to the greatness and solemnity of the matter. Moreover, those which we happen to have seen generally mix up the topic with a number of others only distantly connected with it. But the little work of Dr. Pétavel is distinct and complete in its kind. It deals fairly with the subject, and with the subject as distinct. It is brief, and on some points, scanty. But it is written with precision and elegance, and by an author who thoroughly understands his subject, is an enthusiast in defence of the dogma he espouses, and seemingly has made some sacrifices for it. Another reason which has induced us to limit our observations to this book must be confessed. We cannot in these pages enter fully upon this comprehensive and most solemn subject. Anything like a complete and systematic treatise upon it would be here out of the question; but our duty binds us to make some reference to it; for it is a topic of tremendous importance, and deeply stirs the thinking and the feeling of many of our readers. What will be said on this occasion will be simply and purely a review of this particular book. It may lead hereafter to a notice of the polemics which are so abundant just now; but for the present we shall be contented with an examination of this little volume, not without thankfulness that the doctrine we assail is presented to us by a writer so clear, graceful, and succinct.

The volume is composed of three parts: a memoir presented in 1870 to the *Société Théologique* of Neuchâtel, a

Review of Objections which the Memoir provoked, and certain supplementary notes, which condense within small compass a considerable amount of thinking and reading on the subject.

The preliminaries of the discussion we pass over. The Biblical doctrine, as stated by our author, is this,—that the sinner “separated from the source of life advances by a slow and funereal march towards eternal death,” first the death which kills the body, then that which kills the soul, the second death of which the Apocalypse speaks. According to the Bible, it is asserted, souls after death are divided into two orders.

The first, reconciled to God, confiding in His great care, manifested especially in the sacrifice of His only Son, regenerate and returned to the constitutive principle of their being, having become subject again to the rule from which they for a time severed, live for ever in felicity. *That ye might have life* (John v. 40; xx. 31). Such is the end of the Divine economy, not only according to St. John, but according to the entire doctrine of the Scripture. Life is the end and consummation of our Saviour’s gift.

The second class is again divided, according to our author’s reading of the Bible, into two categories: sinners unreconciled and unreconcilable, and sinners who have not heard or who have not understood the good news of the remission of sins. As to these last, they are in the way of perdition; but many declarations of Scripture permit the hope that they will be subjected to a new probation, and that a special preaching will be addressed to them. But, as to those sinners, not absolutely incorrigible, for whom the Divine decree may have provided an intermediate probation in the other world, the author says nothing, his subject not requiring that their case be specially studied. But here we would demur. The new probation in another world very much affects the general question. It in fact gives up one variation of the annihilation theory at once; and that variation one which, though Dr. Pétavel renounces it, as his title shows, has always numbered a great many votaries, and is, we are firmly persuaded, the only one which is fully consistent with the principles of his theory. If the punishment threatened in Scripture is privative only or mainly; if the penalty inflicted on the believer is the loss of the immortal life provided and offered in Christ; if death is the execution of that sentence;

if there is no immortality in the soul save as a gift of Christ which is bestowed through the Gospel; if, in short, after the dissolution of the body as the penalty of sin there is nothing of the man remaining; if he has forfeited his inheritance in Christ for ever—then the great annihilation should be dated at the death of every man. This has been held by many who have adopted every kind of subterfuge to evade the embarrassment of a restoration of the sinner to life in order to his judgment at the last day. But it is only fair to say, that the more modern theories make the destruction and annihilation of the spirit gradual.

As to the reprobate proper their doom is to undergo, before the judgment and after it, a gradual disintegration or destruction of their being, issuing in their total extinction. The essential character of that chastisement or punishment is elaborately examined, and reduced by a summary process to something very different from the ordinary conception. On the ground that the term *kolasis* springs from a root signifying to dismember or mutilate—which meaning however was altogether forgotten in its current classical use—the meaning of the chastisement eternal is said to be an eternal severance from humanity and from life. Granted that it were so, it must also be remembered that other words are used which qualify and enlarge the meaning, and add the positive element that seems wanting. Our Lord speaks of the stripes with which the transgressor is to be beaten: few or many. He refers to the weeping and wailing of a state of exclusion. And the Apostle Paul terms it the paying a penalty of eternal destruction. But the passage bearing on this subject is a striking one: let us see it in translation:—

“Looked at narrowly, all chastisement implies the idea of a loss, of a cutting off, more or less considerable. The fine is a loss of money; imprisonment is a loss of liberty; death is the loss of life. It is identically the signification of the Latin term *castigare*, the etymological meaning of which is to prune or retrench. It is, to cut off the sterile boughs. *Castigatio, amputatio quæ arboribus luxuriantibus adhibetur*: according to the definition of the *Thesaurus* of Stephens. It is the operation which is mentioned by Jesus himself in the similitude of the vine and its branches. ‘I am,’ He said, ‘the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch which, not united to Me, beareth no fruit, He cuts off, and every branch which beareth fruit He pruneth, that it may bear more fruit. He who

abideth not united to Me is cast out as a branch, and is withered and gathered, and cast into the fire and burned.' (John xv.) The wicked will be cut off for ever from the trunk of humanity; they will be consumed; their destruction will be total and definitive. This is eternal punishment."

But it seems to be forgotten here that the only object of this chastisement, or "pruning," is not, in our Saviour's parable, the branch that is punished, but the branch that is saved. The branch that is cut off, and withered, and punished (admitting the confusion of figure for the argument), is cast into the fire, not pruned. Hence our pleader, our special pleader, must not be allowed to make the word signify in one and the same place punish and prune. Moreover, the terms used for the cutting-off are quite different, as may be seen at once by consulting the original. There is a punishment hinted at, and more than hinted at, which is something very different from discipline. We should not refer to this strange conglomeration of the ideas of pruning and of punishment in the word castigation, were it not for the necessity of meeting by anticipation any argument that may convert penalty into mere discipline.

"According to the Bible, life is a deposit which God withdraws from him who abuses it. The Creator constrains none to remain seated at the banquet of existence; he accords immortality to the just; but those who suppose they can change the laws of their being exclude themselves; for they attempt the impossible, as much so as aiming at the quadrature of the circle. They will not efface the laws which are immutable; but they will succeed in making them literally the instrument of their ruin. Spirits, like bodies, endure no longer than they are worth. The death of the unregenerate soul follows more or less promptly that of the body. The rust which eats the scabbard will end by devouring the sword. No useless torments; but the gradual destruction of an individuality which plunges again into the nothing whence the Divine mercy had designed to draw it forth; a terrible agony, then a night without to-morrow. This soul no longer perceives, no longer feels. It was, it loved, it lived; it loves no more, it is dead, it no more is."

Here, then, in a few loose sentences, we have the sum of the annihilationist theory. Let us examine some of its component elements. Not, however, at any length; but, imitating the author's dogmatic brevity, in few words. Then, first, we never find it said in the Bible that life is a

deposit which God withdraws from those who abuse it. We are constantly reminded by our opponents that "eternal sufferings" and "immortal soul" are phrases not found in the Bible. We must retort: "A deposit of life withdrawn from him who abuses it," is not an idea or term sanctioned by Scripture. Death was threatened—be death what it may—as the penalty of disobedience; not as the punishment of a misuse of life. The misuse was a misuse, not of being, but of free being, of liberty, of the secret and mysterious quality of life, which made it a moral existence. It is never said that immortality, in the sense of continued existence, is given only to the just. All men live; and during their possession of this common element of life, some have the life "more abundantly," which is the only Biblical life, the life of communion with God, *in whose favour is life*, and some, living still, are dead while they live. Of the former, it is said—we need not quote the passages, they occur to every one—that they have eternal life, not, however, in virtue of their mere existence, for they are hastening to death in another sense. Of the others, it is said that they are already dead in trespasses and sins while they live; or, in words which it is expedient to quote literally, and in their reference to both sides of the alternative: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth in him." Let the reader study, especially in the Greek, and remembering that it is St. John's Greek, these words. On the one hand, he shall not see life—how can that be made consistent with privation or "retrenchment?" It is simply exclusion; and as excluded he still lives—the wrath abideth in him.

"We find, then, reproduced in theology the law of nature; the species most apt and best conditioned survive, those which badly respond to their destination disappear and become extinct. Thus disappeared in the last century two bipeds of the same family, the dodo of the Mauritius, and the solitary of the Island of Rodrigues, clumsy birds, deaf, and almost without wings; so, also, in our own time, certain inferior races of the human species. We are all of us only candidates for immortality; and, from a certain point of view, the selection would be a natural selection, with a large ingredient of the element of human liberty in the result. In the spiritual world, as in the visible universe, progress is made in the elimination. The Gospel tells us that there are

many called but few chosen ; many invited to the feast of the future life, and relatively few guests. Observation convinces us that a very small selection of beings and of germs in nature are developed and perpetuated. In short, the Gospel and universal analogy teach us, with one consent, that the gift of life is conditional ; that the world contains an innumerable harvest of human beings, of whom some suffer themselves to sink into the perishable destiny of animal life, whilst the rest prepare themselves for a superior life."

This application of the modern theory of development or evolution is rather startling, as coming from one who firmly holds the leading verities of the gospel of universal redemption. It is a theory which has its fascination in the spiritual domain, even as it has in the natural. In its general idea, and before it is applied to facts, whether of human history or of Christian record, it seems to explain and simplify everything. But is it enough to consider its implications and results, in order to perceive how exceedingly perilous it is. Since we find that only a small number of beings and germs are ever developed and perpetuated in nature, analogy requires us to suppose that in the creation of man the same law was intended to operate ; that, in fact, the primitive seed of humanity was thrown into the infinite mass, to be subjected to ten thousand varieties of influence, and, in the course of its development, to rise to a higher form of humanity, passing, perhaps, into other, and, as yet, unknown types of being. How absolutely alien to the view given us in Scripture all this is, need not be dwelt upon. One who seriously and thoughtfully adopts this theory of the wasted germs of humanity being thrown away, and some new and higher man being slowly evolved through the laborious revolutions of ages, must renounce the doctrine of redemption, and give up Christianity altogether. The Christian faith presents a much higher and nobler view of the value of man, and of every man bearing in him the image of God. Its theory of the individual soul is altogether different. The Saviour bears a relation to humanity at large, and also to every individual ; the head of every man is Christ. We warn our readers against the seduction of this simplifying hypothesis. Before touching the vital secret of the theory, we will turn aside to consider how it works under the operation of Positivism and Naturalism. The following are words taken from "Supernatural Religion," professedly a

laborious review of the evidences that sustain the New Testament Revelation, but really an endeavour to remove the thought of a personal God from the minds of men, and bring them again under the bondage of natural law.

"The whole theory of this abortive design of creation, with such important efforts to amend it, is emphatically contradicted by the glorious perfection and invariability of the order of nature. It is difficult to say whether the details of the scheme, or the circumstances which are supposed to have led to its adoption, are more shocking to reason or to moral sense. The imperfection ascribed to the Divine work is scarcely more derogatory to the power and wisdom of the Creator than the supposed satisfaction of His justice in the death of Himself incarnate, the innocent for the guilty, is degrading to the idea of His moral perfection. The supposed necessity for repeated interference to correct the imperfection of the original creation, the nature of the means employed, and the triumphant opposition of Satan, are anthropomorphic conceptions totally incompatible with the idea of an Infinitely Wise and Almighty Being. The constitution of nature, so far from favouring any hypothesis of original perfection and subsequent deterioration, bears everywhere the record of systematic upward progression. Not only is the assumption, that any revelation of the nature of ecclesiastical Christianity was necessary, excluded upon philosophical grounds, but it is contradicted by the whole operation of natural laws, which contain in themselves inexorable penalties against natural retrogression, or even unprogressiveness, and furnish the only requisite stimulus to improvement. The survival only of the fittest is the stern decree of nature. The invariable action of law of itself eliminates the unfit. Progress is necessary to existence; extinction is the doom of retrogression. The highest effect contemplated by the supposed Revelation is to bring man into perfect harmony with law, and this is ensured by law itself acting upon intelligence. Only in obedience to law is there life and safety. Knowledge of law is imperatively demanded by nature. Ignorance of it is a capital offence. If we ignore the law of gravitation we are dashed to pieces at the foot of a precipice, or are crushed by a falling rock; if we neglect sanitary law, we are destroyed by a pestilence; if we disregard chemical laws, we are poisoned by a vapour. There is not, in reality, a gradation of breach of law that is not followed by an equivalent gradation of punishment. Civilization is nothing but the knowledge and observance of natural laws. The savage must learn them or be extinguished; the cultivated must observe them or die. The balance of moral and physical development cannot be deranged with impunity. In the spiritual as well as the physical sense, only the fittest eventually can survive

in the struggle for existence. There is, in fact, an absolute upward impulse to the whole human race supplied by the invariable operation of the laws of nature acting upon the common instinct of self-preservation. As, on the one hand, the highest human conception of infinite wisdom and power is derived from the universality and invariability of law, so that universality and invariability, on the other hand, exclude the idea of interruption or occasional suspension of law for any purpose whatever, and more especially for the correction of supposed original errors of design which cannot have existed, or for the attainment of objects already provided for in the order of nature."

The interpretation of the Divine purpose suggested by these lines makes, it seems to us, as great a demand on the credulity or faith of the reader as the New Testament Scriptures make. They who write in this style about the dishonour done to the Supreme Being by making Him interfere in Providence and redemption for the correction of evils and the remedying of wrongs, forget that they adopt the very same method themselves, though they conduct their processes in a different way. God in nature is here supposed to work out His plans through an infinite series of failures: every success is won at the expense of infinite disappointments. In fact, it is the very law of the Divine operation to do evil that good may come. The unspeakable calamities of mankind, the untold and unimaginable woes and agonies of the human race, are all looked down upon by the Supreme with tranquillity as His appointed method for working out a purpose touching the ideal humanity. Thus He solves His problem, at the cost of ages of distress, to be estimated only by His own omniscience. Does it not occur sometimes to these reckless writers that they are accomplices with the Christians whom they condemn in dishonouring the Divine Being; that if we are guilty they also are not innocent. We have a reason to give for the existence of evil that is not altogether in God and in Him alone. We have also a remedy, a glorious remedy, which, if it does not make a full and complete end of all evil, vindicates for ever the Divine perfections. But in this theory of evolution there are all the anomalies and contradictions that are falsely charged upon theology without one solitary alleviation or attempt at alleviation.

The theory which the Destructionists look upon with favour, which at least they are beginning to tolerate and

even to count as their ally, is one that they must make haste to renounce. It will infallibly, if they adhere to it, undermine their faith in Christianity, and place them by the side of the superficial writer of the above extract, and the class whom he fairly represents. Before they know what they have become, as it were unconsciously absorbing some of the worst influences of the speculation of the age, they will find themselves reducing the supernatural intervention of the Christian scheme into the natural evolution of an eternal principle. One of the least evils of such a theory is that it goes far to make Christianity a mere helper of the natural principle of development. The principle of human liberty is to do something; and we may suppose the grace of God in Christ is to have a large part in the process; still, after all deductions, safeguards, and allowances, the Christian redemption is only an auxiliary of the law of nature, according to which man is to reach his development by the suppression and annihilation of ten thousands of thousands of individual men. Now this notion must come to a renunciation of Christianity; and at that cost it wins certainly an ally for the doctrine of Destructionism.

The extreme advocates of evolution do not really believe in God. This is the only palliation of their folly. Yet it is hardly a palliation; for what they talk about and write about as invariable law they always invest with attributes of intelligence, represent it as working out a design, and that, according to their own showing, a design the accomplishment of which involves infinite failures and misery bound up with the failures. When the material law works upon are the unconscious atoms of matter the theory seems grand and imposing, and not abhorrent to the mind. But when the material is the substratum of spiritual and physical human experience, it is a different thing. These theorists, in short, retain all that tries the faith and submission of the believer in the Christian scheme, without the doctrine of a central personal triune God that makes the whole consistent. We must here introduce some words of a more powerful thinker, and one who does not wear the trammels of faith in a positive God which the former writer wears or affects to wear. The passage is given as a note in *Supernatural Religion*, and we commend it to those who are, as we certainly know they are, yielding to the delusion that the evolutionist and natural selection theory may be a useful

ally of the Christian doctrine of the eternal state of man. Let the reader of the following extract think into it as he goes along the doctrine of our Lord's redeeming work, placing that in the stead of "universal law;" let him substitute for "ideal man," which is meaningless unreality, "the body of Christ;" let him think, instead of "the things we call evil and immorality disappear," "all hopelessly evil is destroyed," and Mr. Herbert Spencer, the advocate of Positivism, or Nescience, is the advocate of their own favourite doctrine of annihilation. The author of *Supernatural Religion* speaks:—

"We venture to add a passage from Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Social Statistics*, which we have met with for the first time since this work was published, in illustration of this assertion. Mr. Spencer affirms 'the evanescence of evil' and the perfectibility of man, upon the ground that 'all evil results from the non-adaptation of constitutions to conditions.'

"After an elaborate demonstration of this, he resumes as follows: 'If there be any conclusiveness in the foregoing arguments, such a faith is well founded. As commonly supported by evidence drawn from history, it cannot be considered indisputable. The inference that as advancement has been hitherto the rule it will be the rule henceforth, may be called a plausible speculation. But when it is shown that this advancement is due to the working of a universal law, and that in virtue of that law it must continue until the state we call perfection is reached, then the advent of such a state is removed out of the region of probability into that of certainty. If anyone demurs to this, let him point out the error.

"Here are the several steps of the argument. All imperfection is unfitness to the condition of existence.

"This unfitness must consist either in having a faculty or faculties in excess; or in having a faculty or faculties deficient; or in both. A faculty in excess is one which the conditions of existence do not afford full exercise to; and a faculty that is deficient is one from which the conditions of existence demand more than it can perform.

"But it is an essential principle of life that a faculty to which circumstances do not allow full exercise diminishes; and that a faculty on which circumstances make excessive demands increases.

"And so long as this excess and this deficiency continue, there must continue decrease on the one hand and growth on the other.

"Finally all excess and all deficiency must disappear, that is, all unfitness must disappear; that is, all imperfection must dis-

appear. Thus the ultimate development of the ideal man is logically certain—as certain as any conclusion in which we place the most implicit faith ; for instance, that all men will die. For why do we infer that all men will die ? Simply because, in an immense number of past experiences, death has uniformly occurred. Similarly then as the experiences of all people in all times—experiences that are embodied in maxims, proverbs, and moral precepts, and that are illustrated in biographies and histories, go to prove that organs, faculties, powers, capacity, or whatever else we call them, grow by use and diminish from disuse, it is inferred that they will continue to do so. And if this inference is unquestionable, then is the one above deduced from it—that humanity must, in the end, become completely adapted to its conditions—unquestionable also.

“Progress, therefore, is not an accident, but a necessity. Instead of civilization being artificial, it is a part of nature ; all of a piece with the development of the embryo or the unfolding of a flower. The modifications mankind have undergone, and are still undergoing, result from a law underlying the whole organic creation ; and provided the human race continues, and the constitution of things remains the same, those modifications must end in completeness. As surely as the tree becomes bulky when it stands alone, and slender if one of a group ; as surely as the same creature assumes the different forms of cart-horse and race-horse, according as its habits demand strength or speed ; as surely as a blacksmith's arm grows large, and the skin of a labourer's hand thick ; as surely as the eye tends to become long-sighted in the sailor, and short-sighted in the student ; as surely as the blind attain a more delicate sense of touch ; as surely as a clerk requires rapidity in writing and calculation ; as surely as the musician learns to detect an error of a semitone amidst what seems to others a very babel of sounds ; as surely as a passion grows by indulgence and diminishes when restrained ; as surely as a disregarded conscience becomes inert, and one that is obeyed active ; as surely as there is any efficacy in educational culture, or any meaning in such terms as habit, custom, practice ; so surely must the human faculties be moulded into complete fitness for the social state ; so surely must the things we call evil and immorality disappear ; so surely must man become perfect.’”

The theory of chastisement here advocated suggests the anomaly of making the punishment of evil pass into the other world without the alleviation of some corrective design in it. The very pith of the annihilationist theory is that the punishment is the privation of life. But, if the privation of life comes as the relief of intense misery endured for long ages, it cannot be punishment at all. However this

matter is looked at, it yields no relief to that theory. The embarrassment is felt by all. Let us note how Dr. Pétavel meets the case in his chapter on "The Secondary Rôle of Suffering in Chastisement."

"We think it is a wrong conception that suffering is the essence of chastisement. Impose a fine on a millionaire: he will have been punished; notwithstanding, far from experiencing suffering, he will laugh at this insignificant loss. Suffering may accompany or may not accompany the chastisement; compared to the chastisement itself, it is a good, vigilant sentinel: it preserves the infant in the cradle, and the soldier wounded on the field of battle. It wakes them, provokes their cries, and procures for both a salutary help. It is ever the warning of the Shepherd of souls, and like the providential tocsin which warns the sinner of the imminence of his danger. The madman who should fix his eye on the sun would at first experience a keen pain; let him, deaf to the voice of suffering, persist, and the pain will disappear, but he will have lost his sight. This loss will be his chastisement, and not the fleeting pain which preceded and gave warning of the blindness. The total destruction of the human soul will be undoubtedly preceded by suffering proportioned, in its length and intensity, to the native vitality of that soul; the most poignant sorrows will accompany the agony of a soul more richly endowed and the dissolution of a greater mass of vital forces: in that sense much will be demanded of him who shall have received much; but what I refuse to accept is, that the Bible makes suffering the principal element of the chastisement."

Appeal is made to Rothe, who, however, was too profound a theologian to deny that there is in chastisement an element of punishment also. Indeed, it is here admitted that he regarded "the duration of the punishment of a soul as proportioned to its culpability, and the sum of Divine elements in that soul." In these words lies the real question. Punishment is the suffering inflicted upon a soul in proportion to its guilt. That proportion is known only to God; and He does not suffer us to investigate the question, as it respects either ourselves or our neighbour. But, lest we should suppose that there is one undistinguishing measure to be meted out to all men alike, we have the most express assurances of our Lord that the exaction will be according to the amount of the deposit; that there will be many stripes, and that there will be few stripes; that there will be punishments more tolerable and

less tolerable in that day. It need hardly be said, however, that the very fact of any punishment at all preceding the final extinction, translates that extinction into a blessing pure and simple. This could hardly be said of the extinction of a soul in physical death; because in the case of most sinners, if not all, there is much to render life desirable to the last. In the case of those who are without, whose conscious separation from the fountain of life and consolation is felt in all its unrelieved bitterness, the moment of extinction must needs be only an unspeakable gain, to be counted "all joy."

The doctrine here taught is suspiciously like one that is very current as to the quality of guilt and punishment, and the wrath of God, which is the rule and measure of both. Now nothing is more certain in the Scriptures, nothing more constantly impressed upon the minds of transgressors, than that their guilt is not merely misery and exposure to evil, but the due reward of their own deeds. The God of heaven and earth, of spirits and of men, is a just God. He does not hold any guilty who do not consciously resist His will, in some way expressed; nor does He hold any guiltless who deliberately transgress His lightest commandment. There is a view of sin which not only sympathises with, but inexpressibly cries out for, the doctrine of a suppression of eternal sorrow. But that view is not taken in the Bible. From beginning to end it has one clear and unfaltering note as to the quality of sin. It is the separation of the soul from God; and that itself, abiding, is the essence of eternal misery. It is the violation of His law; and that itself, abiding, is the law and the reason of an eternal penalty. The eternal loss and the eternal punishment will be reserved for the Devil and his angels, and for those of mankind who have rejected the expiation of the Son of God,—for none but those. Whatever may be said about the immortality of the soul, most certainly there is not in the principle of sin—separation of the will from God, and transgression of His law, both involving the death and the ruin of the soul—any principle of mitigation. Supposing the soul immortal, and the great provision of mercy in Christ rejected, there is no second theory in the Bible: there remaineth only the eternal result of an eternal sin.

The question arises, and it is one which settles the point, Does the Scripture permit the thought that the soul is

destructible and mortal? The following is the argument here used:—

“The Scripture, which teaches the survival of the soul beyond the body, the relative immortality of all men, never speaks of an absolute immortality outside of communion with Jesus Christ. The philosophical theses of the immateriality and indestructibility of the human soul is absolutely foreign to Biblical religion. Not only does not Scripture employ this expression,—common, however, in the religious language of our days,—*immortal soul*, but in every page it repeats, sometimes under one form, sometimes under another, that immortality is not a gift of nature, that it is to be acquired, that ‘God only hath immortality,’ that life eternal is the special recompense of those who, ‘by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, honour, and immortality.’ Would they have to seek for it, in fact, if they already possessed it by right of birth? No; according to Scripture there is life eternal only for the believer. ‘He that believeth not on the Lord shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him,’ like the thunder which mutters, ready to strike him.”

Too much is made of the fact that the soul is not called immortal. Where is God called the eternal God? That God alone hath immortality, of course means that He alone hath it in Himself absolutely, and is alone the source of it: just as He is the only wise God, the true God, and eternal life. If the soul of man were not immortal, the Scripture would have told us. Created in the image of God, and not under the law of physical death, remaining in existence when the body is decomposed, its incorruptibility seems to follow, and its immortality also, until evidence is given to the contrary. There is no such evidence. The doctrine everywhere points the other way. When sin entered the world, that immortality, conditional before, guaranteed sacramentally by the tree of life, was forfeited; as his birthright, literally it was lost, and, therefore, the tree was not sacramentally any longer to be eaten. But Christ already virtually belonged to the race, and restored its life. Hence His death was the death of mankind to sin, and in His resurrection all were made alive. His intervention neutralised death at all points, as a great provision. Had the restoration of man’s immortality not been perfect, we should have known it. In whatever sense all died in Adam, all in Christ are made alive.

The theory which requires the extinction of the soul is held by those who believe in the general resurrection.

How can they possibly make that theory square with the exigencies of the resurrection of the body as the organ and instrument of the soul? They renounce the Materialist theory, and by so doing are more than half way towards the doctrine of a necessary immortality. The only basis for a dissolution of man is the union of the soul and body. There are no materials which, in their union, make up the spirit. There are no elements which go to make up the one composite soul. There can be no dissolution of the soul as such. Then the long array of terms which are brought forward to illustrate the doctrine of Destructionism—all of which contain the undertone of dissolution—must fall back upon a supposed separation of body and soul again, the annihilation of both parts of the composite following. But there is nothing to sanction this in the Bible. The resurrection is not set before us with such concomitants or results. These theorists suffer much, as theorists, by their faithful and noble adherence to the scriptural doctrines of the survival of the soul and the resurrection of the body.

This leads to the scriptural use of the terms *death* and *life*. Doubtless there is a key to the use of these words, which is not in the theory to which we refer, but in that which we maintain as against it. This assertion requires for its proofs and establishment a thorough investigation of the words themselves as they run through the Old and New Testaments. Instead of entering upon this subject, it may be enough to lay down a single proposition: Both life and death in the Scriptures have a meaning altogether independent of mere existence. With regard to death: from the first mention of the word down to the very last, it means more than dissolution of soul and body, and less than annihilation. There is a second death haunting the first throughout the Scriptures. But when these passages are urged, our opponents take refuge in the theory of "prolepsis, or anticipation." Now this is a most valuable help to interpretation in many cases, and does really enter, to a certain extent, into the interpretation of all; but in the great proof-passages generally referred to, it refuses its help. When the Apostle speaks of death as the opposite of regenerate life—"You hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins"—it is vain to plead prolepsis, "you were virtually dead," as if the apostle were "anticipating the result to which sin would have led them if they

had not received the Gospel." Surely he would have said this, if he had meant it. How will this apply to "dead while she liveth," and "arise from the dead," and our Saviour's words concerning His own present resurrection power, in contradistinction from that which He will put forth at the hour, which not now is, but is coming? Our pleader refers to the prolepsis in the words which represent Christians as sitting in heavenly places, and glorified; but there is no prolepsis, there is a real sense, in which Christians are now exalted in Christ, and with Him glorified. We pass by the other instances. It is concluded that death, in Biblical language, indicates the gradual cessation of life. When total, it is followed by a complete annihilation of the being, or of the portion of the being concerned. The death of things is then destruction; and, in support of this, appeal is made to the passages which refer to the believer's being dead to sin. But these figurative uses of the term have no relevance; especially as generally they have reference to the suffering of the soul in union with Christ. Among the passages which are quoted to establish the doctrine that death is the end, the absolute end of the being, are two which, in their combination, teach most expressly the very reverse of what our author reads in each individually. In Matt. x. 28, it is said: "And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both body and soul in hell." Now, in the theory combated, what the unfaithful would have to fear is the tormentor of body and soul in hell, and not their extinction there; for this they would cry out to be hidden from the wrath of the Lamb. The antithesis is really the suffering of the body, represented by killing, and the suffering of body and soul: not the mere extinction of both. In Rev. xxi. 8, it is written: "Shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death." Death and Hell were cast into the fire: this is the second death. The first death is lost in the second; not by annihilation of its occupants, but by absorption of itself. What the second death means is again declared by a previous verse: "And the devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever." It may be said that these are terrible figures, which should not be made the law of interpretation for the sober verities

of the Divine displeasure. Whatever truth may be in this, the passages most distinctly show that death is no extinction of being, nor is the death of death.

It will be a relief to shift the topic. The "Orthodoxy of the Apostolical Fathers" is next appealed to in this service. This is a point of great importance. The earliest theological writers of the Christian Church must needs be listened to with great deference. Some of them had been taught by the Apostles themselves; or at least had come under the influence of those whom the Apostles had taught. No thoughtful student of doctrine would lightly reject what these men placed on record as their own opinion, or as their interpretation of the Apostles' opinions. They are introduced loosely, in company with several Fathers who lived a century after the latest of them, and with the following startling assertion:—

"I will now address myself to some objections urged by those who fear a discussion on the Biblical domain. This doctrine is new they say; it is contrary to the general faith of the Church. Let us observe, at the outset, that we should seek in vain the doctrine of eternal punishments in two of the principal confessions of faith of the nineteenth century; in the Confession of the Reformed Churches of France, otherwise so strict; and in the Thirty-nine Articles of the Anglican Church. I believe, for the rest, that, if this doctrine has been perpetuated in the bosom of the Protestant Churches, it is as a fatal heritage of the errors of the middle ages and Platonic theories. If we go through the writers of the first Fathers of the Church, Barnabas, Clemens Romanus, Hermas, Ignatius, Polycarp, Justin Martyr, Theophilus of Antioch, Irenæus, Clemens Alexandrinus, we shall find them all faithful to the apostolical doctrine of the final destruction of the wicked. That of eternal pains was not introduced into the Church until the beginning of the era when the Platonic philosophy gained the ascendancy. Plato had said of the soul that it is immortal and indissoluble. His adage prevailed over the denials of the apostles and prophets. Paul and John were constrained to Platonize. The apocryphal author of the Clementines is the first among the ecclesiastical writers who thus deviated from the primitive faith. Nevertheless, in certain passages, he contradicted himself by affirming that the soul would end in being consumed in the flames of hell. Then came Athenagoras. His leading aim was to show the fundamental accordance between the doctrine of Jesus and that of Plato, his old master; but he is careful not to quote Scripture as to the supposed indestructibility of the soul. Justin Martyr has been cited among the defenders of the doc-

trine which we combat; notwithstanding that he also adopted the Platonic phraseology, it appears from an attentive study of his writings that he admitted only a relative immortality, a survival more or less prolonged of the soul beyond the body."

In the Appendix a few citations are given; all of an ambiguous character, and those from the Apostolic Fathers proper simply reproductions of the language of Scripture. Passages might be quoted from them which intensify the Biblical expressions. For instance, Polycarp writing to Smyrna, says, appealing to the proconsul: "The fire thou threatenest can but burn for an hour, and will speedily expire: know thou that there is a fire of approaching judgment and everlasting punishment perpetually fed for the profane." Ignatius speaks again and again of the same "unquenchable fire." Clemens Romanus, the first inspired Christian author, leaves no doubt as to his sentiments: "If we do the will of Christ we shall find rest. But, if otherwise, He will in no wise rescue us from endless punishment," using the very same terms which our Lord uses. "It beseems us to consider that, among the athletes contending in those transitory games, he who was proved to have transgressed, was scourged and driven from the stadium. What should that teach us? The punishment which he shall suffer who has violated the immortal combat. For it is said, concerning them who preserved not the seal unbroken, 'Their worm dieth not, the fire is not quenched.'" "If the Potter have thrown the broken vessel into the furnace of fire, He can no more bring any remedy or succour to it. For, after we have left this world, in the other we can neither confess nor any longer repent." As to Justin Martyr, who comes next in importance to the Apostolic Fathers, being the first of the Apologists, he is most distinct in his evidence. In his second Apology he says: "Then shall they repent when it will be of no avail." And in his first Apology: "If it be not that the unrighteous shall be punished in everlasting fire, then there is no God; or if there be, He troubles not Himself concerning men, neither virtue nor vice can exist, and legislators unjustly punish those who transgress what is set forth as good." It is true, that the passage to which reference is made in a note speaks of the wicked "being punished as long as it shall please God to let them live and be punished;" but the writer uses there rhetorical language, which ought not to be pressed into the service of a theory of annihilation.

This would be inconsistent with his doctrine elsewhere concerning the "eternal punishment, and not a thousand years' period." Moreover, the language was not Justin's own, but his instructors. And finally, whatever dawnings we may discern of speculation as to the possibility of limit in punishment, belong to a period later than the century that followed the Apostolic, and must be classed among tendencies which were suppressed in the Christian Church. For instance, there was no response to the language of Theophilus; "Was man created necessarily mortal? No. Necessarily immortal? No. God created man either for mortality or immortality, according to the use he made of his liberty." This was exceptional language, and may be compared with that of Irenæus: "They who fly from the eternal light of God, which embraces all that is good, are themselves the cause that they find them dwelling in eternal darkness, bereft of all that is good, becoming to themselves the architects of this habitation." When we go further, and hear the witness of Lactantius, Tertullian, Chrysostom, Augustine, Athanasius, and the other masters of early theology, the stream of evidence becomes irresistible. Origen was the solitary exception, and his dogma was that of a restitution of all immortal intelligences to their allegiance, including the arch-delinquent himself. Certainly it is not right to speak of the Apostolic Fathers as teaching the extinction or destruction of the ungodly; there is not a single sentence in their writings which looks that way. If, for instance, Hermas in his allegory says, "Those who do not repent lose their life: they shall absolutely die," his language is only a various reading of the Saviour's, and by no means implicates the extinction of the sinning soul.

Our extract contains a reference to two Confessions of the sixteenth century which seem to waver. This of course implies that the great majority of the symbols of the Reformation are opposed to the doctrine of the destruction of the impenitent soul. This, however, ought to have been stated; it is a fact of great force and significance. *Ex inferno nulla redemptio*. This is their keynote. It is mentioned as a "curious fact" concerning the English Articles, that they were originally forty-two, the last affirming the immortality of the soul and eternal torments. The simple fact is, curious or not, that the last Article had this title, "All men shall not be saved at the length," and was

therefore directed against the Universalist error: "They also are worthy of condemnation, who endeavour at this time to restore the dangerous opinion, that all men, be they never so ungodly, shall at length be saved, when they have suffered pains for their sins a certain time appointed for God's justice." The necessity of this protest was not felt in the days of Queen Elizabeth; the true doctrine being maintained with sufficient precision and vigour by the homilies on "The Misery of all Mankind, and of his Condemnation to Death Everlasting by his own Sin," and "Repentance and True Reconciliation to God," as well as by the Athanasian Creed, and the current language of the Liturgy. The advocates of this doctrine are not wise in laying any stress on its history in the Church. Certainly the Romanist formularies gave it no sanction whatever. The reference to the distinction between the *pœna damni*, or negative suffering, and the *pœna sensus*, or positive suffering, is by no means the veiled expression of his doctrine which our author finds in it. The Oriental formularies are strangers to it. However silent may be the modern Confessions, there are none which positively declare the dogma which is so constantly asserted to be the original doctrine of Christendom. It is not found in any creed, symbol, or formulary which expresses the faith of any great community. It has been held by individuals; it has shared with its antagonist, Universalism, the favour of many speculatists; it has, doubtless, enlisted the sympathy of many, very many, tender hearts; it is undeniably spreading in the present day; but it certainly has not been the accepted faith of the Church, and has been most popular where the person and work of Christ have been held in lowest estimation.

But this leads to the consideration of the historical fact that the dogma of a Universal Restitution has been held from the beginning, or rather from the days of Origen; and that it is now held and professed by bodies of sectaries in America and in England. This fact is as certain as it is embarrassing to the Destructionists. It is hard for them to resist the superior claims of these adversaries, who make a higher bid for popularity. The Restitutionists in fact offer a thousand times richer bribe than their rivals; they propose to restore the unity of the universe by suppressing all evil, and, at the same time, converting all the spirits that God has made. They avoid the enormous

difficulty—common to the Biblical doctrine and that of the Destructionists—of limiting the omnipotence of the Creator and moral governor of all. After the awful night of evil is past, with its dreams of misery, joy will come in the morning of a day when every creature shall be restored to fellowship with God. They who hold this doctrine or opinion, triumphantly charge all who oppose them with making the Omnipotent fail in His purpose as it respects the unsaved: fail whether He cast them into hell, or put them out of existence. The calm and steadfast Scripture meets this charge with one uniform assertion, that the evil are made to subserve God's purposes, and will for ever illustrate His glory, after they have ceased to contend against His will. But the Destructionists have nothing to say when it is alleged that their theory makes the Eternal create these spirits in vain. The Restorationists cry out against them for injuring the good cause of the abolition of endless sufferings by this fatal concession. It is remarkable with what virulence the outcry is responded to. Nothing in the controversy is more striking than the mutual intolerance of these rival opponents of the Scriptural doctrine. We will confine ourselves to our author's way of expressing it, which is always calm and courteous in its severity. Our quotation will be useful also as illustrating the general subject: it contains the chapter on "The common origin of eternal hell and purgatory:"

"They were especially two sons of burning Africa, Tertullian and St. Augustine, who consummated the triumph of these anti-Biblical views. Not knowing Hebrew, Tertullian, to prove the perennial nature of the soul, appeals to the narrative of the creation of Adam; then he invokes, in support of his thesis, the revelations of his sister, who had received visions. According to him hell is an *eterna occisio*, an eternal slaughter, with mortal sorrows, but without the relief which death brings. These excesses of doctrine provoked the reaction, equally excessive, of Origen. The hell of Origen is no more than a purgatory; men and devils go out of it regenerate, and go to enjoy at the right hand of the heavenly Father the felicity of the elect.

"The Church contrived to preserve both heresies; it retained for the heretics and the excommunicated the endless tortures of Tertullian, and for the commonalty of the faithful the purgatory of Origen. The indestructibility of the soul flattered human vanity, as identifying in some way the psychical substance with necessary and absolute existence; and purgatory became for the

clergy a source of honour and profit. On this foundation was built up the system of indulgences. The priest, paid well, had the power of sending to Paradise any defunct whose salvation was matter of doubt to his heirs. Arnobius was the last defender of the primitive truth. The abuse became so odious that it provoked the reformation of Luther. From that time the Catholic Church has become more prudent; and it is not a long time since, during a conference preached at Paris, Mgr. Chalandon, Archbishop of Aix, exhorted the clergy of the capital to avoid preaching on hell: 'This question,' he said, 'turning away souls from the faith rather than bringing them to it.' The attenuation of purgatory no longer sufficing, the preachers of our days have 'so' widely enlarged the conditions of salvation that the dogma of the small number of the elect is replaced by that of the small number of the reprobate.' "

It is true that most of the errors of the mediæval and Roman Church may be traced to the perverse development of some germ contained in Holy Scripture. But it is not worthy of the thoughtful controversialist to place on record such a statement as the preceding. There is no resemblance between the theory of Origen and that of purgatory. Purgatorial discipline is altogether a different thing. The Romish Church, with all its errors, has never varied in its statement as to the eternal duration of punishment; nor has it ever approximated towards the dogma of universal restitution. The theory of Purgatory is more akin to the Destructionist theory, inasmuch as it holds, though with more consistency, one branch of its doctrine, namely, that souls, not leaving the world in a state of sanctification, or not having heard, or not having savingly embraced the Gospel, are favoured with another term of probation and discipline beyond the grave. Dr. Pétavel seems to have forgotten that this is part of his own doctrine.

But this leads to a remark which is necessarily provoked by such statements. The one consentient creed of the Christian Church from the beginning—in its age of purity, in its ages of gradual decline, in its worst declension, whether in East or West, and in its revival and restoration—has been unfavourable both to Restoration and Destruction. The immortality of the soul of man has been held almost by universal consent. The Christendom which erred as to the short intermediate space between time and eternity, and located purgatory in it, did not err, never was tempted to err, as to the fixed and abiding state

of the dead. Or, lest this may be said to beg the question too much, let it be remembered the overwhelming majority of Churches, Confessions, and individual thinkers, have been against the dogma which is so confidently and defiantly claimed as ancient. The few straggling hints of a belief in the extinction of the soul found in Justin, Irenæus, and Arnobius, go for nothing; or, rather, they serve to confirm the position that the consent of the Church as a whole has run the other way. The following is a specimen of the way in which the Destructionist meets the Universalist. It gives the pith of their polemic, without the asperity and the multitude of words with which our English controversialists afflict us; but betrays the deep suspicion and jealousy which one heresy entertains for its opposite rival:

"The hypothesis of Origen is more or less openly admitted, in our days, by many sensible people. But the absolute destruction with which Scripture menaces the impenitent soul renders it untenable, at least, in certain cases. It would be necessary, for its support, to give up the grammatical meaning of words; to translate *death* by *life*, *life* by *felicity*, *destruction* by *conservation*, etc. How, moreover, could Jesus have said, concerning Judas, 'that it had been better for that man that he had never been born'? If a blessed eternity was to follow his chastisement, however prolonged it might be, then it would be advantageous to that man to have been called into being. We do not deny, for the rest, that Origen's theory is right enough as respecting a multitude of souls who have not sinned against the Holy Ghost, and who, as we gather from a word of Jesus Christ, may be within the reach of pardon in the world to come (Matt. xii. 32).

"This faith, well understood, will not become a pillow of security for the sinner. To him who places himself in our point of view, sin would appear as a fire that devours, ravages, desolates, and finally destroys souls. Mad, indeed, would be he who should let the dwelling he inhabits burn, or the clothing which he wears, under pretext that he will have, at a later time, some chance of making himself master of the fire. There will be an Apocatastasis, especially in this sense, that evil and the wicked will be definitely banished from the universe, and that 'God will be all in all' to those who shall have survived the deleterious action of sin, and shall have triumphed over it.

"But this final restitution will have been preceded by the extinction of a multitude of souls; it is thus that innumerable species of plants and animals have disappeared in the revolutions of the globe.

"It is deplorable that this element of the subject should have

escaped the Restitutionists. Their error has compromised the noble cause to which they had devoted themselves, and assured the triumph of so-called orthodoxy. It is enough to recall the Pastor Petitpierre, author of a volume entitled the *Plan de Dieu*, and Mademoiselle Hubert de Geneve. It is à propos of the controversy engaged in by Petitpierre that Frederic the Great, to whom the venerable class of the pastors appealed, answered, "If my brave and faithful subjects of Neuchâtel will be eternally lost, that is not my concern!" Petitpierre was obliged to exile himself. Quite recently another pastor of the same Church has put forth analogous views. According to M. Rosselet d'Yvernois, 'the pool of fire and brimstone' would be a kind of purgatory. But the brimstone which suffocated the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah could not be considered as a symbol of regeneration. Nothing more murderous, on the contrary, than sulphurous vapours: they destroy life even in its microscopic germs."

We have no complacency whatever in these pleasantries upon so awful a subject. But it is obvious to make the remark that the advocates of either of these opposite theories ought to be inspired with a sentiment of caution and modesty by the fact of the great amount of support accorded to its opposite. Both cannot be true. In fact, they have little in common, save their animosity to the doctrine of an eternal existence of the soul of man, and of the possibility of an eternal fixedness of Divine antagonism to sin. There they agree. Neither can tolerate the thought of a state of abiding separation between God and the intelligent spirits created by Him. Neither can rise or sink to the acceptance of the fact that there may be souls abandoned to the consequences of their sin, and kept under the suppressing power of the God of justice. Both attack the general or traditional interpretation of Scripture, and they agree in dealing most unfairly, especially when hard-pressed, with the holders of the traditional view. For instance, they almost invariably charge upon the dogmatists of orthodoxy the folly of maintaining that there will be throughout eternity among the lost, congregated, it may be, from all parts of the universe, a state of wild and tumultuous anarchy, and unbridled defiance of the authority of God. Those who soberly interpret the Bible hold no such view. They believe that the supremacy of God—all in all—will be secured so entirely through the mediatorial rule of Christ, that He shall lay down His dominion, as literally having no more enemies to suppress. Whatever

the miseries of the lost will be, and whatever the lawlessness of hell, there will be not a single movement of resistance to the Supreme, not a single act put forth to increase the empire of sin by tempting God's universe and repeating the history of the fall of mankind. All authority and power will be put down. Again, they unite in charging upon the orthodox the fault of an undue literality in the interpretation and application of the figures and symbols of punishment in the New Testament. Whenever these material emblems are employed in Scripture, the context gives a good reason for them; and the soundest expositors and preachers remember this, and apply them cautiously. Finally, they unite in branding orthodoxy with the impeachment of assigning an eternal punishment to a temporal fault. And here again they are unjust. It can hardly be said that the Scripture, or the theology based upon it, assigns eternal sorrow as the punishment of any sin, or any number of sins, committed in this world. A careful investigation of Scripture will show that the threatening of death eternal is always uttered with reference to those who reject the Redeemer:—this is the climax, consummation, and fulness of all sin. Of such the Redeemer Himself says that they shall die *in their sins*; not so much that their sins shall be punished as that they shall lie down in their sins, and go into eternity in a sinful state. Everlasting destruction awaits those who know not God, and obey not the Gospel. All passages that seem to lay stress on another view of the matter, may be, and must be, harmonised with this. *Ye did it not to me!* The eternal judgment shall rest in its consequences upon those who reject an eternal redemption. Sin, as a present reality, and sin as punished, will always be united. Hence the declarations that judgment has already begun in the present life. Hence the unfailing doctrine that eternal life is already entered upon; and eternal death already begun in those who are even now dead in trespasses and sins.

There are not wanting both Universalists and Destructionists who are more tolerant and respectful to the orthodox than those whom this book represents. They admit that there is very much in the tone of the Scriptures, and in the seeming sense of many passages, that supports the common view; and frankly admit that reason and charity must be permitted to do some little violence to the literal sense of words. We have reason to complain of

those who pour out unmeasured vituperation on what is called the doctrine of orthodoxy. It ought to go for something that there is a wider consent of a larger number of creeds and formularies in favour of this tremendous truth than in favour of almost any other. Dr. Pétavel gives us some references to the Swiss theologian, Professor Reuss, who has always proved refractory on this subject. He has given his views more plainly than usual in his reference to that cardinal passage—*God shall be all in all*.

"In fact," he says, "is there not a contradiction in representing death vanquished in its turn, and even as annihilated, whilst the majority of men are left under its power. Between two things we must choose one. Either indeed we must agree to the system which holds to the eternal damnation of many, and then death subsists as a power by the side of the power of God, who is a power of life; or we must lay down the principle of the annihilation of death, and we must conclude from it the restitution of the damned. This last conclusion might find support also in another consideration. If the supreme glory of God consists in being all in all, it is evident that it would be an imperfection in God not to be all in all. It would be a diminution of His glory if, in the case of some, in the case indeed of a very great number, He becomes nothing; the religious conscience, like the logical conscience, protests against this imperfection of God and His system."

This passage seems to us very forcible, coming from so clear and so independent a divine as Reuss. If the traditional view is hard to him, it is enough that he has but faint and feeble arguments against it. And it is obvious that he has no great confidence in either side of the alternative propositions. Let us examine this passage, which is here quoted with so much approval. "These remarks of M. Reuss," says our author, "make us regret that he remained a stranger to the point of view which we defend; the only one which appears to resolve the problem." But it is to us of little importance what any one particular thinker may decide; our business is with the Word of God accepted by all in the present controversy. The chief importance of the passage is the opportunity it gives us of indicating a few very common fallacies, both of exposition and of argument, based upon it. First, it is easy to speak of "death being represented as vanquished in its turn, and even annihilated." But where is there a hint of that, either in this passage or in any other throughout the New

Testament? Surely in the book of Revelation, so often quoted in this controversy, there is no such doctrine. It is often quietly assumed that the casting of death and hell into the lake of fire, which is the second death, means the annihilation of death and all its consequences. But of that lake, and of that second death, it is said that there are torments there day and night, and for ever. They who are cast there are said to *have their part* in it; a phrase, to say the least, much more consistent with continuous existence than extinction. What the only annihilation which Scripture knew is, we are told in a neighbouring verse: "And God shall wipe away all tears from all eyes; and there shall be no more death." That is the death, or mortality, or destruction, or disintegration, or dissolution that shall cease for ever; that and no other. There are many references to this passage scattered up and down throughout this volume; and anyone who notes the current of controversy will perceive how much stress is laid on the casting of death into death, "the second death." It is quietly assumed in the argumentation that in some sense or other death is abolished in the second death: the opposite is the truth. But we have to do with St. Paul in the Corinthian passage. He does not state that death is to be subjected in the sense of being annihilated. The effects of death upon the saints, the Church of God, the body of Christ, of which alone the Apostle speaks, are done away. But nothing is said of an annihilation of death. Annihilation is not the keynote of that chapter. Suppression, and subjection, and reduction to order, is not annihilation.

Again, how easy it is to strengthen the argument by introducing "the majority of men"! We grant that the question of numbers is not in one sense of the highest importance here. So far as the question refers to the attributes of God, supposing them to be under the government of love, of a love that is which is misunderstood, the number is of no moment. So long as a single delinquent is ranging in misery, or chained down to darkness, beyond the sphere of the Divine presence and life, the love of God may be said not to be all in all. But when the question is of the accomplishment or failure of a great design which, as to man at least, fills eternity, the proportion of numbers rises to vast significance. The opponents of our views have no right to presuppose the destruction

of the majority of the human race. We have, on the other hand, ample right to insist upon the opposite view. We are as yet, perhaps, only in the early processes of the development of accomplished redemption; and, as to the past, the Judge of the whole earth has never given anyone authority to say that all who have been swept in such uncounted crowds into Hades have been turned into hell in the other meaning of the word. On any supposition it requires no great stretch of charity to assume that the enormous majority are already in such a relation to Him whom they never knew, that they will at the last day be "found in Christ." Let that question be decided as men will—it is a remarkable and most cheering token that there is a constantly strengthening tendency to the more charitable view—the great scheme of redemption has succeeded, in the language of men. The race of mankind is saved; humanity, as such, has been retrieved and restored. The fragment will be cast out. But the great mass and whole of the race of man will be found in Christ: though not all alike in Christ; for that sacred term admits of a wide variety and range of meaning.

Again, how can it be said with any truth that St. Paul must, in that case, represent death to subsist as a power by the side of the power of God! Here lies the pith and strength of the question. The existence of any power by the side of the power of God is an unscriptural thought in any form: the Bible is not responsible for it. It is as common a charge against revealed religion, as it is uncommon in the records and documents of that religion. The only power "by the side of God" is His own power in the person of His Son, and felt throughout the universe in the person of His Spirit. Satan never had, and never will have, independent or co-ordinate power. The mystery of the existence of a power that God loveth not, and that aims to thwart His purpose, is profound and unsolvable. But that is a mystery common to all creeds, all theologies, and even to theology and science. For science even, without revelation, must ask the reason for what is accepted of every thinking mind as not good, not for the welfare of the individual, not—we say it boldly—subservient to good in the individual. A system of nescient science, or scientific nescience, may be content to say that evil is taken into the constitution and sum of things as a power that evolves progress, and therefore good. This we deny. There is

that in moral evil, or sin, whatever name may be given it, that never works good to the whole or to the individual. It is as great a mystery to ontological science as to religion and theology. There is, indeed, a science which abdicates the name, or at least the dignity of science, and refuses to speculate at all upon final causes and first principles, and the reason of anything. But of that we take no account. We assert that all true science finds the existence of evil as great a mystery as theology finds it. But there is no mystery in the fact that it is subordinate to God. Here true science and true religion agree. The false god of false science, which is force, bears down evil, and good has the ascendancy. The Bible says the same. God is supreme, and even the wicked are made for the day of evil. The argument that "evil subsides by the side of God," has literally no force whatever against the doctrine of eternal evil. It cannot be too often repeated that whatever force it has is against the being of any God at all. He who escapes atheism when pressed by these arguments, may confront the eternal suppression of sinners and sin. The difficulty is to accept the beginning of evil: its continuance is not so great a difficulty. Supposing the possibility of a conclave of spirits discussing the possibilities of things before the existence of sin or evil; supposing the idea of evil understood before it existed, it would be decided at once that the existence of such an awful fact was an impossibility. But the eternal God has overthrown that conclusion: evil is; its existence is its apology (*sit venia verbo*). But when the disputants were told that it would exist, and exist in ten thousand forms for many ages, there would be no instinctive answer of affirmation to the question, Must it come to an end?

Again, it is said that the glory of God consists in "being all in all." This is not said in Scripture, but by M. Reuss. There are two senses in which the word may be taken. The immanency of God, all in all, or His immensity translated into omnipresence, belongs to His divinity. In that sense it is His glory to be all in all; and in that sense He will be all in all throughout eternity. If not, why not? He is all in all now, throughout the regions of evil as of good: will the fixed abode and separating demarcations make any difference? But we deny that such a presence of God in His creatures is ever called His glory. To be all in all to the conscious intelligences who have lost their

individuality in one sense while finding it in another, who are swallowed up in God as their God, while still separate from Him and holding communion with Him as their Father, is verily and indeed the glory of God. And that glory will be manifested through Christ and in Christ unto and upon all the redeemed: no longer as reflected from Christ, as the mediator, but directly experienced and rejoiced in. We read that it will be a "diminution or extenuation of His glory, if in some, if in a great number, He is nothing. The conscience of religion, like that of logic, protests against this imperfection of God and His system." And it may well protest: for it is impossible that God can be nothing to any creature, or any man. Nothing to the creatures whom He formed He cannot be. But the Scriptures do not speak of God as exerting no power or control in the case of the lost. His image in every one of them will, in its most awful ruin and perversion, proclaim the opposite. Conscience will tell those who are lost that God is still everything to them,—that He is, indeed, what He is called in a text which our pleaders will not allow us to use,—one which they cannot disenchant of its awful, and abiding, and continuous and eternal meaning, "a consuming fire." Moreover, it strikes us as most illogical in the "logical conscience," to protest against that in eternity which it accepts in time; against that in the case of man which it accepts in the case of devils. Does the fact of the existence of sin and its consequences during ages of temporal continuance imply no extenuation of the Divine glory,—meaning by that word whatever those who use it mean? If it does, what difference does the fixedness of that state make?

Let it be observed, however, that the Professor makes no mention of the other alternative which this book labours to establish. The reason is not far to seek. He is too deeply versed in the New Testament theology to find there the doctrine of a gradual disintegration of human spirits. We are not reviewing Reuss, and shall not therefore pursue his doctrine of "life," as it is developed in his work. It is inconsistent with the notion of all extinction after the resurrection of the body, which, indeed, he will not allow St. John to teach us. But, apart from M. Reuss, the "logical conscience" has not allowed many modern thinkers to find rest in this theory. It has enlisted many adherents in places, and under circumstances, which

have allied it with Materialism. We do not believe that it has carried the full consent of many who have been opposed to the Materialist view. Dr. Pétavel is one of the few. He is the clearest and most straightforward adherent of the "gradual extinction" doctrine we know. Not many are like him. The mass instinctively gravitate to two other views, which are quite distinct from his. Some regard life as a new gift imparted to those who believe, and sustained through physical death to eternity; physical death being, in the case of all others, the end of all being. Holding this, they are content either to ignore much of the Bible, or to give it a highly mystical interpretation. Others, accepting more simply the Scripture testimony, suppose that the punishment of sin will occupy the intermediate state; that the resurrection will be the term of suffering and of being; and that those who are raised up to full, conscious and perfect existence, receive it only to be suddenly and despotically quenched again into nothing. Holding this, they make really the hour of the final penalty the hour of eternal relief; they invert the order of events, and the meaning of words; and they entirely change the bearing and relations of the resurrection and the judgment as they are described in the New Testament and the Old. But this point has been, and will again, be dwelt upon. It seems decisive of the question.

It is interesting to know that the memoir delivered by Dr. Pétavel was the occasion of a very lively debate, in which many eminent divines vindicated their individual orthodoxy, and defended the ancient doctrine from the attack made upon it. This volume contains the substance of the objections urged against the author's views, with his own rejoinders. The rejoinders are exceedingly clear, and thoroughly straightforward; but they are too brief and peremptory to answer the end for which they are published. However, we are bound to say that these few pages present the entire question, with all its dread solemnity, in a more compact epitome than any other treatise with which we are acquainted. We shall make a few observations on such of the points discussed as have not been touched upon, beginning with our Lord's words.

First, it was objected that "The sin which is not to be pardoned, either in this world or in that which is to come, supposes an eternal suffering." To this the advocate of annihilation thinks it sufficient to reply, "The gradual

annihilation of the sinner, consummated beyond the grave, is the remediless chastisement of the unpardonable sin." It is easy enough to apply this one solution to every difficulty. But no reverent expositor of our Lord's words can be really satisfied with any meaning that does not distinguish between the present state and that which is to come. Let the meaning of the diabolical sin be what it may, and whatever theory may be held as to the sin in man which resembles it, certain it is that our Lord meant to signify that there is a sin against the Holy Ghost, the fullest and most perfect revelation of the Holy Trinity, which has no forgiveness. To be unexpiated, and therefore unpardonable, is the peculiar quality of the sin of Satan and the fallen angels. Therefore those in this life who reject wilfully and finally the Holy Spirit's exhibition of the atoning work of Christ, put from them the atoning sacrifice, and place themselves in the position of the spirits for whom that sacrifice was never offered. It is sometimes said that this world, and the world to come, together signify simply the whole space of the present and the future worlds: shall *never* be forgiven. This would, of course, remove every possibility of accepting the doctrine of a universal restoration. It would not so absolutely preclude the theory of annihilation. But that theory cannot be made consistent with the text as declaring the impossibility of forgiveness. This word must be supposed to have the same meaning when applied to the next world which it has when applied to this. The sin spoken of shall not be remitted in the present world, nor shall it be remitted in the world to come,—either in the intermediate state or on the day of final awards of forgiveness.

If, as many think, literally accepting our Lord's words, there is a space for repentance offered to men in the other world, and spirits may turn to the Redeemer there who rejected Him here, and have their true repentance and faith recognised at the great day, this exposition renders the theory of annihilation all the more untenable. The text would then teach us, when connected with other texts, that the induration of the reprobate reaches such a point that there is an absolute and final impossibility of renewing the soul to repentance. The atonement is definitely rejected; and the Holy Spirit, the fruit of the atonement, finally resisted and finally quenched. Then the sin unto death is committed, which is the sin which seals a state

for which prayer is hopeless; not because the mercy of God fails, but because the free spirit of the sinner is shut up in a necessity of sinning. This requires continuance in life; and is inconsistent with extinction. The death that is sealed is the opposite of that life which may be given in this life in answer to prayer.

The doctrine of the sin unpardonable in time and in eternity has been very influential in every age. If all the passages that clearly belong to it are collected and examined, they throw a very solemn light upon the present subject. They show that the sin which to mankind is absolutely hopeless, is that which, with satanic desperation, rejects the atonement and the Holy Ghost, purchased by the atonement; they, therefore, encourage to hope that for no other sin than the wilful rejection of Christ will the penalty of eternal death be exacted. But they most peremptorily condemn every form of the theory of Universal Restoration: it is utterly impossible to reconcile them with the dogma of a plenary forgiveness of all classes of offenders, including those for whom the atonement was never provided. At the same time, they certainly preclude the thought of an extinction of the souls of those who reject mercy in the present life. They are not threatened with loss of existence in that world; but with the continuance of a state of hardened resistance to God, which renders their forgiveness for ever impossible.

How many bright theories, compounded of all the most generous elements of the several doctrines, and issuing in the compromise that admits the destruction of some utterly hopeless cases after the gradual restoration of the great majority, are rebuked by these stern words of our Saviour: "Neither in this world, nor in that which is to come!"

The objectors to the Memoir, of course, appealed to other declarations of our Lord: "Their worm dieth not, their fire is not quenched." "These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." We may agree with Dr. Pétavel that the terrible triple utterance of Mark ix. 44, 46, 48, is to be mitigated as to its form; the revision of the text will probably give it as more irregular, and less symmetrical. But no criticism takes out of it the "unquenchable fire" and the "undying worm." Figures though they be, and taken from the New Testament, they must have been understood by our Lord's hearers precisely as the bulk of the people understand

them now : as presenting a contrast of states hereafter. The same may be said of the other passage. If the Lord had purposed to speak of an extinction on the one hand, and an eternal life on the other, His words would have been very different. He would not have spoken of punishment and of everlasting punishment. Moreover, was it possible for any who heard Him to doubt that the same word everlasting was used in both cases with the same meaning? No artifice of exposition has ever availed to overturn this argument. The evangelist John was, doubtless, among those who heard the Lord's words, and he remembered the term *kolasis*. He is the only writer who has reproduced it. He speaks of the fear that hath torment or "punishment," as cast out by love. And he establishes the meaning of the word. This passage has much vexed the advocates of annihilation : those who have resolved to make eternal mean perfect, are met by the term "punishment;" and those who make "punishment" mean annihilation, are met by the term eternal.

Before leaving this topic one word must be said as to the Supreme Authority on this subject. It would scarcely be exaggerating were we to say that the doctrine of the everlasting severance of the reprobate from God is, with all its concomitants, peculiarly the Lord's own revelation. It might seem as if this dreadful truth He reserved for Himself; and, as it were, spared His Apostles the burden of its full announcement. The doctrine concerning the heavenly state is more fully announced and descanted upon by the servants than by the Master. St. Peter, St. John, and St. Paul especially have far surpassed Him in the amplitude and variety of their descriptions, both of Paradise and of heaven. But He alone has opened the mysteries of the nether world; directly by His own teaching, indirectly in the Apocalypse. This burden He has Himself assumed; and, to speak humanly, made Himself responsible for the terrible proclamation. Not only so, He has uttered His severest words under such circumstances, and in such connections, as to add indescribably to the pathos of their terror. For instance, in Matt. xi. the words of unutterable tenderness in which our Lord promises rest to the troubled souls who come to Him and learn the lesson of His meekness, follow immediately those others which speak of the more intolerable burden of the more privileged who despise their privilege. This

passage is too little appreciated in this melancholy controversy. What is the meaning of "more tolerable in the day of judgment," but that on that day sentences will be pronounced, after that day to be endured, which will vary in severity according to the measure of light despised and merciful offers rejected and grace abused! Of course it will be said that the annihilation of some will be slower than that of others, but this introduces an element which anyone must feel to be foreign to our Lord's word.

Once more it was objected, "We do not see that the destruction of the proud or the ambitious commences in this world." To this it is replied, "But this pride and this hardening are already themselves an obscuration of the reason; whence the expressions *mad with pride, drunk with ambition*. These follies and their intoxication have prepared the fall of many a conqueror, and they lead finally to ruin all the proud, whether great or small." The reply does not touch the point of the objection, which has always suggested itself to us as one of the strongest arguments against the dogma of a gradual extinction of the sinning soul. It is a kind of argument which, perhaps, would not be capable of as much effectual service as some others; and it is one which would have no weight with those who think that the state of things in the present world is absolutely different from that of the world to come. But we who adopt the notion that there is a strict continuity feel that it has much force. Continuance in sin has no tendency whatever to weaken the energy of existence. We see none of the faintest indications that the due sentence of death has begun in this sense to work. In the case of physical death it is otherwise. We do see that the body contains the seeds of mortality; and that we and our fellow mortals are dying before our eyes, we dying with them. This spiritual death, however, gives no tokens that it is accomplishing the sentence committed to it. All is directly the reverse. Of course the absolute argument here is not very strong; we do not rely upon it in controversy, nor expect that it will produce much effect. But we confess that no argument is stronger to ourselves.

It may be said that this argument touches only a subordinate point; the question not being the gradual dying out of the spirit, but its extinction as such. But we have in this book, and in the more recent aspect of the subject generally, to do simply and only with the process of

punitive extinction that ends in annihilation. Our argument would not, it is true, put on its full force as meeting the dogma of a sudden, swift, and mighty suppression of all sinful souls in death, or at the judgment, or after the judgment. But no such dogma is proposed by any who reverence the Scriptures as our pleader and his friends reverence them. They cling to the word death, and, with laudable consistency, hold fast the thought of a gradual decline of the energies of the soul such as we see in the process that leads to the death of the body. And all we have to say is that there is no such gradual decay of the spirit indicated anywhere in Scripture. Not a single passage can be brought forward that looks that way. The great bulk of the formidable sayings of the Word of God describe a potent exercise of the Divine displeasure, such as falls upon the godly with the suddenness of swift destruction. There is nothing in the Scripture to give any hint of a gradual extinction of the spirit in man. The word which most forcibly describes the dissolution, or destruction, or perdition of the soul is one that is employed of the demons, whose destruction is their removal, in full vigour, to another scene, the abyss. It is also used of the vigorous condition of the prodigal son, who *was lost* before he was found.

Here we will insert a few extracts from a valuable and very comprehensive work, which we recommend to those who read our pages, whether numbered amongst our opponents or friends; the work of Mr. Marshall Randles, entitled *For Ever*, formerly noticed in this Review. Mr. Randles is remarkably full and clear in his strictures on every form of the annihilation theory.

"To escape the absurdities of annihilation, a crude modification is attempted, which disclaims proper annihilation, and yet holds to the *destruction* of the souls of the wicked. From the language of its advocates, often vague and inconsistent, it is difficult to understand precisely their theory (if, indeed, it is clearly conceived by themselves) of the ultimate destiny of the spiritual nature of the condemned. One calls it '*annihilation*,' and another, in a footnote, adds, '*rather destruction*.' And yet they apply to it such expressions as 'blotting out of existence;' to be 'put out of conscious existence;' 'the utter destruction of organisation;' 'the utter loss of life, and being, and existence;' 'passed away out of being;' loss not only of 'happiness but themselves;' 'termination of conscious existence;' 'blotted out of

creation; 'wrapt in the slumber of eternal death;' 'no being destitute of the Divine nature will exist in the universe of God when He shall have completed His most glorious purpose.' No wonder, therefore, that to other minds their distinction between annihilation and destruction should sometimes appear to be a distinction without a difference, and call forth argument of equal force against both. The lost condition of the soul is further represented as analogous to the death of the body, rendering it 'utterly incapable of feeling, or acting, or performing any one of its functions,' and as having to 'cease to exist as a man.' It is said, 'Not a single material organisation can be found that is indestructible: why should any spiritual organisation be so?' So that, as far as we can make out, their idea of the final state of the lost, the essence or substratum of being will continue for ever, but deprived of all action, power, feeling, consciousness, and humanity. These gone, what is left? or why left? Perhaps scepticism was never driven to a more defenceless subterfuge, nor ever assumed a more groping attitude. Much that has been said against avowed annihilationism will bear equally against this modification of it, and needs no repetition here. . . .

"It grossly mistakes the nature of the human soul, reasoning about it as if it were capable of decomposition, and consisted of component atoms, like a material body, calling it an 'organisation' and a 'spiritual organism,' which implies the composition of various *parts*; whereas the soul or spirit is an uncompounded indivisible unit. There is no such thing as half, or constituent part of a soul. From its nature it cannot be made up of several elements. And though we speak of its faculties as several and distinct, it is by way of convenience and figure. The soul is one, and, if in existence at all, must exist as a fact. Hence the fallacy of thinking death is with it, as with the body, a disorganisation, or decomposition, or transmutation into something other than a soul."—*For Ever*, p. 218.

It is very rash to say that St. Paul knows nothing of the pains of everlasting separation from God. Hence the strength of the objection of the Swiss divines: "There is a passage in which Paul speaks of eternal pains, that of the *olethron aionion*, 2 Thess. i. 9." Doubtless, those divines added other arguments from the Apostle of the "whole counsel," but this is the only one mentioned. The Apostle's words, in their gentlest rendering, are these: "Who shall suffer punishment, even eternal destruction away from the presence of the Lord, and the glory of His power." They shall *pay the penalty*; not in a slow and lingering evanishment from existence, but in an everlasting and eternal destruction, which is no other than a

severance from the presence of the Lord, and from the manifestation of the glory of His power. From the presence, or away from the presence, of the Lord, certainly is intended by St. Paul to mark his estimate of the penalty as being negative, in other words, the *pœna damni*, beyond which in this passage he does not go. It would be wrong to suppose that the words, "in flaming fire taking vengeance," suggest the positive element of fiery torture. He who is to come will come encircled, or encompassed, by those glorious manifestations which in the Old Testament are the never-failing symbols of the Divine presence. But the word here translated "destruction" is one which, if pursued through the New Testament, and weighed with its accompanying adjectives, yield the saddest meaning that can fall upon the heart of man. St. Paul uses it on four occasions. Writing to the Corinthians he speaks of "the destruction of the flesh" (1 Cor. v. 5), evidently referring to calamities falling upon the body as the instrument of sensuality, which might come in death, but having nothing to do with annihilation. Similarly in the "sudden destruction" of 1 Thess. v. 3, temporal calamity or ruin is indicated. In 1 Tim. vi. 9, it is linked with another and still stronger form of word of the same family; and they combine as "destruction and perdition," which are said to be an element in which men are not annihilated, but drowned, or swallowed up. Immediately afterwards it is said that these men, coveting after money, the love of which is the root of all evil, pierce themselves through with many sorrows. But the passage before us strengthens the word by the epithet eternal or everlasting, with which the advocates of the theory of extinction take great liberties. It is everlasting in the only sense in which destruction can be everlasting; a destruction which is a separation from God that goes on for ever.

The word *aionios*, or eternal,—which is one of the two words on which this sad controversy hangs, *life* being the other,—is used in three senses in the New Testament. First, and most emphatically, it signifies what is without beginning or end: "The eternal God" (Rom. xvi. 26). In this sense it belongs only to the Supreme: "the only eternal God" (2 Macc. i. 25). Secondly, it is used of what has no beginning: "before the world began" (2 Tim. i. 9), is literally "before the eternal ages," an expression often applied to the Gospel as being the counsel of eternity pro-

duced and made manifest in time. Thirdly, and most frequently, it signifies what is without end, which will flow on into eternity again, but always in contradistinction to what is transitory. This last will be seen by a reference—such as in these pages could not be made—to the Greek Testament Concordance; which will exhibit the word in connection with glory, the kingdom, life, inheritance, redemption, consolation, habitations (Luke xvi. 9, in connection with which it may be said that hell is called an eternal place in Tob. iii. 6), salvation, punishment, judgment, condemnation, destruction, fire. The modern notion of what is sometimes called its *qualitative* in opposition to its *quantitative* meaning, finds no support from antiquity or the current phraseology of Scripture. It may be observed, in passing, that in the original of Tit. i. 2, 3, we have the flow of past ages and the flow of future ages, into eternity—the vanishing point of both—with the temporal spaces and seasons intervening between them.

All these comments seem to forget those very clear and very awful declarations of St. Paul in the beginning of the Epistle to the Romans: words which are constantly quoted in support of a conditional immortality as the goal and substance of salvation; but the force of which, as a testimony to the abiding penalty of those who forfeit salvation, is altogether neglected. "To them who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory and honour and immortality, eternal life." But what is the converse, the "perishing without law," or "being judged by the law," but "indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish" (Rom. ii. 9.) These last words give a stern and awful comment on the perishing. Again, in 2 Cor. ii. 15: "We are unto God a sweet savour of Christ, in them that are saved, and in them that perish: to the one we are the savour of death unto death; and to the other the savour of life unto life." In St. Paul's thought there are two parties, already saved and already lost. There is nothing proleptic in the passage. He does not mean those who shall be saved or shall be lost; nor, as is sometimes said, those who are in process of salvation or perdition; but he means literally that they are, as at present found, saved and lost respectively. Whence it follows that the word has no such meaning of absolute annihilation as this theory assigns to it. There is a state of perdition, a being lost, which may be predicated of souls in the present life.

So says the Corinthian passage. In other places the same word is transferred to its eternal scene.

After these remarks we may safely admit what truth there is in the observation that the apostle of the mediatorial scheme does not delight to expatiate on the terrors of the Lord. Undoubtedly Professor Reuss is justified in saying that there are no other passages among St. Paul's epistles which expressly teach the eternity of torments. The Pauline theology is deeply impressed by the terrors of the Lord, but still more deeply impressed, as we think, by His mercies. It is true that "the passages which treat most explicitly of the last things, and which are, at the same time, those containing most Judaic elements, say nothing whatever of the fate of the reprobate." There is no doubt that the great resurrection chapter, into which St. Paul pours the wealth of his eschatology, and where we see and feel that the powers of the world to come are strongest upon him, is composed, as it were, on the theory that the lost are not to be taken account of. They are simply not mentioned. The thought of them does not throw any dimness or vexation upon the current of his revelations. They are as if they were not. We have seen that the apostle had no doctrine of their extinction in his thoughts; yet he writes as if there was no place found for them. This is a most impressive fact. To us it declares most triumphantly that the exclusion and perdition of the reprobate is a truth that revelation can bear as its burden without being confounded, and that the eternal blessedness of Christ's new humanity, surrounding Him and reflecting His glory, does cause and will cause all else to be forgotten.

But the inference deduced by others is rather different. Hear what Professor Reuss says: "This incontestable fact, this tendency of the apostle to linger complacently on the consoling side which the perspective of the future presents, and to neglect the reverse of the picture, has, perhaps, contributed to beget, in the minds of certain theologians, the belief of a definitive re-establishment of the lost themselves, and of a happy end for all creatures endowed with reason. This doctrine of an apocatastasis, commended to us by many of the greatest thinkers of the early Church and of modern times, but delighted in also by some enthusiasts whose suffrage throws suspicion upon it, has been combated with more vehemence than it deserved

by the rigid orthodoxy of all Confessions to which the eternity of sufferings has always been a favourite dogma."

It is a hasty assertion that the doctrines of St. Paul have given encouragement to the theory of a Universal Restoration. That theory scarcely condescended in any age to ask counsel of the New Testament: it has found its elementary principle in the yearning desire of the human heart, and the supports of its aspiration in the visions of the Old Testament, which have been regarded as the sacred and authoritative utterances of the large hopes of mankind at large. But the "best thinkers" of the early Church and of modern times have always been satisfied with St. Paul's teaching on the subject. His doctrine of the judgment and its issues has never been amenable to their criticism; has never submitted to take its place in the scheme of which that theory is the centre. He certainly never once affirms in anything like clear and generous terms that He who tasted death for every man will save all men at the end. His consistent and unvarying doctrine of election also has been found to stand stiffly in the way, refusing to be reconciled. The few passages in which he seems to extend the benefit of the great mediation beyond the children of men, are carefully guarded, at least from the appropriation of this theory. "And, having made peace through the blood of His cross, by Him to reconcile all things to Himself; by Him, I say, whether they be things on earth or things in heaven" (Col. i. 20). Things under earth are not here mentioned, and the Gospel is immediately afterwards said to be "preached to every creature under heaven." The Corinthian passage, "That God may be all in all," does indeed open a wide and glorious vista to devout speculation; but it does not include in its perspective the glorification or transformation of evil into good. Searching round these words, and tracing them carefully in every direction, we fail to find any tendency in that direction. The very utmost the Apostle says is that Christ "shall have put down all rule, and all authority, and all power."

The suppression of all hostile authority is a very different thing from its transmutation into friendship, alliance and peace. Professor Reuss may make these brilliant generalisations at discretion, and his admirers may receive and applaud them; but they are not worthy of him, nor do they advance the cause of truth.

The Confessions of Christendom are here, in the same

spirit of unthinking dogmatism, said to be exceedingly fond of the dogma of the eternity of sufferings. A careful study of the symbolism of the Christian Church will show that this is far from being the case. Dr. Pétavel has quoted this hard saying of Reuss, and, as it were, made it his own. But he has elsewhere taken pains to show that some of the Reformation Confessions omitted the dogma, that the English articles excluded it, and that the two early Creeds admitted it only by implication, if indeed they admitted it at all. The fact is just the contrary of what Reuss asserts. The Creeds and Confessions, and even the dogmatics of the various Churches, have admitted the doctrine precisely as the books of Scripture admit it,—as a terrible necessity. “*Who is sufficient for these things?*” was St. Paul’s cry when he had been obliged to introduce, as he does in the strongest terms, the doctrine of eternal death. He has given a place to the doctrine because he shunned not to declare the whole counsel of God: *shunned not*, implying therefore that flesh and blood, if consulted, might have induced him to suppress it. There may be some creeds and formularies which seem to take a grim delight in the strongest assertions of the nature of the penalties of the lost. And there has been in all ages a kind of preaching which has dealt largely and lavishly with the lurid and awful imagery of the subject. But it is not true that Christian orthodoxy has been joyful or even complacent in the treatment of this topic.

Again, it is unjustifiable to say that the orthodoxy of all Confessions—we appropriate the term thankfully—has been disposed to combat with more vehemence than it deserved the doctrines that obscure the future penalty of reprobation. Multitudes, firmly believing the words of our Saviour that there is an “everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels,” and that there is a state hereafter concerning the inheritor of which it may be said that it had been better for him if he had never been born, have dared to maintain this truth, to argue for it though with much moved and troubled and even reluctant minds; have resisted vehemently and vigorously the arguments brought against it, though feeling all the time the anguish of men who are in a civil war; have preached it earnestly on all occasions, because firmly persuaded that it is the weightiest argument save one that may be used with success, and that every hearer may secure his escape from the terrors

preached. It is hard enough to have to bear the dreadful burden of the God of Judgment, without being constantly taunted with taking delight in the enforcement of the most dreadful truths that men can listen to.

One thing may be said on this subject. If the tendency of St. Paul's doctrine is in the direction of Universalism, then it cannot be in the direction of Annihilationism. Between these two theories there is no point of affinity. There is nothing common to them but the negation of an eternal penalty. Apart from that they are wide asunder as opposites can be. It is hardly possible to suppose a rational theological treatise penned that should, on a fair construction and explanation of terms, combine the two theories. If the Apostle Paul had held either of these, he would most certainly have adopted a style of expression which would have precluded the possibility of his being charged with holding the other. Now, some of the most plausible arguments of the Destructionist school in their polemics with the Restorationists, are drawn from the theological armoury of St. Paul. The same may be said, and with equal propriety, of the opposite polemics. This itself is a strong presumption in favour of the truth that lies in neither of these directions. He teaches another doctrine; but uses such language as may quite consistently favour a certain application of the fundamental principles of those two opposite theories. He teaches an everlasting exclusion of the wicked "from the presence of the Lord and the glory of His power." But their state and the "penalty" they "pay" is described in terms which represent their life as the negation of all that "more abundant" life, which is fellowship with God: it is the obscuration, confusion, and internal ruin of all the elements of nature. It is death in life: hence the Annihilationist error. On the other hand, he so dwells upon the perfect realisation of every scheme of the eternal wisdom—if such unworthy words may be permitted—as to seem, though only to seem, sometimes to regard the universe as being rid and delivered from every trace of evil. He holds mankind to be saved, though men may be lost; humanity is retrieved, though some bearing the superscription and image of men may be marred; the eternal design of redemption is fully accomplished, though an addition of men to the number of the "spirits in prison" may be involved. So triumphant and perfect is his vision of the full realisa-

tion of all the purposes of God, that he speaks of God as all in all. Hence the Restorationist error.

Before closing, we must refer to an objection of the Swiss Divines, which was urged in a variety of ways, and with very much force: "The second death consists in the separation of the soul from God." To this Dr. Pétavel replies:—

"There is between the separation of the soul from God and the *second death* the whole distance which separates Genesis from the Revelation; the first commences in Eden, the other is consummated beyond the grave. For the rest, there is no existence possible for a being absolutely separate from God, in whom all exist. 'In God,' says St. Paul, 'we live, and move, and have our being;' and to be completely separated from God would be to go out of being,—in other words, to cease to exist. To threaten the sinner with separation from God without adding that this separation implies the annihilation of the creature, is to forget that communion with God, far from having any value in the eyes of impenitent sinners, inspires them only with repugnance; they would only congratulate themselves *in petto* at the prospect of being entirely deprived of it. Threaten them, on the other hand, with a gradual extinction of being, the instinct of preservation, the strongest and the most vigorous of instincts, will speak out. The reason and the conscience of your hearer will confirm a decree in such perfect analogy with the laws of nature, with those of society, and the experience of every day. Death strikes the incurably evil; the sterile tree is cut down; and society deems itself justified in depriving certain criminals of life."

To all this we would reply that this much quoted word, "second death," refers to something which has no affinity with total annihilation. The Scripture, to which the appeal is made most positively connects the ideas of continuous and permanent misery with that of the second death, as we have already seen. The "twice dead" of the Apostle Jude are not those who are extinct. Moreover, it cannot be said, with the Scriptures in our hand, that souls absolutely separated from God cannot exist. The wicked of this world are said to be without God, but they exist. If to this it is replied that their death is only postponed, and that they are already on their way to extinction, it can only be replied that nevertheless they live; and, therefore, that in the universe of God, souls cut off from Him may exist. If they may exist for years they may exist for centuries, and may always exist. There is no indication in

the Word of God that the evil spirits are in the slow procession to a total extinction. They are cut off from God and they live. The argumentation here used would be valid enough if stern and awful facts did not show its hollowness.

But this leads to another consideration: that of the moral influence of the arguments respectively which are here confronted with each other. We are desired to believe that the threatening of separation from God would be, or is, meaningless, because sinners do not value communion with Him. There is no force in this plea. It is perfectly true that death is eternal separation from God; but it is not true that the threatening assumes that form only. Depart from Me! is really, and will be found to be hereafter, the real penalty; but, to obviate the objection here urged, other words are added which appeal to the fear and terror of the transgressor. In fact, Dr. Pétavel's argument is answered by almost every threatening of Scripture. It is answered by admitting one of the premises, but denying the argument that follows. Granted that sinners do not value communion with God, they are not threatened with the loss of that. What they are threatened with is the penalty of God's "indignation and wrath."

In fact, the more we consider this very point, the more forcibly are we struck with its irresistible strength as in favour of the tremendous doctrine of everlasting retribution. Were it the purpose of God to quench the existence of all beings hopelessly bent on evil it would certainly be proclaimed in language most express and unambiguous. Now it is most evident, to put the case most gently, that the threatening of death *seems* everywhere to imply a continuous existence which is not pure life. The most enthusiastic advocate of Destructionism must admit that the general tendency of Scripture is very much in that direction. Death and life are very often used in such a sense as to require the interpretation that makes life the enjoyment of the Divine nature and death the conscious sense of the displeasure of God. Now surely when the New Testament brought life and immortality to light, it would have expressly told us if the old phraseology had been changed, and life was to signify henceforward existence or being, and death extinction.

Finally, the Swiss divines who controverted Dr. Pétavel's premises laid very much stress on the tendency of this

new doctrine—they asserted it to be new as we do, taking leave to beg the question—to relax the force and energy of the functions of God's holy law. We must needs confess that much of Dr. Pétavel's defence is sound and good, and must be conceded to carry conviction. The advocates of the total extinction of the transgressor do not so violently assail the perfections of God, the majesty of His law, the necessity and the value of the atonement, and the general foundations of the Gospel, as they are sometimes charged with doing. They adopt their theory in the full assurance that they are honouring God by thus bringing His omnipotence into the service of His love, His absolute love which will listen to no plea of justice or expediency in relation to the universe. They do not intentionally dishonour the Saviour's work in taking away from the doctrine of atonement its eternal vindication upon the persons of those who wilfully despise and condemn it. They are, in fact, filled with a most amiable jealousy for the absolute supremacy of God, which must be, on their theory, a supremacy over a universe altogether happy. They have become blind, however, we doubt not, to the plain meaning of many sayings of Scripture, and the obvious current and tone of its general teaching. Especially they forget this, that the unanimous voice of the Biblical teachers, before and after the Eternal Oracle was in the flesh, declares the great redemption to have been a manifestation as much of the holiness as of the love of God, and that those who reject it not merely suffer a great loss but are held responsible for the dishonour done to the Person and work of the Redeemer.

We have a few words in conclusion. The solemn question which has been discussed in these pages—not formally but in a discursive manner—ought to be treated in the spirit of awe and deep self-restraint. Our French divine sets an example to some of the English champions of the new doctrine. Some of them deal with this subject in a spirit of confidence exceedingly painful. They seem to have persuaded themselves that those who hold the doctrine that has been prevalent for all Christian ages, are shutting their eyes to the testimony of Scripture, and hardening their hearts against the pleadings of eternal mercy. This is wrong. Still worse is it to be told, as we are constantly told, that we are blindly following the lead of tradition; prejudiced against new light, or afraid to follow

its leadings. The same charges are urged against us by the advocates of almost every new heresy that clamours for acceptance. Those who bring the eternal destinies of the human race into controversy should sternly and rigorously keep to the naked question.

This dreadful doctrine is not alone in its offence. Were it so, we might be very strongly tempted to adopt every possible artifice of exegesis to deliver the Scriptures from it. But it is bound up with the entire fabric of the faith of Christ. At least such is our clear conviction. It runs through all the economies. It belongs to one compact whole of truth. This truth is given to the Church to be kept as a deposit. It is imposed, as one of very many equally offensive to the unhumbled reason, upon every individual believer as his cross : to be meekly and humbly borne. There may be a sense in which it will never be an easy yoke and a light burden. It is not expected of us that we should find nothing but complacency in the sterner doctrines of Christianity. But the rest of soul which our Saviour promised shall be theirs who faithfully hold and teach the whole counsel of God : that rest which the Lord promised to the meek at the very time when He uttered His severest denunciation of a future woe.

LITERARY NOTICES.

I. THEOLOGICAL.

FERNLEY LECTURE, 1874.

The Doctrine of a Future Life, as contained in the Old Testament Scriptures. Being the Fifth Lecture on the foundation of John Fernley, Esq. ; Delivered in Wesley Chapel, Cambourne, July 28, 1874. By John Dury Geden, tutor in Hebrew and Classics, Didsbury College, Manchester.

It is matter of regret to us that we are obliged so late to join the chorus of commendations with which the last Fernley lecture has been received. We presume that most of our readers are already familiar with it; if any are defaulters in this respect they have a high privilege yet in store. We are thankful for this essay and proud of it. It is written in a theological style which is becoming more and more rare: giving the results of much research without the slightest indication of the process; presenting those results in pure, and indeed perfect English; and, above all, pervading the whole with the inexpressible grace of reverence. On every account we could wish this specimen of Biblical Theology to be circulated far and wide beyond the borders of the Methodist community.

So much for the lecture as an accomplished fact. But we must have a word about the future. Another edition will soon be called for; and in that edition the lecturer will not be restrained by the limits imposed on him by the conditions of the lectureship. He will, as we hope, expand those parts which concern the Warburtonian argument, the points of contrast between the doctrine of Immortality in Heathenism and the Scriptural doctrine, and especially the progressive stages of the development of the doctrine within the Scripture. What we desire might be added in notes. But, however added, we are sure the result will be a most valuable permanent addition, not only to Methodist literature, but to English theology generally.

The Legends of the Old Testament. By Thomas Lumsden Strange, late a Judge of the High Court of Madras. London: Trübner and Co. 1874.

WHATEVER this book may lack, it has one merit—it is plain-spoken, it does not mince matters. It affirms roundly that the Old Testament swarms with legends, and it undertakes to trace them to what the author, with an exceptional touch of modesty, calls on his title-page “their apparent primitive sources.” These sources, as he exhibits them, are, in brief, the religious faith and observances of the primeval Aryan race of mankind, especially of the Eastern branch of that race, transmitted with sundry modifications and developments to the Chaldæans, Egyptians, Greeks, and other ancient peoples; so adopted, mostly at second-hand, by the Hebrews; and after the Babylonish exile incorporated in the Pentateuch, and in the rest of the Jewish Scriptures. The Eastern Aryans, the forefathers of the modern Hindus, were originally, as the author believes—and no doubt rightly—monotheists. In process of time their monotheism passed by corruption into the nature worship which presents itself in the earliest Indian Shastras, and particularly in the Rig Veda. Last of all, things going from bad to worse, the portentous system of idolatry, mythology, tradition, and priestly ceremonial, which we encounter in the Ramayana, the Mahabharata, and the Puranas, was gradually elaborated; and the before unheard-of dogmas of triune deity, of sacrifice for sin, and of final punishment, swayed the realm of popular belief and life. And hence it was—so the author contends—that, at various epochs along the broad lines of migration and of commerce, those distinctive doctrines concerning God, and the world, and a life to come, with which the Old Testament, and indeed the entire Bible, has familiarised the nations of the West, made their way to the great historic and religious position in which they have so long been established.

The method pursued by Mr. Strange in arguing his thesis is sufficiently remarkable. It is in fact Mr. Darwin's method, and consists in the presentation of a multitude of phenomena, followed by the quiet assumption, or superlatively bold assertion, that, as matter of course, such and such consequences follow. In the outset, our author, through more than a third of his book, treats at length, first of the relations which modern science has found to obtain between the language and religion of the Aryan Hindus, and those of certain Occidental peoples, in particular the ancient Greeks; then of the successive phases of religious thought and belief through which the Hindu mind passed in the course of the centuries, as these phases are reflected in its marvellous literature. This portion of the work, wholly irrelevant as much of it is for the purposes of the author's argument, is full of interest, especially at

points where Mr. Strange draws upon his technical knowledge as an Indian lawyer; and had the volume ended here, we should have congratulated both ourselves and the writer. Unfortunately, it is not so; and in a second but briefer section of his book Mr. Strange proceeds to furnish a picture of the Hebrews, as they are represented in their own Scriptures, beginning with the earliest *origines* of the race, and going on to the vanishing-point of their history in the latest Old Testament chronicles. This performance of the author is creditable neither to his taste nor to his moral fairness. It is in fact a gross and offensive caricature, which can produce but one impression upon an ingenuous reader—an impression wholly unfavourable to the cause which it is designed to favour. To select but a single instance—not the most revolting of the whole—what shall we think of a writer who describes the God of the Hebrews as *cursing* from one end of the Bible to the other? Does Mr. Strange know of no cursing Deity beside the holy, blessed Being who ever and anon denounces sin in the Law and the Prophets? The burning of the Cospatricks is too late for him. But has he never heard of a Turkish plague or an Indian famine? Are the earthquake of Lisbon and the eruption of Tumboro quite beyond the range of his reading? If he will allow us to say so, his polemic is abundantly too narrow. He draws his bow at the God of Abraham. He must draw it at the God of the universe, if he will be rid of the cursing. But Mr. Strange's argument requires him to show that the hotch-potch of fable, myth, and legend, which, as he takes it, fills the sacred writings of these miserable Hebrews, was directly or indirectly drawn from the cosmogony, the historical fictions, and the monstrous religious dogmatics of Hinduism. And by what process of logic is it supposed he accomplishes his object? It is a signal example of the contempt which a foregone conclusion will pour upon all scientific reasoning, that our author ends his book with a miscellaneous attack upon the Old Testament in general—not only its "legends," as Mr. Strange will have them, but its history, its personages, its theology, its ethics, and of course its miracles. In point of fact, he marshals against it, in a loose and irregular manner, all the leading objections which Unitarianism, Rationalism, and Scepticism are accustomed to urge against its contents. He does indeed attempt to show that the Biblical accounts of the Creation, of Paradise, of the Fall, of the longevity of the Patriarchs, of the Deluge, of Abraham's sacrifice, &c., have their analogues *either among the Hindus or elsewhere*; but in most cases his argumentation in favour of the distinctively Hindu origin of these accounts is as vague and scanty as possible, while beyond the lines of his thesis he simply riots in declamatory flourish and unsustained assertion. Throughout the volume we note the familiar tokens of the school to which Mr. Strange

belongs. The inflexible determination to multiply discrepancies ; the wholly uncritical habit of pressing popular language to unnatural meanings ; the dogged persistence with which, despite all protest, "received opinions" are misconstrued and travestied ; the systematic depreciation of the intelligence, and even of the honesty, of opponents ; the amusing credulity which swallows camels of fable, while it strains out gnats of sacred affirmation ; the partiality which refuses to see whatever does not consort with its polemic ; to crown all, the insufferable dogmatism with which it denounces dogma ;—these and the like are well-known characteristics of the quasi-scientific school of Biblical sceptics ; and they come into prominence on almost every page of our author's volume.

"I have gotten a man from (*'eth*) the Lord," is the Authorised rendering of a clause of Genesis iv. 1. Mr. Strange affirms that '*eth* here cannot mean "from." And this with Exodus ix. 29, 33 before him, where '*eth* is twice used in describing Moses going forth from (*'eth*) the city of Pharaoh. "We may believe" in the Departure of Israel out of Egypt, we are told, "because here we have the independent testimony of Manetho's annals, which record it." Dear old Manetho, what a pity he said anything on the subject ! But for him the Egyptologers would soon have stifled Moses, and the world been saved the reading of shelffuls of weary books. Then there is that blessed "Orphic theology" ! Why the Hebrew Scriptures pretend to reveal—positively to reveal—the fact of a Divine Creator of the universe. In charming ignorance that the Orphics had taught the doctrine long before ! Mr. Strange's chronology is his own, and we cannot meet him here on common ground ; but we should vastly like to hear him expound, in the presence of half-a-dozen sensible Englishmen, either the historical or the logical connection between the Mosaic cosmogony and the passage which he quotes from the Orphics. The Tenterden steeple and Goodwin Sands method of syllogising, however, is dominant in Mr. Strange's book. We will not refer to any of the passages in which our author charges the defenders of the Bible with intellectual impotence or something worse. Neither will we formally impeach the straightforwardness of his criticism when, as in the case of the doctrine of a plurality of persons in the Godhead, he systematically caricatures some of their best known opinions. We will not even linger upon the instances, such as those of the Creation and Deluge narratives of the Book of Genesis, in which Mr. Strange, contemptuously ignoring or else sneering at the interpretations which make them self-consistent, finds in them a precious mine of blunders, disagreements, and contradictions. We are familiar with his sort of exegesis, and know the value of it. But it is worth while marking, by an example, after what fashion the writer can deal with the statements of the Sacred Text, so as to force them into colli-

sion with common sense, or with modern scientific discovery. Adverting to the fact that the Mosaic cosmogony makes man the latest of created beings on the earth, he says: "The last form for which Genesis gives place is man. The daily creation of the infusoria contradicts such a statement abundantly. The presence of parasites, vegetal and animal, infesting all organised objects, is also continuous evidence of after creation. . . . That man has preceded the parasites which infest him is sufficiently apparent, so that every nip which he suffers from these invaders of his peace is a protest to him against the truth of Genesis." Our readers will be ready to doubt the accuracy of this quotation. We assure them the words may be found, precisely as we give them, on pages 178 and 180 of "The Legends of the Old Testament." Does Mr. Strange really suppose that this pitiful logic will pass muster with men who have minds and consciences? The terms are equivocal, the matter is doubtful, and the syllogism is hopelessly vicious. In point of critical-captiousness the passage we have quoted stands worthily by the side of another in which Noah, prior to the Deluge, is compelled "to match" the creatures "sexually, even as to the minutest insects, themselves scarcely discernible with the highest modern magnifying instruments." But we regret to say that the book is full of lilliputianisms of the same description. What could Providence have been thinking of to confide the teaching of the nations to a blunderer like Moses, when a hundred *illuminati*, "parasites" and all, might have been had to do the work with scientific exactness! *Appropos* of the Deluge—when, on a preliminary glance through Mr. Strange's volume, we first read, on p. 210, how "it is certain that there was a period in the early literature of all the most ancient nations connected with Judæa, during which the event was unnoticed, and therefore unknown," we turned back to the title-page, supposing that we must have misread the date of publication. It did not seem credible that the author, writing in 1874, should know nothing of Mr. G. Smith's Deluge Tablets, and their profoundly interesting contents. But we were wrong. A moment after, we discovered that Mr. Strange was in full possession of the Chaldean Flood Legend; and on p. 212, he describes how, under the hands of Mr. Smith, "the earliest known version of it" was "brought to light." But from what quarter did the story of the Deluge find its way into Chaldæa? From India, of course, is Mr. Strange's answer. "The legend," he says [of the Flood] "first appears," [not among the Persians, Phœnicians, or Egyptians, but] "among the Hindus in the Satapatha Brahmana, which is an adjunct of the Yajur Veda, and one of the latest of the Brahmanas. This is the most ancient known version of the story" [of the Flood]. "It is not where it should be if based upon reality, namely, in the primitive Vedic literature, but occurs only in the

midst of the fanciful delineations of a highly imaginative people at an advanced stage of their history" ["Legends," &c., pp. 210, 211]. That is to say, according to Mr. Strange's own showing, a Hindu work, dating some eight hundred or—to reckon our time with a prodigal liberality—a thousand years B.C., contains a notice of the Deluge earlier than that of a monument, belonging, in its original form, to the period of the ancient Babylonian Empire, a period which Mr. Smith fixes, not without reason, at about 2,500—1,500 years before our era. It is not our business to rectify this anachronism; but with all respect to the theory of the Hindu derivation of the Old Testament "legends," we maintain that, so far as the witness of literary documents is concerned, the story of the Deluge first appears near the mouth of the Tigris and Euphrates, among a people who, if Mr. Strange's infallible test of language be good, might be Turanian, or might be Shemitic, but assuredly were not Aryan. Before parting with our writer, he will permit us to say that, if science and learning are to enter the lists against Scripture, they must come armed with very different weapons from those which he has employed in this volume. Procrustean hermeneutics, startling hypotheses, vague analogy, supercilious dogmatism, cynical satire—these will never destroy the credit of documents whose history, ethics, and theology alike bear so conspicuously on their forehead the *imprimatur* of heaven. Believers in the Bible need not be told that science and philosophy have questions for them, which are hard to answer. They are fully alive to this. They comprehend it entirely. And like all genuine sons of science truly so called, they are prepared to revise their position, on competent showing, and to adjust their views of Divine Revelation to the demands of reason and of fact. But they will not surrender the vast and manifold evidence of Scripture to the nibblings of critical scialism, any more than they will allow themselves to be thrown into panic by a tempest of burlesque and flippant jeers. The contents and historical influence of the Bible require that all questions affecting its claims to truth and Divine authority shall be treated with seriousness, tenderness, and reverence. No other mode of treating them deserves attention, or will receive it.

International Scientific Series. History of the Conflict between Religion and Science. By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D., Professor in the University of New York. London: Henry S. King and Co. 1875.

ONE naturally opens a book like this with apprehension. So much has been foolishly written on Religion and Science, so many imaginary difficulties started, and so many unsatisfactory solutions given, so often have forward men of science and over-confident

divines displayed ignorance and courted ridicule in this field, that some sort of prejudice rises against a fresh aspirant. To be historian of the conflict requires immense erudition, full acquaintance with subjects rarely studied by the same man, judicial and philosophical ability of the highest order, in short, such a diversity of talent as we almost despair of finding. Yet the importance and interest of the question disposes us gladly to welcome very imperfect success in exhibiting its bearings and tracing its development. Mr. Draper disappoints our faintest hopes, and exceeds our worst misgivings. It would be hard to find any writer on either side of the controversy who makes so ludicrous a betrayal of incompetence and conceit. We can only express our surprise and regret that the average excellence of the *International Scientific Series* should be lowered by the admission of such a volume, the more so as it does not seem to have been included in the original prospectus.

It needs only to read the preface to be prepared for the succeeding pages. After a few oracular paragraphs on "the mental condition of the intelligent classes in Europe and America," and "the serious political results" to which it will shortly give rise, we get a hint of the writer's high moral purpose in the declaration that "a few years ago it was the politic, and therefore the proper course to abstain from all allusion to this controversy." But this, it appears, is all changed, and now "it becomes the duty of those whose lives have made them familiar with both modes of thought to present modestly but firmly their views, to compare the antagonistic pretensions calmly, impartially, philosophically." At once we have an illustration of Mr. Draper's calmness in the grouping together of "ignorant and infuriated ecclesiastics, parasites, eunuchs and slaves." An intimation of his historical accuracy is given in the statement that "the Roman Emperors" (Diocletian, Constantine, Julian, and Theodosius are, we presume, examples) "left religious affairs to take their chance," and "in consequence of this great neglect of duty an intellectual night settled upon Europe, which is only just passing away." The barbarian invasions, it seems, are too insignificant to be noticed in Mr. Draper's philosophy. Next, by way of proving modesty, we have a list of the languages in which a previous work of our author's has been reproduced, where, after Polish and Servian have been mentioned, the more obscure tongues are represented by a humble *etc.* Impartiality he has cultivated by writing a History of the American Civil War, which has been received with approval by the American public, "a critical judge of the events considered." Precisely what is meant by a critical judge we confess we do not know; but from the instance adduced one would conclude it does not mean a judge who has not taken sides. Further light is perhaps thrown by the remark that our his-

torian does not mean to take account of moderate views. "It is with the extremists that the impartial reader is mainly concerned." The Protestant and Greek Churches need not be noticed; "as to the latter, it has never arrayed itself in opposition to the advancement of knowledge, but has always met it with welcome." The attitude of the Greek Church towards Science strikes the ordinary Englishman as that of sound slumber, equally removed from "opposition" and from "welcome." To complete the unfavourable impression, we have a brief sketch of the plan to be pursued, where, after Science has been defined as "depending on observation, experiment, and mathematical discussion," the first instance of its conflict with Religion is found to be the Mohammedan maintenance of Divine unity as opposed to the Trinitarian doctrine of the Church. It would have been interesting to watch the "experiment" by which this problem was decided.

After this sample we proceed to the History itself, where blunders and absurdities are more numerous, if not quite so thickly strewn. However, we have covered a foolscap sheet with jotting down, as we read, instances of error, misrepresentation, bad logic, bad style, bombast and downright ignorance. On the very first page we are told, by an historian who has distinctly repudiated the "artistic" or rhetorical method of composition, that "four centuries before the birth of Christ" the philosophers of Greece "had been profoundly impressed with the contrast between the majesty of the operations of Nature and the worthlessness of the divinities of Olympus." And her historians "demanded why oracles had become mute." Has Mr. Draper ever read the *Anabasis*, or does he suppose that Plutarch lived "four centuries before the birth of Christ"? Indeed, all the references to ancient philosophy show the thinnest, worse than second-hand acquaintance with the subject; partial statements, unauthentic facts, and frequent confusions abound. "Greek philosophical criticisers"—by which is probably meant the Sophists—"compared the doctrines of different schools"—which did not yet exist—"with each other," and maintained "that right and wrong are nothing more than fictions," a theory which almost every Greek school repudiated. The New Academy is confounded (p. 26) with the Neo-Platonists; that "all revelation is necessarily a mere fiction," occurs among the tenets of the Stoics; the method of Aristotle is declared to be purely inductive, "and all our exact knowledge to be traced back to the Macedonian campaigns." Accordingly, we have an account of the wars of Alexander, occupying several pages with a feeble narrative of hackneyed facts, diversified now and then by an error, or by a touch of "the romantic and popular" which has been ruled out of place. Alexander is "troubled by no revolt in his rear"—that of Agis, notwithstanding;—his army passes the Euphrates "fringed with its weeping

willows," feels "the hyperborean blast of the countries beyond the Black Sea," and sees the crocodiles of the Ganges. It is in a land of "interminable sandy plains," which nevertheless "is truly the garden of the world;" and to crown our astonishment, Jupiter Ammon proclaims "the immaculate conception" of the Macedonian King. So fond is Mr. Draper of this brilliant joke, that he at once adds that in the opinion of the Egyptians the mother of Plato "suffered an immaculate conception through the influences of Apollo" (p. 8). On p. 14 we have a similarly accurate allusion to the "bestial gods," not of Egypt, but of Greece. Still more amusing is the statement (p. 120) that "the Romans had their lares or spirits of those who had led virtuous lives; their laræ, or lemures, the spirits of the wicked; their manes, the spirits of those of whom the merits were doubtful."

What shall we say to p. 257, where, after enumerating the sieges of Rome by Alaric, Genserik, Ricimer, Vitiges, Totila, &c., he adds: "We must, however, bear in mind the accusation of Machiavelli . . . that nearly all the barbarian invasions of Italy were by the invitations of the pontiffs"? Surely Machiavelli was better acquainted with Roman history than our "Historian" with the mediæval use of the word "barbarian" in Italian. Again (p. 214), we are told that the Papacy "instigated the frightful wars that for so many years desolated Europe, and left animosities which neither the Treaty of Westphalia nor the Council of Trent, after eighteen years of debate, could compose." The relative position of the Treaty and the Council, and the eighteen years of debate in the latter (during ten of which not a word was spoken) may be due only to carelessness; but throughout the book, whether from ignorance or inaccuracy, it is requisite that the reader should know more than the writer. Turning, now, for a moment, to Mr. Draper's proficiency in the history of Religion, and to the impartiality with which he weighs "the antagonistic pretensions" of Theology and Science, we may instance his strange theory that the deification of the Roman Emperors was due to the tendency of polytheism to pass into monotheism (p. 38); his statement that the annals of the "Median, Babylonian, Assyrian, and Chaldean empires reached back through more than twenty centuries" (p. 5); his vouching for the historical trustworthiness of Eratosthenes' *Chronicles* of the Theban Kings, which have long been "thrown into discredit by the authority of our existing absurd theological chronology" (p. 29); his quoting *Cosmas Indicopleustes* as containing the opinion of the Church; his quiet assurance that the doctrine of Redemption "originated among the Gnostic sects" (p. 224), and that of the Trinity "in Egypt, the land of Trinities" (p. 53), that Ezra claims (*Esdras* ii. 14 *sic*) to have written the Pentateuch, that the Egyptians were determined the worship of Isis should be restored under the name

of the Virgin" (p. 71); his list of conflicting sects, where Basilidians and Valentinians are distinguished from Gnostics (p. 79); his opinion that Melancthon was resolved to banish philosophy from the Church (p. 215); and many more; but it is abundantly proved that he has no qualifications to be the historian of anything connected with religion.

The book is almost void of references—excepting many to previous works by the same author, which the reader is continually requested to "turn to," as though they must necessarily be on the shelves of every poor student who already begrudges his ill-spent five shillings—otherwise one would gladly investigate the truth of many a startling announcement, which we confess our poor information is quite unable to test. Who were the Marionites, and what authority is there that they "regarded the Trinity as consisting of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Virgin Mary"? (p. 79.) On what grounds does Mr. Draper differ from Hallam as to the supposed discovery of the Pandects of Justinian? Why should we believe that Mohammed's claim to establish a new religion was a calumny invented against him in Constantinople? or that the Nestorians "eventually outnumbered all the European Christians of the Greek and Roman Churches combined"? and why should their founder be called "Nestor"? Who was Chakia Mouni? and how can we judge for ourselves of the "masterly manner" in which he developed the idea of emanation and absorption? Why should Wickliff be brought forward as an instance of the opposition of Science to Religion?

Even on the side of Science, where one would be willing to let the Professor speak with authority, one cannot help wondering if observation and experiment support the hypothesis of "countless myriads of stars, each a sun, surrounded by revolving globes, *peopled with responsible beings like ourselves*," and whether political economy warrants the belief that "the condition of nations as to their well-being is most precisely represented by the variations of their population." The absurd depreciation of Bacon (p. 233) can only be the result of inability to understand scientific logic, while to say that "except among English readers his name is almost unknown," is simply untrue.

Two chapters (x. and xi.) are devoted to the influence of Latin Christianity, and Science on modern civilisation, in which a striking contrast is easily gained by putting down all the evils of Mediaeval Europe to the Church, and all the good to Science. Want of drainage, difficulties of communication, the spread of new diseases, and similar defects and calamities, are all attributed solely to the Papacy, and that long after the Papacy had ceased to rule in Northern Europe, while not a single benefit can our impartial historian find owing to later Christianity. All the improvements of modern times, without any credit given to forms

of Christianity other than Latin, are the work of Science, which colonised America and abolished slavery in Russia and the United States. The English emancipation, which set the example, but was the undoubted work of religious enthusiasm, is passed over without mention.

The style of the book is almost as bad as the matter. Slipshod and vulgarly fluent, it shows on every page that long practice has only confirmed in his faults a writer entirely destitute of the literary sense. The American spelling must, we suppose, be excused, but it is a shame to make America responsible for the astonishing words and phrases which decorate the paragraphs. "Inception," "exploitation," "betterment," "the holy souvenirs of Jerusalem," "the mind that pensive that veiled enchantress," "surrounding and reluctant peoples," "the death of the flesh is the auspices of the restitution of things," "in eternity nothing transpires"; such are the unexpected beauties to be found as one reads. The last quoted occurs in a translation from the Confessions of Augustine, which it is very unnecessarily pointed out is the author's own, and not Dr. Pusey's. But the crowning glory is the reflection on the constancy of Bruno. "What a contrast between this scene of manly honour, of unshaken firmness, of inflexible adherence to truth, and that other scene which took place more than fifteen centuries previously by the fireside in the hall of Caiaphas, the high priest, when the cock crew, and the Lord turned and looked upon Peter; and yet it is upon Peter that the Church has grounded her right to act as she did to Bruno" (p.181).

Mr. Draper, amid all his sneers at revelation, and denials of the common faith of Christendom, frequently declares that he attacks Ultramontaniam alone, which he always identifies with the Church and with Religion. Rome has many a controversialist in her service who would not fear to take up the defence; but the reader may decide whether it is worth while.

Nature, the Utility of Religion, and Theism. By John Stuart Mill. London: Longmans and Co. 1874.

THE chief interest attaching to these Essays arises, in our judgment, from the light they throw upon the mental history of the writer. They complete a remarkable autobiography, and reveal the strange inconsistencies of theory and belief that may exist in a character generally supposed to be a marvel of logical development. Like many others who reject Christianity, Mr. Mill held a good deal more in sentiment and practice than his formal principles would warrant. Though not spiritually great enough to break entirely with the dreary philosophy of unbelief in which he was trained, his was not the frost-bitten nature that could be consistent with such principles throughout.

The distinction he makes between the region of Belief and that

of simple Hope is the saving clause of his system, affording a practical relief in the working which Mr. Mill seems to have found necessary, but the more consistent of his followers repudiate. He is of opinion that there is not sufficient evidence to bring the supernatural within the domain of belief, and that "scepticism is the rational attitude of a thinking mind towards the supernatural, whether in natural or in revealed religion." But the loss which such scepticism inflicts upon man's moral nature he could not but see and admit. It is not every man who can give up the hope of future life at the bidding of a philosophical scepticism without a very decided sense of being the poorer for the sacrifice—the religion of humanity and other dainty devices for softening down the sense of bereavement notwithstanding. Mr. Mill therefore provides a region of Hope in which the imagination is encouraged to enrich itself with some at least of the cheering possibilities which the reason is compelled to reject. In other words, though our opinions should be regulated strictly by evidence, there is not the same necessity as regards the feelings.

The value of this suggestion appears to us so small that it was not worth while for the sake of making it to break the consistency of the scheme to which it is appended. If regard for truth compels us to give up our belief in the existence of man after death, our homage to truth is not complete till, along with the belief, we have surrendered the pleasures arising out of it. If it were possible to derive pleasure from anticipations that we knew to be groundless, there would be something false and unworthy in the attempt. But in truth it is as little possible as it is desirable. We cannot play fast and loose with hope and incredulity in this manner. The small probability, not enough for a basis of belief, will hardly serve as a ground of hope.

A similar inconsistency may be noted in what Mr. Mill has to say on the moral value to the individual of a belief in God. In the *Essay on the Utility of Religion*, it is suggested "whether the idealization of our earthly life, the cultivation of a high conception of what *it* might be made, is not capable of supplying a poetry, and, in the best sense of the word, a religion, equally fitted to exalt the feelings, and (with the same aid from education) still better calculated to ennoble the conduct, than any belief respecting the unseen powers." Then follows an encomium of the Religion of Humanity, which "fulfils the conditions of religion in as eminent a degree, and in as high a sense, as the supernatural religions even in their best manifestations." But in the closing pages of this volume Mr. Mill returns to the subject as though with some misgiving as to his proposal. "Human excellence has been found to depend very greatly upon a certain most important exercise of imagination, kept up principally by means of religious belief. This exercise of the imagination consists of familiarity

with the conception of a morally perfect Being, and the habit of taking the approbation of such a Being as the *norma* or standard by which to regulate our own characters and lives."

It would be surprising, indeed, if the most sceptical thinkers did not look with some little anxiety on the withdrawal from mankind of those high ideals for which it has been indebted to religion, and which have had an immense power in elevating character and generally affecting human life for good. Mr. Mill was certain, from his humane and benevolent disposition, to feel this anxiety at least as strongly as most of his order; and we find him suggesting a double remedy, so that by one or other of them, or by both combined, any evil results arising from a loss of belief in God might be prevented. In addition to the Religion of Humanity, Mr. Mill finds refuge in the "idealization of our standard of excellence in a person," and thinks it quite possible, even when that person is conceived as merely imaginary. Nothing surprises us more than the way in which the confessedly non-existing and imaginary is relied on to do for man, through the conscious effort of his imagination, what has hitherto been only partially accomplished, through his sincere belief in an actually existing Divine Being. If the more powerful motives arising from real belief are hardly sufficient, what may be expected from a make-believe?

Mr. Mill's remarks upon the character of our Lord are deeply interesting to us. They add one more to the long list of testimonies to its wholly unique excellence received from non-Christian sources. "Above all, the most valuable effect on the character which Christianity has produced by holding up, in a Divine Person, a standard of excellence and a model for imitation, is available even to the absolute unbeliever, and can never more be lost to humanity. It is the God incarnate, more than the God of the Jews, or of Nature, who, being idealised, has taken so great and salutary a hold on the modern mind. And whatever else may be taken away from us by rational criticism, Christ is still left; a unique figure not more unlike all his precursors than all his followers, even those who had the direct benefit of his personal teaching. It is of no use to say that Christ, as exhibited in the Gospels, is not historical, and that we know not how much of what is admirable has been superadded by the tradition of his followers. The tradition of followers suffices to insert any number of marvels, and may have inserted all the miracles which He is reputed to have wrought. But who among His disciples, or among their proselytes, was capable of inventing the sayings ascribed to Jesus, or of imagining the life and character revealed in the Gospels? . . . But about the life and sayings of Jesus there is a stamp of personal originality combined with profundity of insight, which, if we abandon the idle expectation of finding scientific precision where something very different was aimed at,

must place the prophet of Nazareth, even in the estimation of those who have no belief in His inspiration, in the very first rank of the men of sublime genius of whom our species can boast. When this pre-eminent genius is combined with the qualities of possibly the greatest moral reformer and martyr to that mission, who existed upon earth, religion cannot be said to have made a bad choice in pitching on this man as the ideal representative and guide of humanity; nor, even now, would it be easy, even for an unbeliever, to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract to the concrete, than to endeavour so to live that Christ would approve our life." This remarkable passage has received, and doubtless will receive, a good deal of comment. To us it is not without considerable pathos in relation to its distinguished writer. There are among us able and thoughtful men on whom Christ's character appears to have made literally no impression, neither exercising fascination nor awakening interest. But Mr. Mill was not one of these. Utterly inadequate as was his conception of Christ, it is evident that he recognised some at least of those attributes of power and goodness that all Christians ascribe to their Lord. But that, seeing so much as he did, he saw no more, is the painful riddle whose explanation must be sought partly in the circumstances of his life, and partly in his mental and moral characteristics.

To refer for a moment to these. Who that has read the "Autobiography" can forget the melancholy picture of the over-tutored boy, reading Plato and Aristotle at seven years of age, from whose education every element of religion was so carefully excluded that he could afterwards say, with truth, "that he had not thrown off religious belief, but that he never had it"? In our judgment, John Stuart Mill's spiritual nature never recovered from the grievous injustice it received in youth. Naturally sensitive and emotional, he was not only shut off from the influences which such natures demand perhaps beyond all others, but it was a main purpose of the intellectual system in which he was trained to kill and cut out by the roots all susceptibility to religious impressions. It is true that no amount of violence done to the spiritual nature can destroy it beyond the possibility of some after-wakening; but the powers of that nature may be so impaired by mischievous treatment as ever after to be imperfect organs, disqualifying their possessor for the accurate investigation of spiritual questions. A man's capacity in relation to poetry and music might fairly be set down as low if he professed indifference or contempt for the works of Shakspeare and Beethoven. We should feel that such a mind was in the strictest sense *self-registering*, and that nothing could be added to the accuracy with which it revealed itself. Similarly, Mr. Mill appears to us to indicate his spiritual capacity in the way he speaks of St. John's Gospel.

"What *could* be added and interpolated by a disciple we may see in the mystical parts of the Gospel of St. John, matter imported from Philo and the Alexandrian Platonists, and put into the mouth of the Saviour in long speeches about Himself such as the other Gospels contain not the slightest vestige of, though pretended to have been delivered on occasions of the deepest interest, and when his principal followers were all present; most prominently at the last supper. *The East was full of men who could have stolen any quantity of this poor stuff*, as the multitudinous sects of Gnostics afterwards did." There are certain criticisms that reveal in a sentence, in an expression, the capacity of the critic. The writer who dismisses the discourse of the Last Supper, and the great Intercession that follows, with the words "poor stuff," tells us much about himself. He gives us the measure of his spiritual insight in those two contemptuous words. Mr. Mill was of a humane, in many respects a generous, disposition; he was susceptible to a high order of poetry—the reader will remember how he speaks of his indebtedness to Wordsworth—and yet sympathy, imagination, moral discernment, religious instinct, all fail him in the presence of the chapters which beyond all others have revealed to men the deep things of God; and the sole comment is, "The East was full of men who could have stolen any quantity of this poor stuff"!

Along with this singular want of what we can only call spiritual perception, there is noticeable in Mr. Mill a constant assumption of the adequacy of his method, and the complete character of his knowledge. He repeats, in many different forms, his conclusion that the Creator of the World, if there be one, cannot be omnipotent; or, if omnipotent, he is not morally perfect. Under the former head we find this curious piece of reasoning: "It is not too much to say that every indication of Design in the Kosmos is so much evidence against the omnipotence of the Designer. For what is meant by Design? Contrivance: the adaptation of means to an end. But the necessity for contrivance—the need of employing means—is a consequence of the limitation of power. Who would have recourse to means if to attain his end his mere word was sufficient?" The argument, if for a moment we may call it so, in the passage just quoted, is little better than a word-skirmish as distinguished from proper reasoning; and it is closed by an assumption which might as well have been put first as last, since it is a begging of the question discussed. Who is so confident respecting the *à priori* fitness of things that he may safely assume that an Omnipotent Being will never use what we call means to an end, but must always work by immediate *fiat*? The assumption is characterised by those very faults of the untuitional and *à priori* method which Mr. Mill was never weary of rebuking. Can anything show more clearly than the following sentence how

Mr. Mill allowed himself to confound words and things? "Wisdom and contrivance are shown in overcoming difficulties, and there is no room for them in a Being for whom no difficulties exist." That is, because wisdom may be shown in overcoming difficulties as indeed in a thousand other ways, therefore, where there are no difficulties there can be no wisdom. We submit one or two parallel propositions whose logical value is very similar. Goodness is shown in patiently enduring wrong; therefore, where there is no wrong to be endured, there is no goodness. Strength is shown in carrying loads; therefore, where there are no loads to carry, there is no strength.

But an error far more noteworthy than the pooriness of reasoning into which the great logician sometimes lapses is the assumption, already alluded to, of the adequateness of his method, and of the trustworthiness of his results. Mr. Mill appears to have given little attention to the positive evidences of Christianity, nor does he face the difficulties arising with the hypothesis of Christianity being untrue. It does not appear to occur to him that there may be modes of inquiry and tests of truth other than those he employs, or that objections which have a certain force may yet be very far short of fatal to the views against which they are urged. He found the existence of evil a difficulty in the way of believing in an Almighty and morally perfect Being; but the assumption that the former disproves the existence of the latter is wholly unwarrantable. Our knowledge of such questions is so small as to afford no ground whatever for such conclusion. As it is, we are not without hints towards the solution of the great difficulty, that which Whately called "the only difficulty in theology," viz., the existence of evil; but if it be true that the solution requires other faculties than those we now possess, it may be also said that a man need have other faculties than those possessed by his fellow-men before taking upon himself to affirm that the existence of God is disproved by the existence of evil.

The Paraclete: An Essay on the Personality and Ministry of the Holy Ghost, with some reference to Current Discussions. Octavo; pp. 402. London: Henry S. King and Co. 1874.

HERE is a work which might justly claim from us an article, rather than one of these brief notices. In that torrent of literature which the press now pours forth without ceasing, few books more fresh and vigorous, more truly devout and without pedantry, have come under our observation. *The Paraclete* was, we believe, published anonymously, but since its appearance the name of the author has been announced. The Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D., is, we doubt not, already favourably known to many of our

readers, and this work will still further commend him to them. In parts of his chapter on "The Witness of the Spirit," the Methodist reader will at once feel himself at home, and will thankfully rejoice that so much of the truth concerning this glorious privilege is taught—and taught so well. But when he touches the conflicts of the spiritual life, and expounds his view of the great struggle described in the seventh of Romans, then his divergence from our Methodist theology and exposition is wide and manifest enough. His chapter on "The Convictive Work of the Holy Ghost," is a beautiful piece of practical theology, worthy a place in any minister's library. In discussing the question of the Divine Spirit's agency as the interpreter of Scripture, Dr. Parker treats of preaching; what it too often is, and what it should be. As a specimen of his style we select the following. "It cannot, other things being equal, be an offence to the Holy Spirit to ask Him for extemporaneous utterance that shall reach the hearts of the congregation—a very different thing, be it observed, from literary expression, sentences meant for a book, paragraphs measured and numbered for printing. There is an utterance which belongs to the speaker, and not to the writer, an urgent, rapid, percussive, and living utterance, that cannot be printed. In the very hour of duty such utterance shall be given by the Holy Ghost to the faithful and honest servant. But ought not a minister to prepare a sermon? There we come upon a difficulty,—the difficulty of *sermonising*, writing and speaking by the hour-glass, and running the risk of artificialising the divinest life. Preaching so soon becomes an art, a craft, a profession. . . . Will it be unduly bold on the part of a writer to give counsel to—what ought to be the greatest of all men—the Christian preacher? The advice would be, not that he should prepare his *sermon*, but that he should prepare *himself*. His exegesis he has of course prepared in secret; he has meditated upon it in the night-watches, and prevented the day by an eager desire to know it more perfectly; he knows what things, new and old, he has in the treasury; and as for his searching of the Scriptures, he has dug in them, as for choice silver and stones of great price. So far the preparation has been honest, full, even jealous, lest aught should have failed in the minuteness of detail; but as to verbal expression, what if he should have left it to the inspiration of the moment? Were it a question of mere phraseology, there is no reason why he might not have prepared it in secret; but it is phraseology with a difference: it is phraseology *plus*, and what that *plus* is no man can determine exhaustively. Perhaps it is most fitly expressed by the word *life*,—that word being a compound of such terms as sympathy, *rapport*, adaptation, responsiveness. When the preacher knows his subject, and clearly apprehends the line upon which his thought is to proceed, it may

show a trustful and humble spirit on his part to depend upon the Holy Ghost for the gift of suitable and efficient utterance. But may he not write, so to speak, to the dictation of the Holy Ghost? He would be a bold man who would answer such an inquiry in the negative; yet he might be reverent and wise in hesitating (considering the peculiar vocation of the pulpit) to answer it in the affirmative. . . . The fluent reader may have failed. He may not have lingually stumbled, and yet he may have spiritually broken down, and grieved the Spirit of God. His breakdown was not towards earth, but towards heaven: to man he was a hero much applauded and flattered; to God and the angels what if he was a coward and a hireling much pitied and wept over? 'Failure' is a word often wantonly used in the Church, greatly to the grief of honest workers and godly souls. . . . One thing only we must ask to be borne in mind, namely, that there is a success which is failure; there is a failure which is success. Given the kind or degree of dependence upon the Spirit of God indicated above, and probably there may be great changes in the form or mode of public ministration. Sermons may be less artistic, language may be less ornate or polished, appeals may be more abrupt and penetrating, methodical propriety may be disorganised, the pulpit may cease to be a refrigerator; great changes of many sorts may take place,—amongst the rest the Lord Himself may come to His holy temple, as in these latter days he seldom comes, and the eloquent orator may be silent before Him. In the olden time the word came very brokenly; but did it not come with wonderful power? Did not the 'babblers' arrest the attention of the world, and force new themes upon its reluctant consideration? We shall be told that times have changed, and that the education and intelligence of the age must be addressed. Herein, then, the *distinctiveness* of the preacher is in danger of being lost; and instead of standing alone, in a noble and awful solitude as to method and claim, he may become but one of a crowd,—he may become weak as other men. The philosophical lecturer, the academician, the travelling elocutionist, the Christian preacher, each has his manuscript, and each his private art. Where is the ancient *distinctiveness*? Where the voice of the Lord, the background of eternity, the momentum of infinitude, the old signals of a direct representation of the Invisible and Everlasting? Preaching should never lose its *distinctiveness*? it should stand apart; all coalitions it should avoid as unholy and unequal. When it tampers with the mean idolatries of the common arts, it goes astray from the Cross, and sells its power to the enemy; it does not adapt itself to the age, it allows the age to take its crown and despoil its power. But what if others imitate the preacher and rival him in his peculiar vocation? Let them try. Their imitation will be the highest compliment, but beyond imitation they

can never go. The servant of the Lord will for ever hold a secret entirely his own; his method may easily be borrowed, but his fire is hidden where thieves cannot break through and steal." Admirably true and to the point! Such sentiments as these surely furnish a pleasing illustration of the influence which Methodism has been privileged to exert outside its own pale. To our readers many things just quoted will be far from new, will indeed appear familiar truisms; but to find them so earnestly maintained by others as we have them in the volume now under notice will at least justify the remark that the Methodist testimony is not in vain, even where the whole of it has not been received. Meantime let us as a Church see to it that the clearness and firmness of that testimony are in no degree abated.

The chapter on "Holiness" is the great "failure" of this book. It is at the best altogether rudimentary, and most of it is utterly negative. It consists mainly of a description—broad almost to the verge of caricature—of a worldly-minded minister, and of two specimens of the covetous, carnal, inconsistent, professor of religion. It is in painful contrast with many other parts of the volume. We seem to have been led through a noble temple to find the shrine—empty! Of holiness, regarded as a spiritual attainment and a Divine communion, we find absolutely nothing. Dr. Parker cannot be unaware that there is a whole literature on the subject of Christian holiness well worthy of his attention, but it would seem to have escaped his notice altogether. In particular, the late Professor Upham's (U.S.A.) *Principles of Interior or Hidden Life* might render him some service. In future editions of *The Paraclete*, the author might expunge the present chapter on Holiness with great advantage. Or if he should still desire to retain it, let it be under another title, and in another part of the treatise. Sad as are the things which in that chapter he describes, he may know them for facts; but even then they are pitifully out of place when he professes to be treating of Christian holiness. Godly men and women of all Churches, by thousands, have attained to a degree of Divine purity and blessedness of which not one word here is said. The chapter should be headed "Inconsistency," or "False Profession," and not "Holiness."

In another part of the book is a sentence which we cannot but regard as very unsatisfactory. The author is speaking of the wonderful blending of the marvellous and the familiar in the Bible (p. 40), and he says, "The bread is such as has been used at supper, yet presently it will become the body of Christ!"

We, of course, acquit Dr. Parker of sympathy with the views of those who would use such words in the Romish sense. But, whether intentionally or not, he has just simply repeated their Shibboleth. Knowing all that he knows of the controversies of our own day, and of past centuries, on this subject, it is a most

indiscreet thing to use the words he does, without any kind of guard or explanation. By doing so he plays into the hands of the adversary in a truly dangerous manner. The latter portion of the work is controversial, and is as trenchant as the didactic chapters are often clear and beautiful. The writings of Mr. Huxley, Dr. Tyndall, and Mr. J. S. Mill, are very acutely advertised upon; and the author ranges widely and easily over the immense field covered by the controversy between Materialism and Christianity. We have not space to attempt to follow him here; but one passage on Mr. Mill's unfairness, is worth extracting. "Mr. Mill says, 'The world is full of evil,' but does he tell us that a scheme of redemption and purification of proportionate grandeur is at least *proposed* in the Bible? He is careful to suggest that God made hell, but does he give one hint as to the existence of heaven? He speaks broadly of 'horrible and everlasting torment,' but does he say that Jesus Christ tasted death for every man, that no man should die? It is important to accumulate these questions, or to set the same inquiry in different aspects, to show how utterly unworthy of confidence as a religious guide, or a guide in religious inquiry, is any man who can be so one-sided and incomplete in his statements. What if the bigotry of religion be only less than the bigotry of impiety?" It would be so easy, by a few additions and alterations, to make this volume much better, even, than it already is, that we trust it may pass into other editions.

THE BIBLE OF PROFESSOR REUSS.

La Bible : Nouvellement Traduite sur Textes Originaux, avec une Introduction à chaque livre, des Notes explicatives sur l'Ancien Testament, et un Commentaire Complet sur le Nouveau Testament. Préface et Introduction Générale.
Paris : Sandoz et Fischbartier. 1874.

PROFESSOR REUSS of Strassburg is one of the most learned, accomplished, and indefatigable of modern divines. He writes with equal facility in Latin, German, and French; in each language having issued works of permanent value. The present work, the first issue of which now lies before us, will be his *opus magnum*. We welcome the instalment with due homage; but not without much uneasiness. Our readers have been put in possession of our views on the general characteristics of Professor Reuss' genius, and his doubtful relations to Christian orthodoxy. Having again and again shown how unsafe a guide he is on every point which seems to honour the development of dogma outside of the Bible, it will be needless to repeat our hesitations, or give the grounds of them afresh. Our author is far from being latitudinarian, or loose, as to the authority of Scripture, but he is bigoted in his

adherence to Biblical theology proper, and unduly opposed to the systematisation of theological science. His fascination, however, is so great, that his new edition of the Bible, with a new translation, brief annotations on the Old Testament, and copious exegetical commentary on the New, will exert great influence. We cannot advise our readers to abstain from studying him; for there are some points of special peril in these days where Reuss will be a more influential defence than a sounder man would be. But we shall give a few paragraphs which will indicate where the true danger lies.

"But the historical tendency of modern studies, in so far as they are engaged with the Bible, has set itself a much higher aim still, and has made progress in theology on ground important in quite other respects than that which we have just put before our readers. In fact, literary questions are only interesting here because, in reality, religious ideas are discussed, what there is most sacred for men, and most essential to the Church. Now, in old times, a man was content with the tacit supposition, or if necessary took some trouble to prove, that the Apostles and Prophets could furnish passages in support of the theses of the manual of confessional dogmatism which he preferred, or of such a fashionable philosophic system as he considered the adequate expression of true Christianity. Now we have begun seriously to listen to the writers themselves before all, to permit them to express their ideas in their entirety, under their native form and colour, in such a manner that modern readers learn to know them as directly as could the contemporaries of the different authors, and without the interposition of any strange conception between them and their actual public. Men no longer contested, as did the Rationalists, the reality of the contact of the mind of the sacred writers with that divine strength without which truth is never seized, and without which, above all, no great action is accomplished; but they applied themselves also to do that which traditional theology had neglected, namely, to study the human conditions of their literary activity; to understand the influence which the medium in which they had lived might have exercised over the form and the direction of their thoughts. All which had been before accomplished in this respect was subject to revision, and the auxiliary science of exegesis became one of the fields explored with the utmost ardour. Sacred philology (as it is called), that is to say the study of Hebrew, and the Hellenistic idiom of the two tongues used in the composition of the Old and the New Testament, was pushed to a degree of perfection which leaves little to be desired, and has rendered inappreciable services to the interpretation of the text. It was the same with the much more fastidious work, which consists in the comparison of manuscripts, the sifting the ancient translations, and utilising, in short,

all means at our disposition to reconstitute the text in its purity ; here, also, men often arrived at surprising results as to the meaning of passages until then not properly understood. The more and more active exploration of Palestine which was in olden times the theatre of the national life, from whose bosom Biblical literature has sprung, has rendered acquaintance with it more profitable, and one is no longer reduced to depend upon the accounts of credulous pilgrims, in order to take our bearings in a region sacred to so many remembrances. The image of the diverse phases of the civilisation of the Israelitish people, which was at first developed almost exclusively in the restricted sphere of nationality, later on at once under the influence, and by the antagonism of the Greco-Roman world, becomes clearer before our eyes since we have learned to compose it without prejudice, while assembling together the thousand little scattered traits in the Biblical sources.

"All that, however, is only preparatory work, indispensable to assure to us the chance of success in the last and supreme task, that of recognising the circle of ideas in which the poets, the prophets, and the sages among the Hebrews moved, and to see one's way clearly in that sphere in which lived the first Apostles of Jesus, and all who have preserved and transmitted to us His words. All these men were the children of their age, attached by ties of all kinds to their native land and to their own people ; and the new and powerful force which animated them, that religious enthusiasm which led them to act and to write, which elevated them above their surroundings, and made them the guides and spiritual chiefs of their generation, must have begun by conducting their own education, by working in them a transformation which has not caused all the traces of an inferior starting point to disappear. But this fact itself attests the co-operation of a different original element, of a higher power which came to the help of human nature without doing violence to it, without subjecting it to a constraint in which the ancient theologians with a mistaken view saw a privilege to be envied. On the other hand this same theology contented itself with registering the notions, the doctrines, the religious and moral precepts which the texts offer in large numbers, with classifying them, and representing them as a settled system in the first place, and embracing without distinction all parts of Scripture. In the present day science becomes truly historical, instead of theoretical as it had been, regards all the facts of this nature which it can gather together as the indices or symptoms of a progressive development, the flowering of a life of religious thought and of the moral conscience. From this point of view the personages of the sacred history, depositaries and heralds of truths which they proclaim, gain in grandeur ; and what they teach no longer appears to us like a collection of oracles issuing from the same source. As they defile

before us through the series of ages, we seem to be assisting at the various scenes of a grand spiritual drama, in which each had his part, sometimes more brilliant, sometimes more modest, but the progress and issue of which Providence overruled."

Professor Reuss is the best living representative of a school of theology which wants to have all the benefit of inspiration without paying the cost. The perpetual testimony of the Bible to itself is that it differs from all other religious works by being the effect of a direct and specific influence of the Divine Spirit on the mind of men. There is nothing more habitually declared. The evil of sin, the obligation of holiness, the necessity of prayer for Divine help, are not more systematically insisted upon than this: that an objective inspiration produced the books, and another kind of inspiration suggestive must enable us to understand them. Now neither of these can the modern scientific spirit of which the Professor speaks, accept, as he says: "This manner of understanding the Bible, its method of teaching, and the nature of the forms into which this instruction is cast, is, doubtless, diametrically opposed to that which has prevailed extensively in the schools. But modern theology does not confess that it has sacrificed anything essential or necessary to the true Scripture. It does indeed frankly confess that its historical method has required it to abandon a principle hitherto erected into an irrefragable axiom: that of the homogeneity of all parts of Scripture and their absolutely equal value. Renouncing that, it renounces at the same time the right, which the science of our fathers arrogated, to explain every part by every other: for example, to seek in the New Testament the key for understanding the Old, whereas in many instances the contrary course would lead more surely to the truth. The more science was convinced that the question here is of facts which must not be moulded arbitrarily . . . the more firm grew the ground under its feet."

In these words we see the elements of all confusion. We are to go to the Old Testament to understand the New, most certainly; but why is that method opposed to the other, the going to the New Testament to understand the Old? An adherent of Biblical theology ought not to be found opposing one of the most fundamental principles of both Testaments, that one is the precursor of the other, and that Christ Jesus is the unity and the life of both.

But in the closing words of his introduction our Professor speaks more plainly still, and renders our own comment almost superfluous: "If we cease to abuse the Old Testament by finding in it the ideas and teachings of the New, by means of exegetical artifices, certainly its proper nature, its religion, its poetry, its morality, its legislation, the sacred enthusiasm of its prophets, and the altogether spiritual simplicity of its traditions, will only gain

by being considered altogether from an historical point of view. The Hebrew literature shines out with a far richer lustre from the doctrines of ancient Paganism, as indeed it could not do while the theological theory wrapped it in mists." This is fatal. We cannot think that, apart from its great prophetic character, the early Hebrew literature is so wonderfully distinguishable from the best profane literature. The economy, legislation, and sacrificial institutes of Moses, are very different, very much more sublime, and, we make bold to say, more comprehensible, when the future Christ is everywhere seen in them. The wound which these sentiments inflict on the mind which has been accustomed to listen to the Redeemer's words, "They testify of Me," is very great. We lose our confidence in this author and in this book. Again :—

"If we cease to make the authority of the Apostolic writings depend on their connection with certain proper names, which are some of them questionable, and prefer to authenticate them by the truth itself which they give, and which commends itself to the conscience in a manner so direct; if we prefer to convince ourselves of the truth, and to put it to the test by practice and application, rather than adopting the retrograde and illusory method of human testimonies and arguments farfetched, do we anything more than what Jesus demanded for Himself (John vii. 17)? And as to the Holy Spirit, is He denied or disavowed if we seek and discover His traces in more extended spheres, and in manifestations more various; if we leave Him to act as He will, each feeling His breath in the depths of the soul, instead of circumscribing Him within narrow limits, and binding Him down to formularies? The science of past times vainly tried to trace the line of demarcation between an exceptional inspiration, which was supposed to have been the privilege of a small number of writers, and that illumination, that communication of new forces, which has been promised to all those who are united to Christ."

Our Professor persuades himself, and so do many others, that this freedom of spirit will have its reward; and that with this more elastic theory, peace must come. They write as if here was the panacea of every malady of the times. But they ought by this time to know better. "It is to this spirit, the living spirit of the Gospel, and not to the spirit of the petrified metaphysics of another age, that theology will fearlessly leave the care of choosing at every crisis the best way to make its action felt; persuaded as she is that what has been once gained for humanity will never again be lost by it. As to changing the Bible in respect to its contents and its composition, there is no question, nor can be; what will be changed, is the idea which men hold as to the manner of establishing and confirming its authority,

whether as to communities or as to individuals. To believe in the Bible, will signify, for the future, that it reveals itself to the heart and to the conscience, in all that it has of Divine origin; but that this revelation has nothing to fear as to its clearness and as to its power, from the diversity of its forms or the imperfection of its organs—provided only that we, on our part, interpose to it no obstacle. In a word, the Biblical question will no more consist in drawing up a catalogue of books, with official approbation and privilege of apostolical authority. This last point of view is not adapted to our time. Theology has a loftier aim; and the fact that it has been able to propose an object so high, guarantees, at the same time, the possibility of attaining it."

As an answer to all this, we have only to point to such a book as "*Supernatural Religion*," which is not content with remaining in this most pleasant and genial neutral ground, this vague and ideal region, where confidence dwells, and whence doubt ought to retire. No one knows better than M. Reuss that the Christian world, so called, is swarming with these spirits, more or less learned, whose business seems to be to undermine the internal authority of every book of Scripture, and, having done that, to prove that there is no ground whatever for thinking that a Personal God exists, or has anything to do with the world. We certainly have nothing to say against the internal evidences of the faith, or the self-evidencing light of scriptural truth. We attach as much importance to this as Professor Reuss does. But we are bound to say that the unity of the great book that contains the authentic records of the world's religious history, must be defended and maintained, if we would maintain successfully the defences of our common Christianity.

Aids to the Study of German Theology. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1874.

THIS anonymous little book is one of the most piquant and profitable treatises that has for a long time come under our notice. It is not exactly what the reader of the title might be led to expect. It is not a history of German theology; nor a sketch of German theologians; nor a classification of the types of German theological thought. It is not an exhibition of the dangers incident to the reading of foreign divinity; nor a comparison of home and foreign teaching. It is nothing of the kind. But it is precisely what it pretends to be: an aid to the student in the endeavour to ascertain what are the tendencies of philosophical thought which have moulded modern German exegesis and doctrine.

The book is not complete: indeed it is somewhat tantalising in its incompleteness. We are obliged to supply a great deal, and develop the writer's hints for ourselves. In other words,

the book is really what a good book should be, "suggestive." It has the fault, perhaps, of presuming on too much anterior knowledge, on the one hand, and too much faculty for developing germs of thought on the other. But it cannot be read without stimulating the right reader, and giving him a clue that may be usefully followed.

What we now quote is suspicious, and might have the effect of alienating the unguarded reader from the admirable translations from the German which make a feature of our modern theology. But the reader who reflects on the subject will be saved from that danger, while admitting the truth of what he reads. "It has long since been discovered that the views of a German author cannot be unveiled by the mere translation of German words into an English vocabulary. The views of a Frenchman can be made manifest in this way; but the reason is plain. There is a certain analogy between the French and the English mind; in both, the empirical predominates over the ideal; with both, the testimony of sense is received as the surest starting-point. But the German is radically different; his thoughts run not so much from without to within, as from within to without. It is vain to say that this manifestation of the German mind is an ephemeral growth, an accident of the present century; to speak thus is to betray an ignorance of all history. It is a notorious fact that, while the greater part of Europe was in bondage to the sensualism and legalism of the Roman hierarchy, the Teutonic intellect had already begun to exhibit the germs of that speculative epoch which in modern times has burst into flower. It was here that originated that wonderful anticipation of the Protestant reaction which has been stamped, though we think erroneously, with the name of Mysticism; for mysticism is in truth the only exhibition of practical Christianity which we meet with in the Middle Ages. It withdrew itself, indeed, from the things of sense; but why so? because these things of sense had been invested with a mystical and magical bias. The Romanists were the true mystics, and they who bear that name were really the precursors of a practical faith. The so-called mystics, Tauler, Ruysbroek, Staupetz, Wesel, and such as they, were men who saw in God something more than could be represented in a pageant, or imaged in a crucifix; who sought a deeper life than that of sensuous worship, and who found a benign joy in sources which the world had not fathomed." But we must leave the reader to follow out, under the author's guidance, this true and most important thought.

The following observations will be startling to many, but they are sound nevertheless: "We have taken as our starting point the theology of Kant. Indeed, German theology, in its most recent aspect, may be said to begin with him. It is with Kant that, for the first time, the German mind completely emancipates

itself from contact with foreign elements, and stands out in absolute unalloyed originality. . . . Leibnitz is the father of German Rationalism ; but Leibnitz was the pupil of Descartes, and, therefore, the Rationalism which he bequeathed to his country was something transplanted, not indigenous. The expression, German Rationalism, has become almost proverbial, but in truth Rationalism never found in Germany anything but a foreign soil ; it was always in direct antagonism to the spirit of the nation. . . . To the mind of Germany Rationalism and Romanism have been equally obnoxious, and for precisely the same reason ; both have sought to rest truth upon an authority inferior to itself—Romanism on tradition, Rationalism on Apologetic evidences. Indeed, neither of these systems would have existed for an hour if they had not proclaimed themselves the allies of Christianity. For, it is to be observed, that in Germany Rationalism did not, any more than Romanism, begin by antagonism to the revealed Word. On the contrary, she announced herself as the handmaid of Christian truth ; she professed to surround revelation with a bulwark which all the efforts of scepticism and all the attacks of infidelity would never be able to destroy ; she began by accepting the entire testimony of Scripture in all the integrity of its doctrines and precepts, and only requested permission to render its authority more secure by establishing on grounds of reason what had been received by the light of faith."

The sequel, and the fall of Rationalism through pride, and the connection of that fall with the recent history of German theology, the reader must pursue for himself. We have said enough to excite curiosity to read this striking little volume.

The Catacombs of Rome, and their Testimony Relative to Primitive Christianity. By the Rev. W. H. Withrow, M.A. New York : Nelson and Phillips. 1874.

THIS book adds one to a series of works on the subject which have appeared during the present century in continuous succession. But, as the writer says, his predecessors—at least those that have real value, have written in foreign languages and costly folios. This book is simple and cheap, though admirably printed. And, what is to our readers of greater importance, it is a thoroughly theological book, and entirely Protestant. "The writer has endeavoured to illustrate the subject by frequent Pagan sepulchral inscriptions, and by citations from the writings of the Fathers, which often throw much light on the condition of early Christian society. The value of the work is greatly enhanced, it is thought, by the addition of many hundreds of early Christian inscriptions carefully translated, a very large proportion of which have never before appeared in English. Those only who have given some attention to epigraphical studies can conceive the difficulty of this

part of the work. The defacements of time, and frequently the original imperfection of the inscriptions and the ignorance of their writers, demand the utmost carefulness to avoid errors of interpretation.

"The writer has been fortunate in being assisted by the veteran scholarship of the Rev. Dr. McCaul, well known in both Europe and America as one of the highest living authorities in epigraphical science, under whose critical revision most of the translations have passed. Through the enterprise of the publishers this work is more copiously illustrated, from original and other sources, than any other work on the subject in the language; thus giving more correct and vivid impressions of the unfamiliar scenes and objects delineated than is possible by any mere verbal description. References are given, in the foot-notes, to the principal authorities quoted, but specific acknowledgment should here be made of the author's indebtedness to the Cavaliere de Rossi's *Roma Sotterranea* and *Inscriptiones Christianæ*, by far the most important works on this fascinating but difficult subject.

"Believing that the testimony of the Catacombs exhibits, more strikingly than any other evidence, the immense contrast between primitive Christianity and modern Romanism, the author thinks no apology necessary for the somewhat polemical character of portions of this book which illustrate that fact. He trusts that it will be found a contribution of some value to the historical defence of the truth against the corruptions and innovations of Popish error."

Mr. Withrow has fairly and modestly stated his claims. His book is, on the whole, the most interesting and most complete which we can recommend to our readers. It is all the better because it is not bitterly controversial: the tone is temperate and judicial, though no opportunity is lost of vindicating the truth. Nothing is more revolting than the spirit of those who can carry an acrimonious temper into the presence of our forefathers' ashes, and wage war among the bones of these blessed departed. The tender and reverent sentiment that befits the subject is exhibited in this volume throughout. Mr. Withrow is as much alive to the æsthetic and even the artistic interest of the Catacombs as he is to their theological importance. We must give a specimen of his method of treating the subject under both aspects:—

"One of the most striking contrasts between the art of the Catacombs and that of later times is the entire absence in the former of those gross anthropomorphic images of the Persons of the Holy Trinity, either together or separately—except our Lord under His proper Human form—of which the latter, in striking offence against piety and good taste, exhibits so many painful examples. In the earlier ages a solemn reverence forbade the attempt to depict the Eternal Father or the Holy Spirit, except

by means of symbolical types. The universal testimony of Christian antiquity is opposed to this practice so common in mediæval art. Origen, Ambrose, and Augustine unite in prohibiting the representation of the Deity by any material object. The latter declares it to be impious for any Christian to set up such an image in the church, and much more to do it in his heart, or to conceive it possible that the Divine Being may be circumscribed by the limits of the human frame. Paulinus of Nola, in his account of the symbolism of the Holy Trinity in the church of St. Felix, describes Christ as represented by a lamb, the Holy Spirit by a dove, but for the Father nothing but a voice from heaven. Gregory II., the champion of image-worship, denies that it is lawful to make any representation of the Divine nature, but only of our Lord, His mother, and the saints. Such figures were also condemned by the Second Council of Nice. John Damascenus, a zealous defender of the images of Christ and the saints, yet declares it is as great impiety as it is folly to make any image of the Divine nature, which is incorporeal, invisible, without material or form, incomprehensible, not to be circumscribed, nor to be figured by the art of man. Urban VIII. ordered all representations of the Trinity to be burnt, and Benedict XIV. forbade the depicting of the Holy Ghost in human form. Dupin asserts that the most zealous defenders of images have condemned these; and the learned and judicious Bingham declares that 'in all ancient history we never meet with any one instance of picturing God the Father, because it was supposed that He never appeared in any visible shape, but only by a voice from heaven.'

"Some recent Roman Catholic writers, however, assert the contrary of this to be the case, and refer for proof of the assertion to one or two sarcophagal bas-reliefs of the fourth or fifth century. One of these represents Cain and Abel, bringing their gifts to an aged and bearded figure sitting on a stone, who is interpreted by the Romanists as the Omnipotent Jehovah. But that distinguished archæologist Raoul Rochette, himself a Romanist, opposes this view. 'I doubt,' he says, 'the reality of this explanation, contrary to all that we know of the Christian monuments of the first ages, where the intervention of the Eternal Father is only indicated in the abridged and symbolic manner proper to antiquity, by the image of a hand.'

"The other alleged sculpture of the Godhead requires more careful examination. 'The Holy Trinity,' says Dr. Northcote, 'is nowhere represented, as far as I know, in the paintings of the Catacombs.' But he asserts that a sculptural example occurs on a sarcophagus of the fifth century, from the Ostian basilica of St. Paul's, now in the Lateran Museum. The group referred to consists of two bearded figures of advanced age, and of grave and strongly-marked features. One of these, whom Dr. Northcote

designates 'the Eternal Father, the source and fountain of Deity,' is seated in a raised chair or sort of throne. Behind the chair stands another, described as representing the Holy Ghost, and in front of it the third, identified as the 'Eternal Word.' At the feet of the latter are two diminutive figures, one standing, the other prostrate, said to represent the creation of Eve from the side of the sleeping Adam. Padre Garrucci, who has published a monograph on this subject, identifies none of the adult figures in the same manner as Dr. Northcote, but describes the one seated as the Son, the one behind him as the Father, and the third as the Holy Ghost."

We can accept neither of these explanations, both of which are so strongly opposed to the entire spirit and character of early Christian art. The formulization of the doctrine of the Trinity by the Council of Nice, in that noble creed which still expresses the faith of Christendom, left, it is true, its impress on Christian art and literature. Both in pictorial representation, and, as we shall hereafter see, in inscriptions, is there a recorded protest against the Arian heresy which at this period convulsed the Church. De Rossi cites eight examples in early Christian art which he conceives to have reference to this doctrine; but in seven of these it is indicated by the association of the sacred monogram with the triangle, the symbol of tri-unity, and the eighth is the unique and anomalous bas-relief under discussion."

One of the best sections in the volume is that on Mariolatry. "The testimony of the early Christian inscriptions is not less strikingly opposed to the modern Mariolatry of the Church of Rome. 'In the Lapidarian Gallery,' says Maitland, 'the name of the Virgin Mary does not once occur. Nor is it to be found in any truly ancient inscription contained in the works of Aringhi, Boldetti, or Boltari.' No *Ave Maria* or *Ora pro nobis*, no *Theotokos* or *Mater Dei*, occurs in any of the subterranean crypts or corridors of the Catacombs. Even the name Maria, now so commonly applied in varying forms to both males and females throughout Roman Catholic countries, does not occur till the year 381, and only twice afterward, in 528 and 536; an evidence of the entire absence of that devotional regard now lavished upon the Virgin Mary.

"This religious homage was only gradually developed to its present full-blown idolatry. Its traces in early Christian art are extremely infrequent and obscure. In the numerous mosaics of the fifth and sixth centuries at Rome and Ravenna, the figure of Mary very rarely occurs, and never but as accessory to the divine child in the Nativity or Adoration of the Magi. In these there was no attempt at literal portraiture, but only the expression of the virtues that adorned her character, 'that,' as Ambrose expresses it, 'the face might be the image of her mind, the model

of uprightness.' Indeed, Augustine expressly asserts that we are ignorant of her appearance.

"During the seventh century, along with a progressive barbarism of treatment may be observed a gradual exaltation of Mary in the Roman Mosaics to those places previously devoted to the image of Christ. In the eighth century, according to D'Agincourt, 'the homage paid to her was no longer distinguished from that rendered to the Lord of all;' and the Council of Constantinople decreed, 'that whoever would not avail himself of the intercession of Mary should be accursed.'

"In extant pictures of the ninth century she is exhibited in jewelled purple robes as the crowned Queen of Heaven, receiving the homage of the four and twenty elders and of the celestial hosts. In this century also the legend of her bodily assumption to the skies, which has since become such a prominent theme in Roman Catholic art and doctrine, is first represented in the crypts of St. Clement's, at Rome.

"The rapid development of Mariolatry, the great corruption of Christianity, as Hallam has justly called it, may to some extent be regarded as a reaction against the harsh and austere character which was given to our Lord, both in art and dogma. He was enthroned in awful majesty as the dreadful Judge of mankind. Removed from human sympathy, inspiring only terror to the soul, he was no longer Christ the Consoler but Christ the Avenger. Religion was darkened by dismal bodings of endless doom, and embittered by the fierceness of polemic strife; and the moral atmosphere seemed lurid with the hurtling anathemas of rival sects. To the yearning hearts of mankind, the multitude of the weary and the heavy-laden, to whom the Saviour's voice, 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest,' was inaudible amid the conflicts of the times; and especially to those bowed down with a sense of sin and sorrow, and trembling at the thought of the severe, inexorable Judge, the gentle gospel of Mary came with a sweet and winning grace that found its way into their inmost souls. All images of tenderness and purity surrounded her. The blending

'Of mother's love with maiden purity'

touched the hidden springs of feeling which exist in the rudest natures, and made the worship of Mary a religion of hope and consolation. She became the new mediatrix between the sinful human soul and the Father in heaven. Those who shrank from God fled for succour to the Virgin Mother. The pitifulness of her human nature was esteemed a stronger ground of confidence than that infinite compassion and everlasting love which was manifested in the agony and bloody sweat of Gethsemane and the cross and passion of Calvary. Hence Mary has often been regarded as a sort of tutelar divinity by the ferocious brigand

who stained with blood the scapular which he wore as a sacred talisman; and by the daughter of shame, who, in strange blending of profligacy and devotion, cherished her image in the very lair of vice."

We should have been glad to make some more selections, especially from that part of the volume in which Mr. Withrow vindicates the character of the art of our Christian forefathers. But we forbear: content to recommend this handsome little volume, as being at all points profoundly interesting; whether to the antiquarian, the artist, the reader of Church history, the controversialist, or the Christian.

Memoir of the Rev. William Shaw, &c. Edited by his oldest surviving Friend. Wesleyan Conference Office, 1874.

THIS is an interesting and instructive memoir of a thorough Englishman, a competent and laborious minister of religion, and an eminent missionary to Colonists and heathen, written by another man like, and yet unlike him, with fidelity, vigour, and vivacity. It is another of those Lives of Methodist Preachers, early and modern, which vindicate the claims, and explain the philosophy of Methodism. What *is* Methodism essentially? What is the use of it? What is the secret of its success? Are these questions asked? Read this book.

The details of Mr. Shaw's early life are scantily given; and there is an air of worldly respectability thrown around it, which, in our judgment, does not heighten the impressiveness of the narrative. We suspect Mr. Boyce's manuscript has been subjected to injudicious revision. The story would have pleased us more had it told plainly of original obscurity, hardship, and struggle—of the fight with circumstances which won such a victory over them. He was encouraged to preach before he had attained his sixteenth year, a circumstance which we are glad to notice Mr. Boyce does not commend. It would be well if less were made of like events in the histories of other eminent men. "I said days," some appreciable number of them, "should speak, and"—or in order that,—“multitude of years,” may, with some probability, “teach wisdom.” But there are exceptions. Mr. Shaw was altogether in a hurry to start life. At nineteen, he married; and so, according to connexional usage, shut himself out of the ministry in England. But the door into the proper sphere of labour soon opened. A number of families, chiefly Wesleyan, availed themselves of certain facilities for emigration to South Africa, which the Government of the day,—not, by the way, so bad an one as Mr. Boyce seems to think,—wisely furnished. They wanted a minister, and found one in the village school-

master at Long Sutton. Accordingly Mr. Shaw was duly ordained to the pastoral oversight of this interesting flock.

His own narrative of the story of his mission, published in 1869, and noticed in this Review, now takes up the story. Mr. Boyce has made copious use of that most interesting record of wise and persevering labour, first among the Colonists, and then, more extensively and with wonderful success, amongst nearer and remoter tribes of heathen. William Shaw did much to build up a prosperous and well-ordered civil community in lands which are already influencing, and will increasingly influence, the destiny of the great continent of Africa; as indeed those also of the parent state. More than this. This civil community, mainly under his teaching and oversight, became a Christian people. Yet more. He was the apostle of large tribes of men of fine physique and of considerable mental aptitude,—of races which bid fair to survive their new intercourse with European immigrants. Thousands of these fear God and love the Saviour, and live constantly improving lives, as the result of this one man's introduction among them of the converting and civilising Gospel.

After long labour in this chosen sphere, Mr. Shaw returned to England, and sustained there an honourable and useful ministry. Mr. Boyce has done full justice to the closing part of a great career. He has by no means over-coloured the picture of the sound, and capable, and earnest preacher, or of the cautious, prudent, and moderate counsellor, or of the ecclesiastical chief and leader: The speech on the vexed education question (pp. 358—364) strikes us as a very remarkable effort.

¶ We have said enough for the present: the subject will occupy us more at large.

James Everett. A Biography. By Richard Chew. London: Hodder and Stoughton, Paternoster-row. 1875.

Of the dead say nothing but good. The rule applies even in a case like this, in which, undoubtedly, neither the biographer nor his subject seem to have, or to have had, the slightest sense of its propriety, nor that it has commended itself, alike in heathen and in Christian times, to the common instincts of humanity. Let it be kept by us all the more sacredly because this book ignores it.

James Everett was a remarkable man, if we judge him by his aims, rather than by his attainments. He was a popular preacher with considerable masses of people. He had a lively intelligence, cultivated, under many disadvantages, to, probably, its highest capability. He had a taste for general literature, and was respectably conversant with the theology which was his proper

study. He was a cordial friend, and, its usual counterpart, "a good hater." People liked him, when he would let them; and he was not always fastidious in the choice of his friends; though a distinguishing merit undoubtedly was, that he often sought the friendship of men superior to himself. He browsed, if we may so say, on the amplitude of Adam Clarke's large learning and unbounded benevolence. He sat at the feet of a man even more loveable than Clarke,—the placid, modest, and sweet-toned James Montgomery. If we may trust this volume,—which we do not implicitly,—Dr. Newton stole his sermons, and Dr. Bunting vainly tried to secure his sympathy and esteem. He wrote one book that, possibly, posterity may care to look into; it was the *Biography of Sammy Hick*. He tried to be a Boswell, but lacked a Johnson. Had he found one, he would not have lost himself in his subject. His prose writings are diffuse, lack taste, and are crowded with inappropriate quotations and illustrations.

He wrote much verse, but no poetry. Thus much an impartial criticism is bound to record concerning him. Christian charity delights to be assured that, in his earlier days, he was a good man, and a zealous and successful minister. It was not likely to be for his soul's welfare that his bodily health compelled him to alternate, from time to time, between the duties of the ministry and those of the shop. He honestly confesses that, during some portion of this life of change, his sermons were as chopped straw; but he professes to have been subsequently revived by the study of the Puritan writers, and we believe him.

The story of his latter days is made pleasant by the reflection that, if he never forgave his enemies, they abundantly forgave him; and that he remained implacable to the last must, in extremest candour, be attributed rather to the infirmity of age than to any deficiency of piety. To those who knew him well, there is much in the narrative which sanctions this comfortable impression.

The book which contains his eulogy shall be respected for his sake. It is very long. Holland and Everett crushed Montgomery's memory, as far as foolish friends could crush it, by the weight of the monument they raised to it. A retributive Providence has visited them both. Mr. Chew is an easy, slipshod writer, who knows a thing or two, and tells us all he knows. His style is a very bad copy of that of Everett, and makes us mourn the degeneracy of the literary race. What will Mr. Chew's own biography be! But the book is very readable, especially by those who have been conversant with the men and times of which it treats, are free from the prejudices it so injudiciously fomented, and know more about what is written than appears on the face of the record. Everett was an industrious, if not an accurate, observer, and put down all he saw; and, for the mere purpose of

amusement, accuracy is not material. Mr. Chew has obviously no means of correcting any misapprehensions. A reader outside of the Methodist community will get many pleasant peeps at its history, economy, and leading men, and will probably learn all he cares to know about us. To ourselves, it is not an unpleasant occupation, as we listen to the old man's stories, and the young man's comments, to supply, contradict from our better knowledge, and generally correct and supplement. But, with any reference to possible readers twenty years hence, it seems useless to go into details.

We should have felt real pleasure could we have spoken more favourably of the literary character of the book. Its moral tone compels unqualified reproof. Mr. Chew is a minister, much respected, we believe, of a community of Christians to whom we heartily wish all success and blessing; and for their sakes, if not for his own, he should have been cautious. He is most careful to protest that the origin and the merits of this community have nothing whatever to do with the anonymous publications with which, unhappily, Mr. Everett's name is now, as well by the noticeable silence of this volume as by some of its statements, inseparably identified. Yet he vindicates anonymous attacks on personal character, and asserts, as boldly as he dares to do so, the truth of the particular attacks referred to. We avoid reviving the controversy. But, were it to be revived, it must be by a calm discussion of the real principles involved in it, as to which good men have differed, and will continue to differ; and not by the slander either of the illustrious dead, or of the still susceptible living. We believe that some, at least, connected with Mr. Chew's denomination sympathise heartily with these sentiments.

II. GENERAL LITERATURE.

The Works of Edgar Allan Poe. Edited by John H. Ingram. In Four Volumes. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1874-5.

No man of genius was ever more sorely in need of a faithful, intelligent, and enthusiastic biographer than Edgar Poe, notwithstanding the fact that his name certainly stands among the three highest literary names of America. When the task of editing the works, and writing the life of this gifted poet, fictionist, and student, fell to the share of Rufus Griswold, the situation was as grotesquely cruel and hopeless as if one should entrust to some such obscene creature as an alligator of the Nile the task of editing the remains and writing the life of Cleopatra. Rufus Griswold had, indeed, some cause for a personal grudge against Poe, on account of criticisms which the latter, in his unbending integrity, had passed upon the trashy writings of the former; but it would have been reasonable to expect any man, worthy of the name of man, to leave on the grave of a dead brother any such paltry grudge, and do the best for his memory and fame which the circumstances of the case allowed. How far wide of this reasonable mark the performance of the treacherous and foul-minded Rufus Griswold was, has been long known to a few, both in England and America; but no one has till now been found to make more than a passing remonstrance, and the black account of Poe's life and character, which Griswold fabricated, has not only remained prefixed to the only collection of his works approaching completeness, but has been followed by nearly all the small biographers who have had occasion to give any account at all, whether in collections of his works, in cyclopædias, or in separate articles. The consequence is that the conception of Poe's character, usually received, is that he was an unscrupulous, immoral, unpleasant person, without sense of honour or gratitude, and without self-control; and, specifically, that he was an inveterate drunkard, who, through this vice, lost all his chances in life, and, indeed, life itself.

The utter falsity of this view is amply demonstrated in the memoir which Mr. John H. Ingram has prefixed to an edition of Poe's works, as far superior to the best American edition as the memoir is more pleasant to read and to believe than the hideous and abominable tissue of slanderous lies which disfigures that collection of Poe's works. Mr. Ingram meets every important misstatement of Griswold's with a direct refutation; and he shows, in numerous cases, how Griswold garbled, and trimmed and

suppressed, not even scrupling to interpolate entirely new matter of his own, in his endeavours to make Poe's works bear out his vile statements. Without following the two biographers through the several steps of their two opposite paths, we may say, generally, that ample evidence is now adduced to the effect that Poe's aspirations in literature were of the highest and purest kind (at all events, intellectually), that his integrity, as a critic, was of the most uncompromising character (which, by the bye, accounts for the tacit consent of many local magnates, attacked by Poe, and the calumnies of Griswold), that his honour in matters of business was spotless, his household character admirable, and his addiction to drink one of those myths that have so often been based upon the thinnest substratum of fact. On this point, however, we must in justice be explicit as to what the substratum of fact was. It seems, then, that Poe's was one of those delicate, excitable, or, perhaps we had better say, inflammable temperaments, to which ever so little stimulating liquor of any kind was enough to upset the whole organisation. The effect of a single glass of wine on him was, in fact, to make him what is vulgarly called "mad-drunk;" and we have heard, on good authority, that instances are still on record of his having been so completely upset by unwittingly taking the very slight quantity of alcohol sometimes served at table in sweet sauces, as to have to leave the company, and lie down to recover himself. His extreme delicacy in this respect placed him most awkwardly, as a man much courted and lionised in literary circles. Of course there can be no doubt that his duty to himself, and to society, was to abjure absolutely the use of any stimulant; and this is precisely what, for a time during his brief and sad career, he did. But after the loss of his beloved wife, and the failure of several cherished literary schemes of a purist character, it is hardly to be doubted that he occasionally sought relief from bodily and mental affliction by the use of those small doses of alcoholic drink, which sufficed to take him out of himself, and to leave him as little his own man as the miserable drunkard who has to sit deliberately for hours before he can effect the transformation to beast's estate at which he aims.

The concession of this point even by the friends of the much-maligned poet is important, because it enables simple-minded persons to gauge precisely the culpability of Poe, in view of the established facts of his case, and to reject definitively the ingenious and immoral hypothesis of the late M. Charles Baudelaire concerning Poe's use of stimulants, which hypothesis we characterised as a piece of special pleading, to be received with great reserve, when, in July, 1873, we reviewed one of the most impudent of the late Mr. John Hotten's many impudent attempts at imposture—his selection from Poe's works, issued as a "complete edition." It will be remembered that Baudelaire assumed Poe to have

deliberately adopted drunkenness as a "mnemonic means," a method by which he obtained those *quasi*-scientific inspirations that form such admirable stories, and that the Frenchman said of the American, "The works that give us so much pleasure to-day were, in reality, the cause of his death." For this hypothesis there is no jot or tittle of evidence. If Poe drank deliberately at all those small doses of stimulant to which we have alluded, he did it, not to remember, but to forget, and be out of pain; and the "mnemonic means" theory is as empty as it is ingenious. We need only add, on this painful subject, that Griswold lied deliberately in saying that Poe lost situations through drunkenness, and died drunk; he did neither.

There are certain points in Mr. Ingram's biography that call for remark before we pass to the contents of the four volumes of Poe's works. First, Poe is said to have been born in Baltimore on the 19th of February, 1809, whereas there seems to be no doubt that he was born in Boston on the 19th of the previous month; a slight though important error, which Mr. Ingram has derived from previous biographies, and from an imperfect copy of an affidavit made by Mr. Secretary Wertenbaker, concerning Poe's conduct at Virginia University. During the three months that have elapsed between the issue of Vol. I. and Vol. II., Mr. Ingram has obtained a *fac-simile* of the affidavit, and he rectifies the mistake in the preface to Vol. IV. The corrected place of birth was that constantly alleged by Poe himself; and the establishment of his veracity is important, because Griswold insisted on this statement as an instance of Poe's mendacity. The following paragraph, though no doubt to some extent true, requires, at all events, support and elucidation:—

"In 1842 appeared 'The Descent into the Maelstrom,' a tale that, in many respects, may be deemed one of his most marvellous and idiosyncratic. It is one of those tales which, like 'The Gold Bug' and others, demonstrate the untenability of the theory first promulgated by Griswold, and since so frequently echoed by his copyists, that Poe's ingenuity in unriddling a mystery was only ingenious in appearance, as he himself had woven the webs he so dexterously unweaves. The tales cited, however, prove the falseness of this portion of Griswold's systematic depreciation of Poe's genius. They are the secrets of nature which he unveils, and not the riddles of art; he did not invent the natural truth that a cylindrical body, swimming in a vortex, offered more resistance to its suction, and was drawn in with greater difficulty than bodies of any other form of equal bulk, any more than he invented the mathematical ratio in which certain letters of the English alphabet recur in all documents of any length. He did not invent the 'Mystery of Marie Roget,' but he tore away the mysteriousness and laid bare the truth of that strange story of real life. He

did *not* invent, but he was the first to describe, if not to discover, those peculiar idiosyncrasies of the human mind so wonderfully but so clearly displayed in the 'Murders in the Rue Morgue,' 'The Purloined Letter,' 'The Imp of the Porville,' and other remarkable proofs of his mastery over the mental strings and pulleys of our being."

Now, with all due deference to Mr. Ingram as a close student of Poe, and with all due respect to so great an artist as Poe, we conceive that Griswold and his followers are substantially right as to the unriddling; but that they systematically depreciate the value of Poe's ingenuity and invention. In the matter of "The Gold Bug," regarded as a tale, it seems to us that the invention of the particular piece of cryptography and treasure-hiding which is there unravelled is of far greater *artistic* value than the fact of the underlying calculation as to ratio of recurrence, in English documents, of certain letters; and yet Poe's discovery of that ratio is so far valuable that telegraph alphabets are generally based upon Poe's scheme as laid down in this story. As regards "The Mystery of Marie Roget," we have always believed, and, in the absence of the least bit of evidence to the contrary, we are still most decidedly of opinion that Poe *did* invent the whole mystery for the sake of unravelling it, just as he invented the wonderful and awful story of the gorilla which murdered two women, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," and just as he invented the cryptography of "The Gold Bug," and the ingenious hiding and finding of "The Purloined Letter." But even if he had formed those three obscure situations and solved each mystery, as Mr. Ingram alleges to have been the case with "The Mystery of Marie Roget," that feat would only have given him a claim to great reputation as a detective, and would not have enhanced his fame as an artist: *that* depends more on his powers of invention than on his keenness of analysis, and after all the reference to his "mastery over the mental strings and pulleys of our being," is as wide of the mark as it is to classify among the "secrets of nature," the mere mathematical recurrence of certain letters. * It is most important to observe that most of the mental and emotional situations which Poe chose to make the subject of his keen analytic talent are of an abnormal kind; and his work strikes us generally as being not so much true to nature as *vraisemblable*,—simply because few of us have any experience of those phases of abnormal humanity which might, to judge from the admirably simple and direct method of treatment, exist in reality, but which more probably do not exist at all.

A little elucidation on the part of the writer of the memoir is needed at pages xlv and xlvii, where there is a reference to Poe's "introduction into the office of Messrs. Willis and Norris," followed, in the very next paragraph, by a reference to his con-

nection with *The Mirror*, a daily paper belonging to N. P. Willis and General George Morris." Those two gentlemen are the "Messrs. Willis and Norris," of the first reference; and even if there were no misprint of "N" for "M," the identity is not at all clear from the context.

Speaking generally, we think it would have been better, in a memoir wherein such constant production of witnesses is necessary for the object of clearing Poe's fame, if the author had invariably stated the name of his witness, and where and when each document called in evidence appeared, instead of making such frequent vague allusions as he does to "an author," "a writer," and so on. We do not mean to throw,—indeed, we do not entertain,—the slightest doubt as to the genuineness of any one of these documents put in evidence, or authors called to witness; but for the satisfaction of those who are habitually sceptical, the uniformly explicit method we allude to would have been a decided advantage.

We have already stated that the present edition of the works of Edgar Allan Poe is better than the best American edition; and we shall perhaps be expected to say precisely on what grounds. In the first place, then, it contains a great deal that is not in the American four-volume edition; in the second place it is better printed and handsomer altogether; in the third place certain of the tamperings of Griswold are set to rights; and in the fourth place it is *inodorous*. By a curious poetical justice, the four-volume edition, which begins with Griswold's memoir, and which alone, up to the present time, gave anything like the whole works of Poe, was printed upon a paper that had the most abominable odour; so that, beside being mentally and morally repelled by the mal-odorous qualities of Griswold's horrid tale, the reader could not even pass to the nobler contents of the book without a physical reminiscence of ill-odour; it was as though anything connected with so pestilential a creature was, not to put too fine a point on it, bound to stink. But now, in this English edition, obtainable for less than half the cost of the other, both moral and material odour have disappeared, and the reader is at once prepared for the enjoyment of a perusal with which there is nothing at all to interfere, except the few blemishes in Poe's own work.

The first volume is made up, so far as Poe is concerned, of tales. These have all appeared before, both in America and in England, but there are two characteristic pages omitted by Griswold from the "Oval Portrait," which Mr. Ingram has recovered and inserted, and there is a good deal not included in the afore-named "complete edition" of Mr. Hotten, consisting of about a quarter, or perhaps a third, of Poe's works. The important story of *Hans Pfaal*, omitted by Mr. Hotten, is, of course,

restored to its proper place, next "The Gold Bug." In the second volume we have *Arthur Gordon Pym*, Poe's most important tale as to length, not even mentioned in Mr. Hotten's edition, though several times printed in England, and extending to nearly two hundred pages of close print; while there are three fresh pieces, entitled, "The Power of Words," "Colloquy of Monos and Una," and "Conversation of Eiros and Charmion." The first two have never before appeared in England, and the third not even in America, except during Poe's lifetime, in a periodical, from which the present editor has recovered it. We also get here the important tale (important as a specimen of Poe's humorous satire) called "A Predicament," and forming a part of the piece entitled, "How to Write a Blackwood Article," which piece Mr. Hotten stupidly printed *without the tale*. The remaining two volumes contain, beside Poe's recognised poems, essays, &c., and his great prose poem *Eureka*, some hitherto uncollected essays on Autography and Cryptography, and, indeed, everything that can be traced to him except certain drudgery tasks such as translations, editings, or compilations, in which he was concerned, and the paragraphs of mere daily and weekly journalism which he was compelled to produce in large quantities in order to earn, with difficulty, the ordinary necessities of that life out of which he seems to have been hunted by inexorable circumstances still shrouded in a certain mystery.

The essay on Cryptography (in Vol. III.), is very ingenious, and is valuable, taken in connection with "The Gold Bug," and the collection of longer and shorter scraps, given in the same volume, under the titles of "Marginaka," "Pinakidia," and "Suggestions," contain much that is amusing, suggestive, and characteristic, but nothing that will add to Poe's fame. The "Chapter on Autography," which occupies the first sixty-two pages of Vol. IV., comes under the same general remark: it does nothing to add to a fame so justly high without it; but it is another most characteristic specimen of Poe's ruling genius,—ingenuity. It is a really interesting collection of signatures of persons, eminent and obscure, with notes about the facts connected with such persons, and remarks on the characters indicated in their caligraphy. Of the critical essays which make up the rest of Vol. IV., it would be untrue to say that they do nothing for Poe's fame; for not only are they excellent criticisms, many of which are new to English readers in general, but some of those, already well-known through Griswold's edition, were so shamelessly garbled by that literary criminal, as to belie Poe's character and intuitions entirely. It would repay those who are really interested in Poe's works to compare with the edition of Griswold the essays on T. D. English, Longfellow's Ballads, and Nathaniel Hawthorne. These, Griswold seems to have had to

alter to suit the purposes of his own narrative ; but Mr. Ingram has hunted up the several essays in the periodicals where they first appeared, and they are now given accordingly, and not as edited by Griswold.

The whole of the materials upon which the English public are to form an ultimate and deliberate judgment on this extraordinary man are now before us in such a form, and at so moderate a cost, that there is no further excuse for excluding him from the place his greatest lovers would accord him,—unless, indeed, his works, when weighed in the balance, be found wanting. For our own part, we should accord him an undivided supremacy as a writer of tales wherein, by a subtle and masterful art, curious and weird imagination, are depicted with scientific, or quasi-scientific, accuracy, and in such a way as to be intensely realistic and interesting. In some dozen or so of these tales, he has attained absolute perfection ; and there are no other tales of the like difficult perfection in the language. Of the narrative of “Arthur Gordon Pym,” thus much cannot be admitted ; we are bold to say that, as a simple invention of realistic narrative, it is of a quality equal, so far as it goes, to *Robinson Crusoe* ; but when Poe had got his hero to the south pole, his strength of hand gave way, and he broke the narrative off short, with a palpable absurdity, and a magnificent realistic story is abruptly closed with the grandiloquent description of a supernatural gigantic human figure. In *Eureka* there is another of these fearful blemishes : at the opening of a thoroughly serious essay, displaying a great amount of scientific knowledge, speculative genius, and metaphysical subtlety, he inserts a grotesque narrative of the year 2848 of the present era, in which he insults the memory of Aristotle and Bacon, and makes himself ridiculous. This of itself would be sufficient to bias serious readers against *Eureka* ; but the book itself has no genuine claim on the attention of men of science and philosophers, who seem to have rejected it tacitly when it was published in England before.

As a poet, it must be admitted that Poe had a fine invention and a genuine impulse, a keen sense of verbal harmony and a fine ear for musical recurrence of sound ; but perfection was beyond him. Many of his small pieces are very beautiful,—full of beauties ; but scarcely one is without many considerable faults of taste and execution. One of the most musical and faulty of them is “Eulalume” ; and, curiously enough, Mr. Ingram, certainly one of Poe’s most devoted admirers, has given us, in regard to this poem, an instance of the poet’s wonderful genius for spoiling his work. At page lxx of the memoir is inserted a final stanza, which Poe was induced by Mrs. Whitman to omit from “Eulalume,” and which, summing up in itself and exaggerating all the poem’s

worst faults, without any compensating merit, would have ruined it completely : it runs thus :—

“ Said we then—the two, then—Ah, can it
 Have been that the woodlandish ghoulds—
 The pitiful, the merciful ghoulds—
 To bar up our path, and to bar it
 From the secret that lies in these worlds—
 Had drawn up the spectre of a planet
 From the limbo of lunary souls—
 This sinfully scintillant planet
 From the Hell of the planetary souls ? ”

No poet of the first, second, or third order could possibly have conceived such a stanza. It seems likely that the same defect of perception evinced in the faults of which this is an exaggerated instance, straitened the spirit of Edgar Poe within the limits of an art in prose, wherein we discern, not exactly a taint, but an absence of moral aspiration.

Social Pressure. By the Author of “ Friends in Council.”
 London : Daldy, Isbister and Co., 56, Ludgate-hill.
 1875.

SOCIAL PRESSURE WAS the last of a long series of works with which Sir Arthur Helps had for many years periodically delighted the more thoughtful section of that body usually spoken of as “ the general reader.” “ The last of a series ; ”—too truly the last. The sudden death of Sir Arthur invests this volume with a peculiar interest, and in referring that fine, suggestive, and by no means unoriginal set of thoughtful books to the special domain of “ the general reader,” we mean, not that Sir Arthur Helps did not aim at and reach various intellectual magnates of the day, but that, treating of subjects which demand popular consideration, he was careful to use a method and a style adapting his works to the needs of popular reading. *Social Pressure*, besides being the last of the volumes reporting the discussions of the “ friends in council,” is, on the whole, the best ; and this is high praise. The quasi-dramatic method is more compactly used than in some of the books of the same series ; the style is even more than usually luminous and rich ; the small, slight illustrative allusions more plentiful and more striking ; and, most important of all, the themes dealt with by the friends are of higher moment than Sir Arthur Helps had dealt with before—being at the same time treated with practical sagacity and a breadth of view by no means common even to writers who set up for thoughtful. But the volume has an accidental value superadded to its absolute intrinsic value ; and this accidental worth is derived from the official position which the author

held as Clerk to the Privy Council,—to which he attained after a successful official career, dating from the time when he was private secretary, as was the case with so many of the leading men of the Civil Service. His long experience of high and confidential official life, gives a particular weight to his opinion on several of the questions treated in *Social Pressure*; and when the leading spirit of “the friends in council,”—the same “Milverton” whom we meet in all this series of works,—holds forth on these questions, we feel, and are justified in feeling, that we are getting the benefit of Sir Arthur Helps’s official experience. Milverton is pretty generally recognised as the Clerk to the Council in disguise,—the second self of Sir Arthur Helps; and when Milverton lays his finger on flaws in our present system of administration,—shows how the choice of men for office is shackled, and how the shackles might be removed; puts forward a practical scheme of local government, or discloses a plan for securing permanent parliamentary chiefs to such departments as the Post Office, and to the Office of Works,—we need not doubt for a moment that the criticisms and suggestions are those of Sir Arthur Helps, based upon his actual experience, and inspired by his keen and sound judgment. *Social Pressure* is a book which should be read by every one who cares to form a just opinion on these and several other pressing questions of social morality and administrative ethics.

Sketches in Italy and Greece. By John Addington Symonds, Author of “An Introduction to the Study of Dante;” and “Studies of the Greek Poets.” London: Smith, Elder and Co., Waterloo-place. 1874.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Symonds’s *Sketches in Italy and Greece* do not form so coherent a volume as either of his former works, they are extremely readable, and something more. Some of these “Sketches” have appeared already in *The Fortnightly Review* and *The Cornhill Magazine*, and in our opinion some of the best of them. That, for example, on the Popular Songs of Tuscany, which is perhaps the most valuable Essay in the volume, we remember to have seen in *The Fortnightly Review*, on which occasion we were favourably impressed both by the critical treatment of a most interesting subject, and by the dexterity and grace with which some of the charming flowers of the naïve popular genius of Tuscany were transferred to our harsher tongue. In reading the reprint of this Essay our original impressions of it are confirmed and strengthened. The songs in it read as delightful little English poems, and have none of the stiffness of vulgar transplantation. Of course they are frail, simple things of no great

depth or scope; but they have the charming freshness of a populace at peace with itself; and that is the highest merit of a folk song. With its perfect simplicity, the following little poem might have been written by Blake:—

“The whole world tells me that I’m brown.
The brown earth gives us goodly corn;
The clove-pink too, however brown,
Yet proudly in the hand ’tis borne.
“They say my love is black, but he
Shines like an angel form to me:
They say my love is dark as night,
To me he seems a shape of light.”

Some of the songs have more intensity and aspiration, as this:—

“I planted a lily yestreen at my window;
I set it yestreen, and to-day it sprang up:
When I opened the latch and leaned out of my window,
It shadowed my face with its beautiful cup.
O lily, my lily, how tall you are grown!
Remember how dearly I loved you, my own.
O lily, my lily, you’ll grow to the sky!
Remember I love you for ever and aye.”

The essay in which these gems of popular song are put into English, is fraught with travel reminiscences; and similarly, the travel-sketches, which are the bulk of the book, are fraught with critical observation and historic reminiscence; so that there is a kind of propriety in putting the essays together under a general title; and the looser texture of the more strictly geographical sketches will, perhaps, be found more acceptable to the general reader than those portions of the book that are really the best. We must not omit that Mr. Symonds’ translations of eight sonnets of Petrarch, placed not very fittingly at the end of the volume, are extremely well done,—quite as good, only in a different way, as the Tuscan popular songs.

Forty Years of American Life. Second Edition. By T. L. Nichols, M.D. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1874.

SOME of our readers will doubtless remember that, in that terrible time of war between the Northern and Southern States of America, Dr. Nichols, the author of *Forty Years of American Life*, was among the more distinguished of the many Americans who sought refuge on the friendly shores of “the old country” from the turmoil in which the New World was embroiled. In 1864 the work alluded to was published in two large volumes; and it attracted a considerable share of that attention which was then being specially devoted to works treating of America. Those who cared to form a nearer acquaintance with the home, the feelings,

the opinions, and the institutions of their cousins across the water found in Dr. Nichols an intelligent guide to a great deal of what they sought. His volumes were at once received as full of instruction and entertainment; and the fact that he wrote sympathetically as a thorough American, added a value to his descriptions which no length of residence could confer on the work of a European. And yet, while writing of his country as a patriotic American should write, Dr. Nichols is no more to be accused of undue prejudice than of want of patriotism. He is thoroughly and keenly alive to the defects of the national character and institutions, and is certainly not more lenient in his judgments of them than other intelligent and loyal writers are in their judgments of their national institutions and characteristics. His book has a permanent value as the record of forty years of temperate and far-sighted observation; and in revising the two volumes, omitting passages of merely temporary interest, writing fresh chapters to render the record more complete, and embodying the whole in a single handy and readable volume, Dr. Nichols has produced a work which will doubtless take its place among the standard books on the United States.

Fairy Tales, Legends, and Romances. Illustrating Shakespeare and other Early English Writers. To which are prefixed Two Preliminary Dissertations;—1. On Pigmies; 2. On Fairies. By Joseph Ritson. London: Frank and William Kerslake, Booksellers'-row. 1875.

LOOKING at the vast array of books relating to Shakespeare, or bearing on his works directly or indirectly, it is no easy matter to earn even a trifling distinction in that field of literature; but we have no hesitation in saying that a considerable amount of distinction has been merited by and awarded to the two works on which the above-named volume is based. Ritson's *Fairy Tales*, published in 1831, and Halliwell's *Illustrations of the Fairy Mythology of a Midsummer Night's Dream*, published in 1845, are both books far beyond the average of Shakespeare literature; and both have become so scarce as to be to all intents and purposes unavailable for general use at the present time. The two works in question cover, to a certain extent, the same ground; but there are certain things in Ritson's book not to be found in Halliwell's, and *vice versa*; and in amalgamating the two, with additions and corrections, Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt has produced a highly creditable and valuable work, not only useful to Shakespeare students, but to every one interested in the wide subject of fairy folk-lore. And who, now-a-days, among men of culture, is not interested in that subject?

This volume is one of a series of reprints of a highly valuable character, in course of publication by Messrs. F. and W. Kerslake,

and of which we have previously had occasion to notice two, namely, Sir John Suckling's works, in two volumes, and Allan Cunningham's *Traditional Tales of the English and Scottish Peasantry*: to this latter volume the present Fairy Mythology book is specially a companion; and it is a better and more important work than that—being strictly a book of fairy-lore that has become classical, while Allan Cunningham's book has a deal of his own invention in it,—a very pleasant element, truly, but not of the same consequence in our literature as those native traditions which have really been handed down from mouth to mouth, indefinitely, and date from very primitive times. We have here metrical romances of considerable magnitude, such as the romances of *Launfal*, of *King Orfeo*, and of *Thomas and the Fairy Queen*: there are dainty songs of all sorts and qualities bearing on the elf world; and there are prose pieces in profusion, both short tales and the more important romances, such as *Sir Gawen*, *Huon of Bordeaux*, and *The Life of Robin Goodfellow*. In the arrangement of all this material, and in its redaction, the editor's work has been carefully and judiciously performed: and the work is at the same time a very handy one and a beautiful specimen of refined typography.

Fretwork. A Book of Poems. By C. E. Bourne. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

It is a strange simplicity on the part of a great crowd of gentlemen and ladies, who have tried to imitate Mr. Robert Browning in the manufacture of monologues, that they even go so far as to copy his prefatory note, and assure the hoped-for reader that the sentiments are not theirs, but so many imaginary utterances of imaginary speakers. The conclusion of Mr. Bourne's preface (or Mrs. Bourne's,—which is it?) is another variation of this theme; and the book of verses that follows the preface is another tribute to the genius of the master who has set the fashion of dramatic monologue. But more than a tribute we cannot say that it is. The writer can write grammatical English and smooth verse, such as does not pull you up short at every other turn; but there is not sufficient quality, as far as we can discern, to justify the book's existence. "Tom Morland," the first bit of "fretwork," is a dreary, long monologue in blank verse, by a man who, like his speech, was a failure. We have looked anxiously for something a little striking to pick out as a sample, but there is nothing; and, after all, the reader can always see a fair sample of such work as this in any stray volume of mediocre verse, or in the *Athenæum's* reviews of minor poets.